THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated W ine
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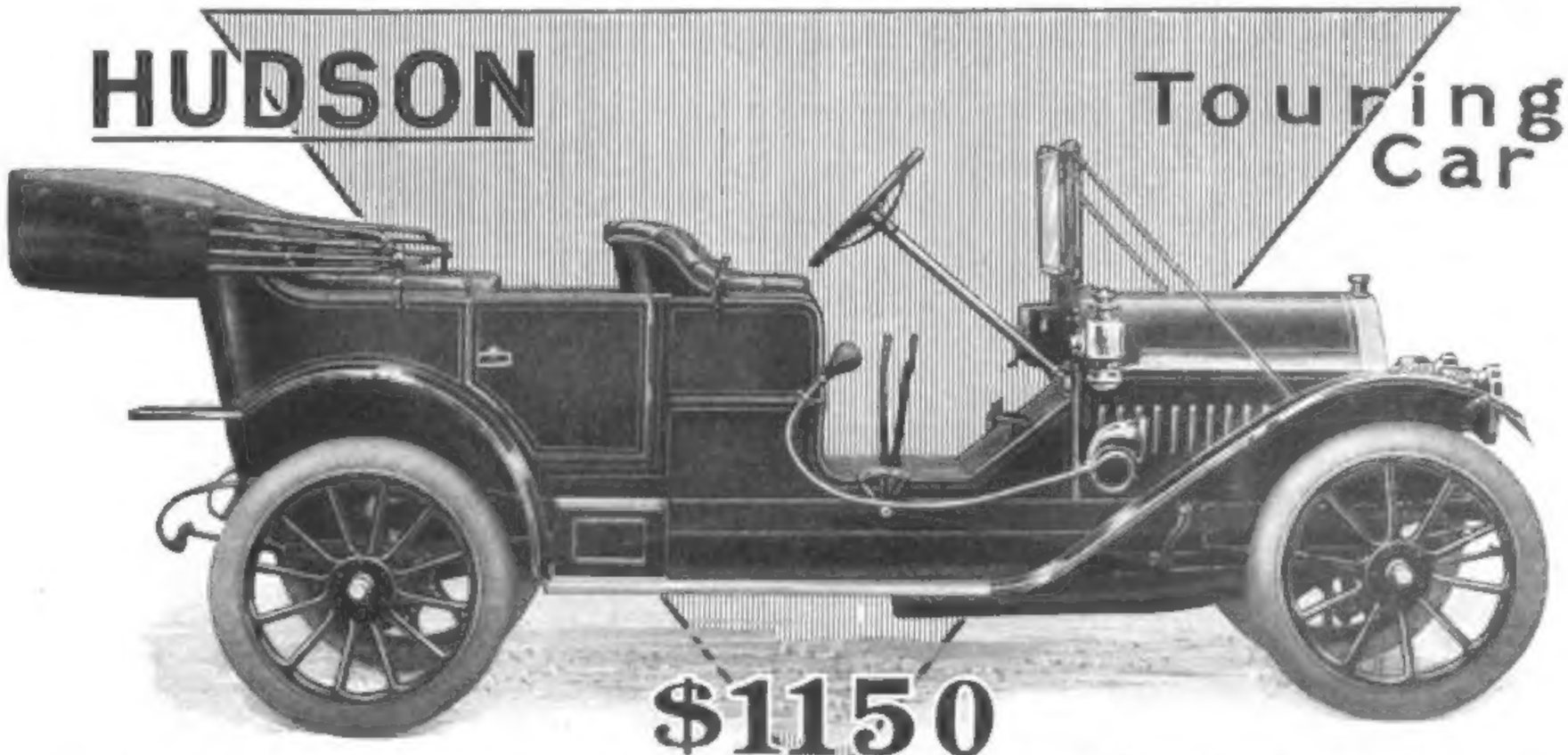
More Than a
Million and a Half
Circulation Weekly



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This price includes three oil lamps, two gas lamps, generator, horn, tire repair outfit, tools and jack.

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You would specify plenty of foot-room, and a distinctive appearance of which you could be proud.

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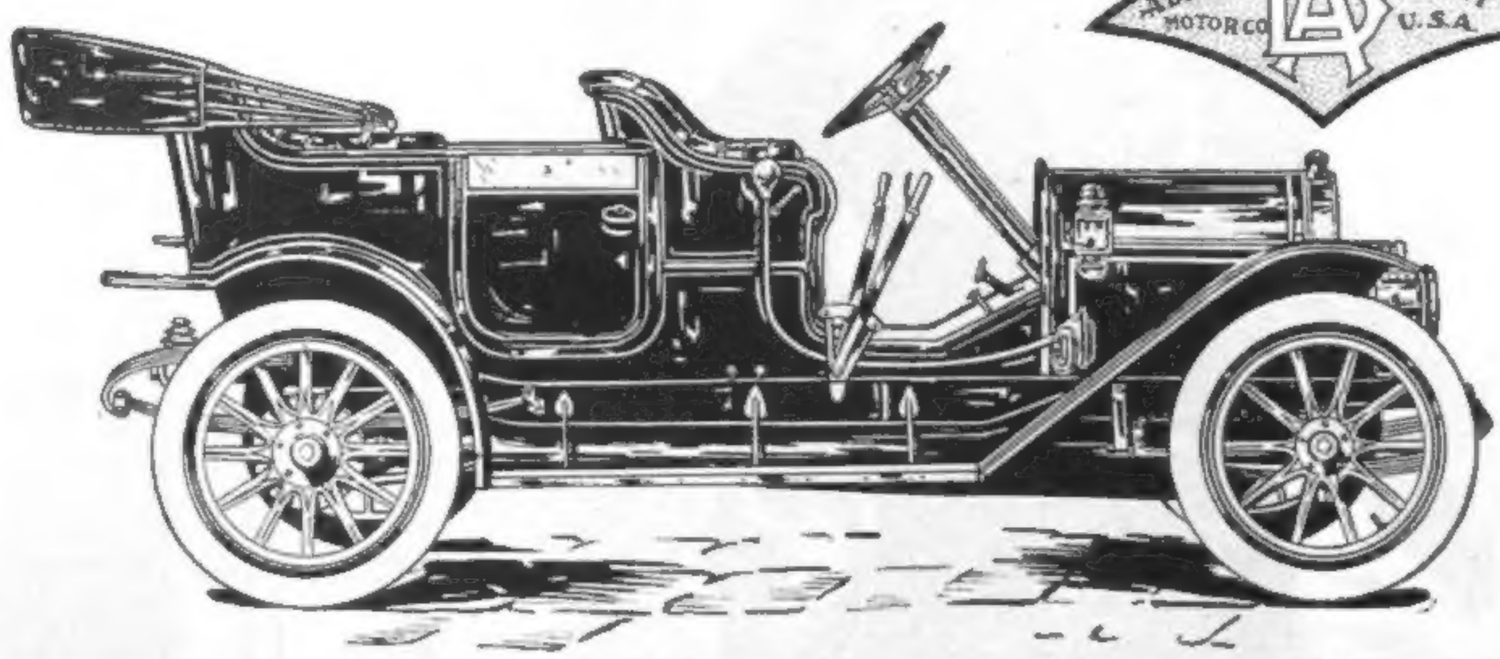

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Built By Men Of Proven Ability

Never Before Has There Been Such a Demand for a New Car

¶ For Each Car We Build This Spring, There Are At Least Five Buyers Waiting For It

¶ We do not like to turn away business, but we have been compelled to refuse applications from dealers for five times as many cars as we could build this spring.

¶ There is nothing mysterious about the hearty welcome that has been given this aristocratic-looking car.

¶ The reputation of the men who are building the Abbott-Detroit has established it, with those who know automobile history, as a car that embodies the most successful principles of modern motor car design.

¶ The men who are at the head of each department—Mr. John G. Utz, designer; Mr. John B. Phillips, factory superintendent; Mr. A. T. O'Connor, Sales Manager, have grown up in the industry. Each one of them has seen more than twelve years' service in building America's most famous and most successful cars.

¶ They have seen their past successes running season after season. They know what gives a motor car permanent value, and they can be counted upon to put into the Abbott-Detroit, the masterpiece of their career, all the best of their knowledge of materials and refinement of mechanical detail.

¶ The Abbott-Detroit is the highest type of the medium-priced car that will be offered this season. It is refined in mechanical detail and in finish. It is aristocratic in appearance and rich in the selection of materials and equipment. Have a friend who knows automobile construction go over this list of specifications with you. He will tell you that in design and choice of materials, it represents the highest standard of engineering practice.

¶ Write us at once for detailed information about this car, which experts pronounce the "*most important car* that has come out of Detroit this season." The name of the nearest dealer will be sent on request.

Have an Engineering Friend Go Over These Specifications With You

THE MOTOR—The four cylinder motor is cast in pairs and delivers 25.6 Horse Power, A. L. A. M. rating, which is called 30 to 35 H. P. by many car makers. Size of cylinders, 4 x 4½ inches. Compression 54 pounds. Inlet and exhaust valve openings, 2¼ inches. Crank shaft supported by three large, plain bearings, die cast. Connecting rod bearings of Parson's white brass of generous size. Fan blades in Fly wheel.

TRANSMISSION—Sliding gear, three speeds forward and reverse. Annular ball bearings. F. & S. Clutch, multiple disc.

FRONT AXLE—Drop forge, one-piece "I" beam. Timken bearings.

REAR AXLE—Special new design, full floating type; nickel steel drive shafts. F. & S. bearings.

LUBRICATION—Constant level splash; sight feed on dash.

CONTROL—One pedal, clutch and brake.

DRIVE SHAFT—Two Spicer universal joints. Tubular one-piece Torque arm.

WHEEL BASE—110 inches.

EQUIPMENT—Splitdorf dual Magneto. Square side light combination oil and electric. Six-inch headlights, equipped with silver parabolic reflectors and powerful Tungsten bulbs. 120 ampere lighting batteries, specially suited for the purpose. Horn, tool kit, pump and jack. Diamond tires, Q. D. 34 x 3½ inches.

WEIGHT—2,200 pounds.

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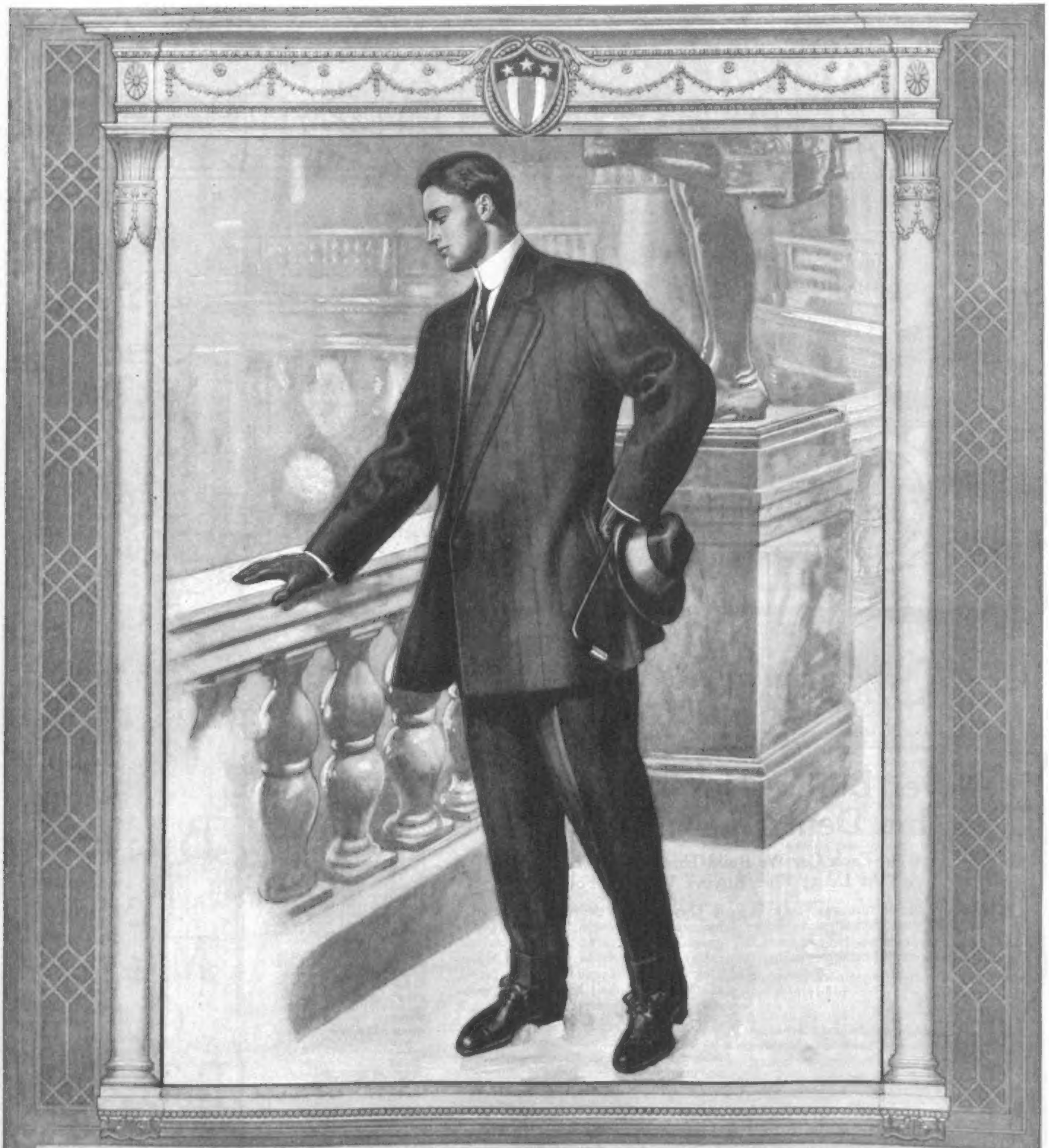

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

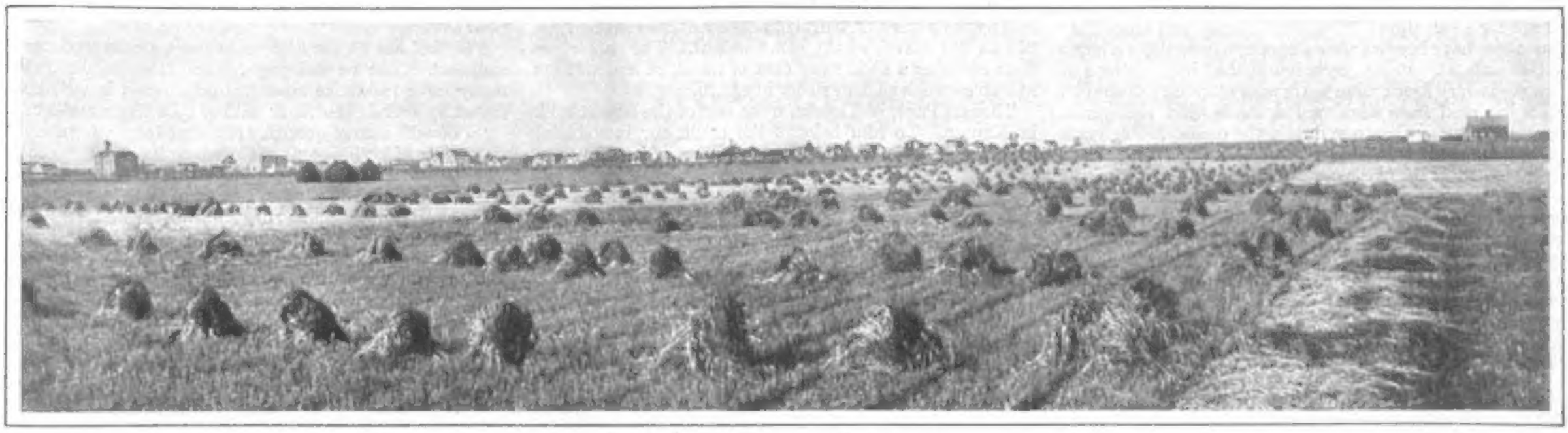
Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 182 — PHILADELPHIA, MAY 7, 1910 — Number 45

FIGHTING A BREAD FAMINE



By F. D. Coburn

IS WHEAT bread to become a luxury rather than a staple? James J. Hill says that at the present rate of increase in population, the ratio of production remaining the same, within twenty years a large part of the people will go to bed supperless. The Northwestern Miller, one of the high flour and milling authorities, in its issue of March 23, said:

"The problem of giving the masses bread is becoming the question of the hour; beside it all others are insignificant."

These were not idle remarks but the result of close observation and study by the shrewdest of the shrewd, and they present the most serious economic problem facing the American as well as the European public. The question of trusts, the graft scandals and other like issues will solve themselves, and though the evils incident to them may not be checked at once, only a comparatively small number of persons will be directly affected. But the question of bread supply confronts every individual in every civilized country. No one community, but the whole world has to meet it.

The Northwestern Miller, in the same editorial from which a foregoing sentence was quoted, says:

"A few years ago we had a very large export flour trade and American millers believed that if they lost this trade they would have difficulty in keeping their mills running. Practically, the export flour market has already vanished; the enormous demand from the domestic trade has absorbed it, and millers are anxiously wondering where the wheat is to come from with which to keep pace with the demands."

There will never be difficulty in finding mills to grind the wheat, but the question of raw material is in a measure confronting the millers, and a bread shortage is coming, if we continue growing in population at our present rate, unless something is done to increase production.

For this two methods at once suggest themselves, but one of them—sowing a larger area—is impracticable, for the Government Land Office reports, and statements of Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture, show that most of the available land which may be devoted to the cereals is already utilized, and that there can be little or no increase in wheat acreage. The limit has been pretty nearly reached. This leaves but one solution, which is to make every acre cultivated give a larger yield.

This can be done. The question of when it will be done depends on how soon the bread producers realize the situation confronting the bread consumers, and the method must be worked out to suit best the soil and the climate of the different wheat sections. Kansas has solved one problem closely akin to this—so closely related that the telling of how the state crept from one of the lowest in wheat production to the very top of the list is useful in indicating how the question of bread supply can be met. This she did by improving her own wheat yield, and thereby making the greatest wheat-producing state in the Union still greater.

The Introduction of Russian Hard Winter Wheat

THIRTY years ago Kansas was not much of a wheat-growing state. The question of how much wheat she produced in a single year was of little moment to the rest of the world. Her crop was not of a size or of an importance seriously to affect the markets or cause grain men and millers to send, as now, scores of experts to report the crop conditions and prospects throughout the entire growing season. At the present time and for more than ten years past Kansas has led in wheat growing. Occasionally some other state forges ahead in yield for a single year, but taking the totals for ten years or more they show Kansas in front by millions of bushels.

Much of the credit for making Kansas a great wheat state belongs to one man, the late Bernard Warkentin, of Newton, Harvey County. It was through his efforts that the variety which has made the Sunflower commonwealth famous and rich, known as red Turkey or Russian hard winter wheat, was introduced, and through his perseverance and the demands of the white-bread-eating public the millers were forced, against their will, to use it. For years the millers and bakers did not understand its value. Now they do, and the principal attention of the growers and millers is devoted entirely to this same breed, which at first flourmakers refused to buy except at prices much below those paid for softer winter and spring wheats, maintaining that the hard-faced foreigner might be a valuable grain for livestock but was poor flouring material.

The wheat was first brought to Kansas by a small number of French settlers in Marion County, about 1870, but these settlers encountered so much opposition to its flinty hardness that the variety had virtually become extinct before the Mennonites, the greatest factor in permanently introducing this variety and who did more than any other class in developing the wheat industry in the state, came, in the ten years succeeding 1872, from the Crimea district in southern Russia. They were Germans, of ancestry transplanted to the Crimea through the efforts of Catherine II of Russia. In 1783 Turkey ceded to Russia the Crimea and the adjoining provinces, and Catherine, looking for some method or some people by which she could develop this new country, decided that the Mennonites of western Prussia would be the best colonists whom she could secure. They were a thrifty, industrious class, by some authorities considered the best of European agriculturists. They were a peculiar sect of fine people. Their religion was discipline instead of dogma; they frowned on frivolity and required from their members abstinence from worldly vanities.

The Influx of Mennonites Into Kansas

WHEN the Mennonites went to the Crimea, and until 1860, soft spring wheat was raised there almost exclusively. Then through the efforts of the father of Bernard Warkentin, the Turkey red hard wheat was introduced. Within two or three years after 1860 this was raised almost exclusively by the Mennonites, and it has since become the staple of southern Russia as it is now of Kansas. In Kansas this wheat is known as hard Turkey red or hard Russian red wheat. It seems to have been a native of Turkey and the district around the Black Sea. It is exceedingly hard and has a dark berry, rich in gluten, and much more valuable for bread-making than the soft wheats, besides being about the hardiest variety grown in this country.

At the close of the Franco-Prussian War the special privileges granted the Mennonites by Catherine were withdrawn. These privileges had originally been promised to them for a century and the treaty did not expire until 1883, but the natives of southern Russia had become jealous of the continued prosperity of the colonists and petitioned their Government to withdraw the concessions. The war presented a favorable opportunity to remove the influence of the Germans over the Crimean colony, and the Russian Government caused Germany to accept a treaty withdrawing the religious and political concessions and freedom from military service, but granting the colonists the right to remove from the country if they did not choose to become Russian subjects.

In 1873 five Mennonite leaders came to America and traveled extensively over the Middle West looking up suitable locations for establishing a colony. These men finally advised their brethren that Kansas, and especially the central portion, was nearest the ideal region. This section with its broad, rolling prairies had about the same soil and climatic conditions as the country they were preparing to leave. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad had been granted by the Government three million acres of the public land in Kansas as a bonus for building a line across the state. The railroad company wanted to sell this land, and after a careful investigation of different peoples decided that the German-Russians would be most desirable immigrants, and many were induced to come and settle on the railroad land.

Bernard Warkentin was one of the most progressive among these Mennonites. He came to Kansas in the early seventies, just as his brethren were emigrating. He

built a water-power mill on the Little Arkansas River near Halstead and was the pioneer miller in that region. At that time wheat was so scarce in central Kansas that he had to ship a part of his supply from Atchison, two hundred and sixty miles away. In 1874 the Mennonites purchased one hundred thousand acres of the railroad land and large parties began coming to what was destined to be the great wheat belt of Kansas, in early years known as the "Golden Belt." These parties brought, through the advice of Mr. Warkentin, seed wheat from the Crimea, and it was soon found that the soil and climate of Kansas were peculiarly adapted to its prosperity. Hence within a few years the new settlers found themselves possessed of an abundance for planting. But millers did not take kindly to the new wheat; it was too hard for their burrs to crush. Later, methods were devised for steaming and making it soft enough to grind, but this was unsatisfactory, and it was not until the roller system of milling became general that the hard wheat became the staple crop of central and western Kansas.

In 1885 Mr. Warkentin began the importation of hard wheat for seed, direct from the Crimea, and since that time there have been various shipments from this variety's native habitat. It has been found that importations of new seed every four or five years were extremely desirable; changing seed from high to low lands, and vice versa, apparently tends also to maintain the quality. For years the millers contended that the gritty nature of the flour detracted from its market value, but the acreage of the soft wheat was gradually reduced nevertheless, and the hard-wheat acreage increased, as farmers found that the hard wheat was almost sure to produce a crop of sufficient proportions to more than offset the deductions from the market value of the common soft wheats, which were not such certain producers. It was money in the farmers' pocket to accept ten or fifteen cents a bushel less for a larger and surer crop of hard wheat rather than take chances on the other variety.

There is a flour in Europe, made from Hungarian and Bohemian wheat, that bakers declare without an equal for bread. A flour firm of Enterprise, Kansas, shipped some hard-wheat flour to Paris and sold it to a firm of bakers, known throughout Europe for the excellence of their bread. This firm pronounced the flour "the only flour equal to the Hungarian flour that has ever been offered to us."

The news of this caused the millers of Kansas to increase their equipment for grinding the new wheat and they advised a larger acreage. Bakers began asking for the flour, and within a few years the value of the Kansas article was established. In five years the price ratio of the hard and soft wheats in Kansas was reversed.

The flour is rich in gluten, which absorbs water readily and swells to several times its dry bulk. As dough it becomes elastic and tenacious, capable of holding air that is kneaded into it, or the gases produced by yeast, thereby becoming porous or light, a quality in bread for which every baker and housewife strives. A barrel of hard-wheat flour makes about 325 of the ordinary one-pound loaves sold by the bakers. A barrel of soft-wheat flour makes from 270 to 290 loaves of the same weight. The soft-wheat flour contains a higher per cent of moisture and will not absorb as much as flour richer in gluten.

Thomas Page, of Topeka, owns one of the largest mills in Kansas. To him belongs the credit for introducing hard-wheat flours into the Government service. For years the army, navy and other commissary departments refused to buy any but Northern wheat flour, a flour almost as high in gluten as that from Kansas wheat. It took a long time and the unwinding of much red tape before Mr. Page could persuade officials to give Kansas flour a trial, but the one trial did the work, and now all Government contracts call for and specify either Northern spring or Kansas hard winter wheat flour. The dryness of the hard wheat flour gives it wonderful keeping qualities, and the Panama Canal contractors are using large quantities, because there are few other varieties that have proved themselves able to endure the climatic conditions of the Isthmus.

The Kansas land planted in wheat is a little in excess of six million acres. It may be increased to seven million acres within the next few years, but it can never greatly exceed that. From this vast acreage is produced from seventy-five to one hundred million bushels, or an average of from thirteen to fifteen bushels an acre. Men write of The Shame of the Cities, and of The Crimes of Society, but this is The Crime of Agriculture. Despite the glory and wealth brought to the state by her great wheat crops the farmers cannot, in this one respect, carry their heads very high, for they are not doing justice to the land and climate with which a generous Creator has endowed them. The average yield per acre is a disgrace, although the aggregate makes the state proud. These farmers are not seizing the opportunities among which they are thrust. When they realize how much more wheat per acre can be produced by only a little additional labor, and at no great additional expense, and when they meet the soil and climate half-way, then the farmers may be truly proud of their achievements.

The land has cost so little and is such a sure producer of sufficient wheat to well pay for the labor required that many have grown careless. How careless is well illustrated by actual occurrence, told of by a Kansas miller:

"I bought a large quantity of wheat from a farmer. In one corner of his bin some of the wheat had been damaged and I refused to buy his damaged wheat at any price.

"'What shall I do with it?' asked the farmer.

"'I don't know, unless you sell it for chicken feed.'

"'Not me. I'll take it home and use it for seed.'"

That is in too many instances the attitude. The farmer sells the best of his crop and uses the poorest for seed, injuring himself and his soil. The time is gradually coming when the farmer will use his best for seed, feed the poorest to his hogs and sell the rest to the miller. *(Continued on Page 54)*

The Rubber Bubble

By Charles J. Post

DECORATIONS BY EMLEN McCONNELL

YES, sir," said the red-haired man in the subway car, "I've put in, and I'm advising all my friends to put in. It's easy money in five years, and we'll come along with our product just at the time when the market is crying for a fine grade of rubber."

"How deep did you go in?" asked the large man with the keen gray eyes.

"Well, I've not made any actual payments yet, but I'll kick in with two thousand tomorrow."

"Mortgaged your house, didn't you?"

"I put a small plaster on it," returned the red-haired one, "but that will come off with the first month's dividends. It's the biggest thing I've ever struck. You ought to come in while the water's fine."

The gray-eyed man scratched his nose thoughtfully.

"You know something of the rubber industry, I take it"—he said at last—"sources of production, possibility of development, length of time a plantation requires to reach maturity, and so on? Eh?"

"Why, no," answered the sunny-haired one, "I—I don't believe I do. Still, you don't know much about steel, and yet you bought in there, didn't you?"

"I know a good deal about steel, my friend, and, as it happens, I know a few things about rubber, too. I don't do what I'm going to do very often, but I hate to see a man separate himself from his money without a wrench, so here are a few facts. To begin with, do you happen to know where crude rubber comes from?"

"Er—why—down South or somewhere, doesn't it?"

"I thought so. That's about as close as your kind of investor usually comes. Ever hear of Brazil? Well, Brazil produces about sixty-five per cent of the world's rubber. The country has an area of over three million square miles, and about one-half of that is rubber producing. There have been about three thousand rubber schemes, and about three are actually producing rubber. I remember the advertisements. 'Invest a few dollars now in a rubber plantation and secure an income for life,' and so on. Sounds familiar, doesn't it? Keep your two thousand, my boy. Put the money in the bank, and forget you ever heard of rubber."

The red-haired man gasped.

"But the Vallombrosa Company declared a dividend of eighty per cent ——" he began.

"It did, and that was exactly twenty years after its formation; during that twenty years no dividend was heard of. It figures down to four per cent a year. Are you going to wait twenty years and then give the stock to your daughter for a wedding present?"

The ruby-haired individual hesitated.

"I—I—thought—why, they told me—but look here. London is working rubber at top notch. Twenty companies have been formed there for rubber exploitation since January 1, and the capitalization is over three millions sterling. Besides, here is a market letter—Spoofem & Spink. It says: 'The world is facing a famine in rubber ——'"

"That will do, my friend," interrupted the other; "don't believe every market letter you read. Famine in rubber, eh? Did you see mention of the arrival of the steamship Clement a few days ago from Manáos? She had six million dollars' worth of rubber aboard. Three weeks before that another Booth liner brought up five million dollars in rubber. You say they've formed twenty companies in London since January 1. True, and they've organized over two hundred prior to that, and the capitalization runs to over twenty millions sterling. Now they're coming into New York, and while I don't mean that every company is off color, the stock issue, in many cases, is only limited by the durability of the nearest printing press and the supply of bond paper and gold seals. Keep your money in your pocket and forget you ever heard of rubber. Here's my station. By-by."

The gentleman of the auburn hair did not buy rubber stock, even when he found that the Madagascar Company, floated in London, has been oversubscribed two hundred and eighty-seven times. In fact, he rammed the mortgage money down a little deeper into his pocket.

Back in the days of the South Sea Bubble, London manifested hysteria, and later Barney Barnato caused excitement with his Rand Companies; but it is doubtful if anything like the present rubber craze has been witnessed in over a century. Great Britain has gone rubber mad,

and the causes are many. First comes the declared dividend of the Vallombrosa Company—eighty per cent. Then reports from Malaysia, South America, Madagascar and the Congo that the supply of rubber is far below the demand, owing to the remarkable development of the automobile industry throughout the world. Those reports were sufficient for the astute London financier, and he began his work of fanning the speculative flame.

During the month of February the London papers published the nearest approach to scare-headed stories their traditions would permit, and in the Times even the report of the first robin of the season seen upon a gentleman's hedge at Brixton was relegated to the perfunctory news columns to make way for "rubbers." This condition bids fair to continue until the slow-moving British public awakens to the false basis upon which the whole speculative structure is placed. It is not charged or even hinted by those most familiar with the rubber situation both in England and the United States that there is anything but a huge and unfortunate mistake in the matter, but by those who know the conditions of the industry a profound sympathy is felt for the investors, and the reason is not far to seek. It is simply the hysteria of frenzied finance that seems due to devastate financial centers at least once a decade.

There is a general impression that the natural rubber—that is, the rubber growing wild in virgin forests—is exhausted, and that the constantly increasing pressure of demand must now be met by planted rubber. As a matter of fact, the resources of the virgin natural rubber preserves have scarcely been touched. The commercial demand for rubber and its rapidly extended field of need have outstripped the economic resources by which it is secured. There is not now enough labor in the great rubber territories to do more than keep the supply in effect a fixed quantity. But with the automobile, extending submarine cables, and the thousand and one newer and minor uses, more rubber is needed—and hence has developed the fallacy that the world's supply of natural rubber is exhausted, and that the day has come when cultivation must supplant the depleted sources of the wild product.

A Terrible Labor Experiment

IT MUST be remembered that in the promiscuous advertising of rubber a few years since in this country it was the Castilloa rubber that was meant, although by implication it was suggested that all rubber was the same as the Pará rubber. This Castilloa is a weedy tree, of rapid growth compared to the Brazilian Hevea, but even at that has disappointed thousands of confident investors. This present London furor, which doubtless will be followed by a wave of investing enthusiasm here, is over the Hevea, the true Brazilian Pará rubber, and the price of which heads the list of rubbers; as this rubber rises or falls so do all rubbers on the list fluctuate in sympathy. But the Hevea is a slow-growing tree, and the investor who pictures a magic growth and a shady forest with rivulets of pleasant and profitably flowing milk bursting from the bark is destined to spend many years in desolate hopefulness.

Considering for a moment the sources of supply of crude rubber, we come at once to Brazil. A country comprising a territory of almost three and a half million square miles—nearly as large an area as our United States—and with practically half of that area bearing rubber, is entitled to respectful consideration. The facts are that were all other rubber sources lost in a vast cataclysm Brazil alone is capable of supplying sufficient crude rubber to keep the industries of the world going at twice their present capacity without an effort—given labor. At present labor is the chief difficulty, and the big men of the rubber industry are adopting measures which, it is believed, will relieve this stringency and open the vast territory that lies wholly undeveloped. Back in the country, in the partially known and almost entirely savage triangular borderland of Amazonas, Matto Grosso and Acre, the scarcity of labor is the biggest problem.

Two experiments have been made in importing foreign labor to work with virgin rubber in the territory of the Amazon basin. One was by a company which felt that Japanese coolies would solve the question. They made a contract with an international gentleman who knew almost as little of their necessities as they did themselves. He went to Japan and negotiated with the Government for the laborers; then he hired his coolies, picking them from the fishing villages in the northern portion of Japan—Japs who were perfectly at home on a bamboo raft or a sampan to go and work in the humid jungles in the heart of South America! No more unsuitable class of laborers could have been selected. They were a failure, absolute and complete.

The second effort was made by a European rubber company, also developing in the Amazon basin. The chief of the company, Señor Vacadiez, chartered a steamer from Spain and loaded it with a thousand laborers that he picked up along the docks of Barcelona, Cadiz and Lisbon. These men were city bred—stevedores, roustabouts, *cargadores*. Their field of work was also to lie in the rubber forests of the far Amazonian interior, and they were quite as hopelessly unsuitable as were the Japanese fisher-folk. They were a tough, hard, uncontrollable gang, undesirable anywhere, except, perhaps, for penal colonization. The history of that expedition would read like the log of the Bounty mutineers. When the steamer reached Pará the Brazilian Government refused to allow the men to land. At Manáos, on the Amazon, they were transferred to the smaller river steamers and in these were carried on up the Amazon into Peru. From this point by canoes, by raft and overland they struggled and roughhoused their way down to the rubber company's *barraca*. On the river steamers twenty of them had been killed in one mutiny by live steam shot from the engineer's barricaded quarters. Some had deserted in the jungle, ignorant of the savages and the fate awaiting them. And finally, of the thousand that left the Mediterranean, but one man was delivered by the chief in charge at the *barraca*. A fortune had been spent on this expedition without anything being accomplished.

These were experiments by men unfamiliar with the needs of rubber development in these remote forests. The failures were the penalties of ignorance. Despite this, the difficulties in the way of developing the rubber of the Amazon basin are to be overcome by the knowledge and intelligence that we apply to commerce in our own domains.

Education is what is needed most among the laborers, and this of the sort that will instill into them some appreciation of economic conditions. Once they obtain this they will find it to their advantage to use as much care as is possible in preparing the rubber, for they will have realized they will have secured a higher price for a smaller quantity. In the northern districts successful work of this kind has been accomplished along the Rio Negro territory. The *seringueiros* have first secured the confidence of the Indians, and have then shown them, by a slow and painstaking process, the proper way to gather and cure the rubber. As soon as these workers appreciated the prime fact that quality meant money, or in their case its equivalent, the quality began to rise.

The Brazilian Rubber King

THIS example is even now beginning to have its effect in the lower and central Amazon basin, and in place of the driving methods and intimidation that formerly marked the industry in this territory, the method of the Rio Negro is beginning to find favor. When this education has become general, when labor has been increased and the resultant increase in quantity and quality has made its appearance, the day of cultivated rubber will have been deferred some generations, for Brazil's supply is inexhaustible and most of her rubber-bearing territory is unexplored.

One man I know started life on the rubber frontier with nothing. Today he owns a rubber business that is worth ten or twelve million dollars, and his annual shipments average around nine hundred to one thousand tons. He knows his territory, his labor and the economic necessities of his problem, which in the light of that knowledge ceases to be a problem. Of an indeterminate age, perhaps sixty, his chief delight is in steaming up the little rivers of his empire and personally haggling or celebrating with his men. When I met him he wore dungaree breeches and a checked jumper, rope-soled shoes and sometimes a cap; he is as primitive as the men who work for him, and his delights are as simple. He holds the high, the low and the middle justice, for the constituted federal authority is conspicuous by its entire absence in that savage and unexplored section of the continent.

With the income of a potentate and with only the simple desires of a man who has lived a never-varied, rugged, primitive life past the edge of the world, he has one tender sentiment to which he has paid tribute—it is the memory of his wife.

Surrounded by a tiny iron fence overgrown by a jungle of creepers is a small marble shaft that he erected to her honor and memory. Lizards bask on its hot stone under the tropic sun, and you may disturb a *coralillo* if you brush aside the rank growth to read the name; but that shaft with its iron railing represents its weight in bullion silver. For six months his semi-civilized savages dragged and portaged it around the sixteen cataracts of the Madeira, at a cost of energy and money that only those can appreciate who have faced the difficulties of transporting in a jungle country.

In actual size it is nothing; it would be lost to sight in the humblest cemetery; but it is over two thousand miles up into the heart of Brazil, and to carry it over the heartbreaking cataracts has meant an effort that can be measured in men's lives.

Where Rubber is Plenty

BRAZIL, with the contiguous territory of Peru and Bolivia, has rubber in such quantities that its possibilities have as yet been but scratched; and here again Brazil touches the London hysteria very closely. The whole rubber excitement in both New York and London is built upon plantation or cultivated product, and there it is that the danger from overinflation begins. Considered economically, it is a prime and admitted truth that so long as a natural product of any character is or can be produced of a first-class quality and in sufficient quantities to supply the demand, the market for the cultivated product, at least from a competitive standpoint, is limited in the extreme; in fact, it may be admitted that, commercially, such a situation is impossible.

The planting of rubber in the years to come may develop into a profitable enterprise, but probably not in this generation. Cultivation, with its attendant fixed charges, means a continuous expense without the possibility of return from any direction for from fifteen to twenty years. Capital is not likely to wait such a length of time for realization upon its investment, and when to the long wait are added the various risks that are to be taken into consideration and that run over an extended period, with the possibility of natural mishaps, it will be seen that investment in what may fitly be called "wildcat" companies is inadvisable.

The same amount of capital expended in opening up a rubber concession in the Amazon basin will bring quicker and greater returns. There the trees have been growing for generations untapped except by savages, who cured the sap on their warm bodies and used the gum for binding the feathering and tipping of their arrows; so all that is needed is to have some paths and surveys opened up. The illustration is obvious and pointed—if you want lumber it is better to cut a path to a giant pine in Oregon than to plant a pine seed in a New Jersey farm and wait.

However much it may be argued that rubber plantations are possible of quick bearing, the facts are that fifteen years is the minimum age for the Hevea tree—this is the opinion of Brazilian rubber men—and even as high as twenty-five years is held as the minimum by some, and though experiments are being made with other varieties of rubber-bearing plants, such as the Manihot and Guayule, the results with the former, at least, are problematical.

Planting rubber is, in its essence, while the natural resources are not near exhaustion, no different from planting pine forests. It is essentially a beneficent or paternal project on the order of reforestation—I am speaking of the Hevea, around which the London furor chiefly

(Continued on Page 34)

HONOR AMONG THIEVES

By Frederick R. Bechdolt

ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY

Several are Studying the
Laws Whose Breaking Brought Them to the Place

HOYLE is no reformer, as we frequently use the word now. That is to say, he has been identified with none of those earnest and hardworking bodies of men whose efforts have helped toward better things. He was a well-to-do business man and a good deal of a politician when the governor made him clerk of the prison board. Before he took that office he had known nothing of convicts. After he had held it for several months he became warden.

The prison scars a sun-and-shadowed hill beside an inlet of the sea. Within its walls, meant originally to house about six hundred men, eighteen hundred convicts serve their time. The number includes boys and aged felons who have spent whole decades behind bars—there is no segregation in this state.

The buildings are old and inadequate; they teem with life like rabbit warrens. The second largest penitentiary—in point of population—in America, it was regarded by reformers as one of those most in need of reforming, and it was looked upon by officers as one of the most dangerous to manage. But Hoyle introduced a new system—his system of convict-handling—by which he has changed this prison into a place where many inmates become better men.

Prison Rule According to Hoyle

IN THESE days, when the air is full of talk of prison-reform and the reformers are all busy trying to figure out statutes that will relieve crying evils, this system of Hoyle's is interesting.

And the beauty of Hoyle's system is that it is simple—easy to understand. He runs the prison and he takes care that all hands understand that he runs it. But he does not manage it on the theory that he is afraid of the prisoners.

That fear theory is at the bottom of nearly all the penitentiary evils today. We talk of the punitive idea of punishment and of cruelty in our prisons. As a matter of fact, the brutalities that keep convicts sullen and make bad men worse are largely due to cowardice. Brave men—grizzled officers who have shown their qualities of courage again and again in moments of danger—impose a hundred rules and inflict a hundred ugly penalties, all created originally through fear.

Dread of the coming break, dread of assault, of suicide and stealthy escape; this is the hidebound tradition under which prison officials grow to long experience—a tradition based on the belief that as soon as a convicted man dons stripes he is unlike other men, a monster. That tradition has endured through centuries; it has brought the lock-step, the silent system, the crossing of arms when the prisoner walks near the wall, the employment of stool-pigeons, the dictum that the word of a convict is worthless, the use of physical punishment, the dead-line, and all the long list of things that makes the average penitentiary a somber mill that grinds out ratlike Judases and scowling thugs. The old saying that he who looks for trouble gets it is borne out nowhere more completely than in our prisons at this time.

In this particular institution, when Hoyle took charge, things were as they still are in most places of the sort. A mass of intricate precautions acted on the mind of every felon, making him remember that he was under duress. The penalties for violations of these petty laws kept the dungeons and the solitary cells well filled; every evening regular strait-jacket hours were observed. A horde of stool-pigeons held the trusties' jobs. There were times when these spies had virtually run the place. The air was full of intrigue, treachery and fear—ever that fear, making men ugly toward men. The downcast look and sidelong glance were everywhere. Hate was a mighty thing; several of the previous wardens had not dared go alone into the prison yard. Then Hoyle came with his theory.

"Convicts," said he, "are pretty much like other men. I'll handle them along those lines."

Old officers said it was taking a big chance. He took the chance, and found that he was running less chances than his predecessors had run. He tried his idea; it worked.

Recently the writer watched Hoyle going to the inner yard at noon. Three hundred convicts coming from the dining hall met him in a narrow passageway. These three hundred included many of that class of prisoners for whom drastic rules are made—"bad ones," second-timers, thugs, murderers and habitual jail-breakers. The passageway—a flight of stairs between two buildings—was shut out from sight of armed wall guards. A fine spot, a golden opportunity, for any of those tragedies that prison officials always dread—those striped felons had the warden right among them, unprotected. Hoyle was on his way down the flight; the convicts came seething up. He plunged into the crowd; their bodies hid his body; they jostled him; he met many of those slight collisions that are inevitable in a throng. They saw him thus among them; many glanced at him; some spoke; several looked squarely into his face and bade him good-day; the vast majority went on their way, indifferent; none showed surprise. It was for all the world like a superintendent on an errand at the noon hour, passing among his factory hands—exactly similar. In this same manner Hoyle moves among the convicts every day—in the yard, in the jute mill between the clacking looms, in the new cell house where striped toilers handle heavy tools on scaffoldings above his head. Always the same way—like a master among employees of some great industry. Were nearly any one of this prison's former wardens—or nearly any other warden in America today—to make a practice of this thing, fellow-officers would say that life had come to weary him.

According to Hoyle's viewpoint it is the safest way to act. When he tore down the old system with its network of elaborate safeguards he replaced it by his own, where security lies in the fact that the eighteen hundred convicts are their own police.

For one of the first things that Hoyle did was to abolish stool-pigeons. There is probably no prison in America whose officers will admit to citizens that convicts guard the place for them, for pay of one sort or another. Yet there is hardly a prison in the country where this system of rewarded treachery has not been used. It is the old, accepted idea among officers, the setting of the thief to catch the thief, the one means by which they think they are sure to learn what crooks are doing. It is easy enough to see the evils of this espionage as he saw it here; the question that faced Hoyle was: What could be made to take its place? Who would tell him what was being planned among his eighteen hundred charges?

He answered that question by his theory: Convicts, it said, have the same human nature as other men. The majority in any crowd frowns down on evil: first, from self-interest; secondly, through that innate sentiment that makes us all dislike the bad in others. Under normal conditions this is the case. He began to make conditions normal here.

Note the difference in the two sorts of information: the tale of the outraged citizen who has seen wrongdoing and the tale of the stool-pigeon. The difference of motive needs no comment; and it is easy to understand the varying effect upon the two informants themselves; the feeling of duty done to society, as against the knowledge that one has betrayed a fellow. But more significant than these things is the effect upon the apprehended wrongdoer. The captured burglar cherishes no depth of malice toward the householder who identifies him; while, on the other hand, he swears to kill the thief who "tipped him off" to the police. Also his companions will gladly perform that vengeance for him. So it goes in society. And so, in this prison, the convict body had hated the rewarded convict spies, and had sympathy for the various wrongdoers whom these spies managed to betray at times to the officials. Abolishing these stool-pigeons, Hoyle counted on those same motives that make citizens telephone to the police station, even when they themselves are not sufferers from the things that they report. It worked. He got the news, the straight news, of what few things of moment were really doing among the weaker and the more desperate of his eighteen hundred prisoners. The convicts did not know whence it came; sometimes Hoyle did not know himself.

The Case of the Consistent Man

ONE morning, soon after the change, Hoyle was reading his mail; he opened an unsigned letter. It said that half a dozen convicts were tunneling out from the machine shops—gave the details of the break in full. The prison officials caught the sextet in the act of digging.

Sometimes the motive behind the information came to light and proved the soundness of Hoyle's theory. Strange as it may seem, that innate sentiment of aversion toward evil in others showed up prominently. There was the case of the murderers.

In the group of condemned men in this prison was that rarity among his kind, a consistent criminal. He was complete. None of that thing that we call conscience existed to hinder him. In our end of society we occasionally see such a man and we hate him. Even the dishonest among business men will cry out sincerely against the usurer who demands his pound of flesh. So in this prison. The Consistent Man walked daily in their little yard with his fellow-murderers and was their leader. One day, when the gallows was but a few weeks away, he said to a doomed companion: "When the guards take us to the barber shop

Endangered Their Lives and Toiled Madly to Save the
Very Things That Held Them Prisoners

for our regular shave we'll grab the razors, kill the guards and run to the main gate, taking the turnkey with us for a hostage." He elaborated the idea, evolved details, shaped it out a practicable plan.

Then the other murderer had a thought. Said he: "One of those barbers is an old-time friend of yours. We'll let him live?"

"Not much," said the Consistent Man. "I'll tend to him myself."

The other murderer let the thing sink in. When it had, he sent for the warden and told him. "I couldn't stand for that—killing a friend," he explained.

This was a man doomed to the hangman's rope. He forsook that chance for life and went to the gallows, because of that sentiment which makes the complete wrongdoer a pariah, even among criminals. And of the eighteen hundred convicts in this penitentiary the majority are only accidental criminals and ordinary thieves. The gallows is not waiting for them; in fact, their terms are shortened by decent behavior. The ethical distaste for wrong is, therefore, many times stronger among the mass than in murderers' row, for self-interest has a better chance to help it.

The quick emotion of the criminal—sometimes amounting to sentimentality—frequently acts hand in hand with this self-interest under Hoyle's system. There was a square-jawed trouble-maker, whom the strait-jacket and the dungeon had in the old days known for their own. He had a head over which a certain school of criminologists would have gloated—it was shaped much like a peanut. He was a problem.

One day he was caught in business more than ordinarily dangerous. He got a trial, had a chance to talk himself. He was found guilty and he was punished. The thing that hurt him most was the expectation that he would not receive visitors for some time. His mother had come regularly to talk with him. He realized that he had put himself beyond the privilege of that visit now.

For some reason Hoyle determined to take a chance with this thug, on whom drastic measures had not worked before. A few days after the trouble had taken place the mother came as usual. Hoyle gave orders that she be allowed to see her son, and extended the privilege of a visit without a fine-mesh screen between the two.

The day after that call the "bad one" sent for Hoyle and disclosed a plot whose details included murder of the warden and other officials. "And," said he in ending, "if you send a man to my cell you'll find a saw there. I was lookin' to be doin' something myself. But I changed my mind since yesterday."

That savors of sentimentality, if you will. But note how it worked. And there is more to the incident. The square-jawed man had begun to open his eyes and see. He had kept them shut in the dungeon and in the strait-jacket. But now he was starting to look at things. Why? It is hard to figure out just how sentiment had worked and just how reason had worked. But he reasoned now. For he was brought before the warden only once after that; and on this occasion he came with a profession of guilt on his lips and shame in his face. Since then he has been what they call a model prisoner, the prisoner who sees where his interests really lie.

This lessening of punishment came along with the abolition of stool-pigeons. At the same time accused malefactors began to get fair hearings. In a number of cases where there was doubt Hoyle adhered to his rule and acted as though these convicts were free men; he took a chance and let the accused go. All this helped the growth of sentiment for order, for it did away with the sympathy with disorder. In the old days there had been a sullen, universal feeling against the warden and the guards. That feeling, which grew so strong on one occasion that the entire convict body went on a big strike, was constantly nursed along when men came back bragging of what they had endured. They got grim solace in being regarded as heroes. Now—what with the trouble a man has to take to get disciplined—the fellow returning from punishment is regarded pretty generally as a fool.

As this new viewpoint began to endure there came another great stimulus toward making self-interest lie on the side of law. Hoyle introduced task-work. A convict has now so much to do in the jute mill or machine shop or foundry; this done, his time is his. When he finishes his task he leaves the building through an unguarded door. No official checks his departure. He goes out into the yard to amuse himself. Supposing he goes out with his work unfinished—it is easy enough to do. What then? It has been given out, so that all understand, that the success of this task-work determines its status in the scheme of things—the guards are to have no trouble over it. Naturally, the convicts want it to succeed. Naturally, therefore, seeing a shirker jeopardize it they send the man back or else report him. One of the two they do invariably. Doing it, realizing that there is a common good, they have gone further; they feel the presence of a convict body. There has grown a sentiment like *esprit de corps*.

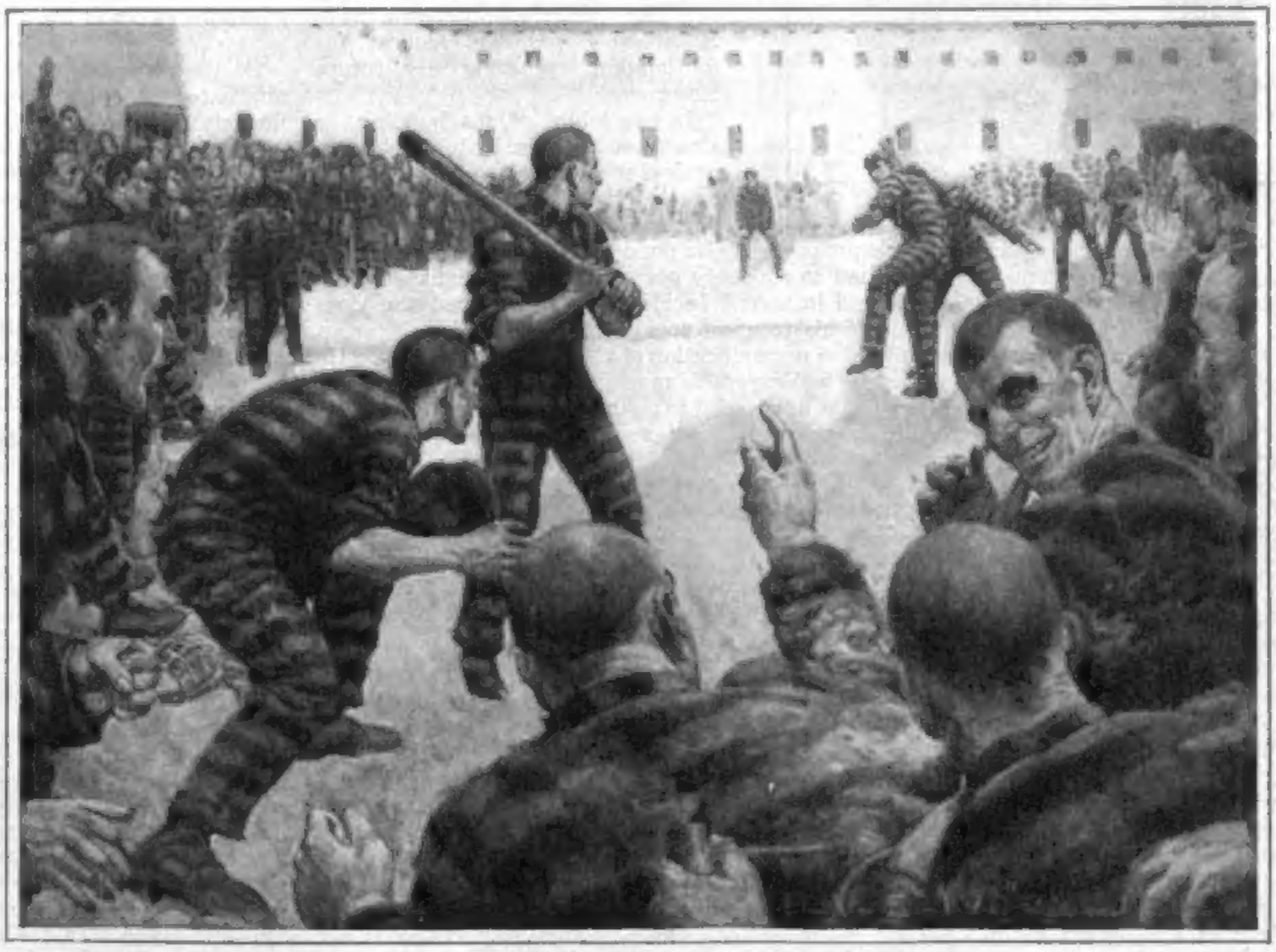
That came into evidence, replacing the anarchistic spirit born of antagonism, the first New Year's eve of Hoyle's administration. The old feeling had resulted in a custom that had endured in this place for many years. According to this custom the convicts greeted the coming year. So sure as the stroke of twelve came that night there came a hideous saturnalia of noise. The inmates of the prison yelled and beat upon their bars; they shook the iron doors upon their iron hinges. From every nook and corner of the penitentiary the tumult came. From the dungeons, from long rows of cells, from behind the barred wickets that shut the condemned murderers away, it rose and swelled. By bellowed oaths, by blasphemies shrieked forth, by deep anathemas, by roaring metal vibrating to blows, they raised their protest against the coming year until the very hills shook and the night was sick. And then there came, and mingled with the diapason penetrating it, a more sinister blending of sounds—the hiss of water from hose nozzles, the thud of swift streams on human bodies, gasps for breath. The guards in extra force went down the long tiers of cells and slowly drowned the outbreak.

The week before New Year's Hoyle had notices posted throughout the prison, signed by him. They requested that order be kept and that the convicts make no untoward noise on the night of December 31. That was all there was of preparation. There was no coupling on of hose or placing of extra guards; nor did the warden show himself. Doubtless sundry rebellious spirits found disappointment as New Year's morning wore away toward dawn, for all that night there was not so much as a catcall. The prevalent idea among the convicts favored decent silence—as it always had. That idea got power in good part through pride. The prisoners appreciated the fact that the thing had been left in their hands, and did not violate the trust.

A far cry from such a feeling toward *esprit de corps?* Perhaps. Yet it marked the beginning of what followed after. One little change succeeded another. With task-work, falling off of punishments, freedom from spies and fair treatment, came liking for the warden. It was in the ascendency when Hoyle took another step. He introduced baseball, and he established that institution in such a manner that it helped unify sentiment for common good.

The game had a far-reaching effect. Prison is at the best a dreary place. Among its countless restrictions—toil, lack of breeze-cleaned air and rigorous discipline—looms the monotony of long leisure hours, a never-ending torture. Man must employ his mind. To leave him with nothing of which to think, save the ground plan of the buildings and the thickness of the walls, is an unkindness to all concerned. Hoyle figured strongly on the desire for something to do.

It has proved a reformer of lawless spirits, a guard worth a dozen gatling guns. The great majority want either to play or watch. To get the privilege of doing either a convict must have a clean-behavior record. In the next place, Hoyle has made the prisoners police the yard during games. Owing to the smallness of the inclosure, shouting and disorder would be dangerous. There is, too, the tendency to bet tobacco on the part of the members of the audience, which is against the rules. Fancy seeing a close contest between two good teams—and this penitentiary's three-team league includes some speedy players—without uttering a sound or wagering a plug of tobacco on your own favorites! When at that crucial moment of two out and two strikes called the striped batter spits upon his hands and the striped pitcher "winds up," the silence in that striped audience is more eloquent than the murmur from any bleachers. And when the swung bat cracks against the ball and the runners speed around the bases, striped arms lift tensely to come down still tensed upon striped legs; gnarled fists rise slowly, standing upraised and trembling above the sea of shaven heads; hard faces work silently, in ecstasy of repressed applause.



Two Out and Two Strikes Called

That repression is maintained by the squad of convict police, appointed by the convict management of the league. They watch the side lines closely; they know that on their efficiency depends the maintenance of the sport. Sharing this knowledge, all the crowd is for behavior. Baseball is too dear to them to lose by rowdyism or mischief.

Other things help in the employment of leisure hours—wages, all, for good behavior—amusements in which the convict-body as a whole is interested. There are the band and orchestra. Hoyle helped them get their instruments and saw to it that they have hours for practice. Sundays they play; the concerts have elaborate programs. On the hand-decorated slips you may read, interspersed among the popular airs, the names of some of the world's best composers. The prison has now a dramatic society; twice a year it gives an entertainment, usually vaudeville. All go to this eagerly; and right eagerly all watch their behavior that they may earn the privilege of that evening's enjoyment. It is a show worth seeing, this convict entertainment, an audience worth scanning as it welcomes the songs and jokes. Those stage jests, turned on prison conditions, are examples of the mind's indomitability which, given a chance, laughs at the very stripes the body wears. Of talent there is much, and it is good. The rehearsals go on for weeks; the preparation for months. All of this time—leisure hours—is devoted in most prisons to brooding or to useless plotting.

Courses in correspondence schools occupy quite a number of these convicts now when they are done with tasks. It is an innovation here. Since Hoyle allowed it many have availed themselves of the chance. Several are studying the laws whose breaking brought them to the place, with view of practicing their profession at some future day. Others—the majority of the students—go in for trades.

There are many other changes. All of them are along the same lines. Any one of them would be condemned by

(Continued on Page 57)

THE BUZZ SAW OF CHANCE

J. Augustus Redell Picks Up a Splinter

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

He Looked Like a Man Who Could Play Rotation Pool All Day Long

BACKED up against the wall in the lobby of the Lumbermen's Building was Mr. J. Augustus Redell, taking stock of his assets. A cursory inventory developed $3.65, a silver watch, a nail-file and a good cigar with the wrapper slightly damaged. If one were to include the natty clothes in which Mr. Redell was arrayed one would have arrived at his rating to the uttermost farthing. Incidentally, it might be remarked that Mr. Redell was out of a job. Knowing him intimately, however, one would not be inclined to sympathize with him on that score. As a matter of fact, Mr. Redell was not aware of the slightest tinge of self-pity at thus finding himself without visible means of support. He never worried over such trifles.

To begin, J. Augustus did not want a job. He was tired of working—for the other fellow. Had he wanted a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar position he would have gotten out of the elevator on the fifth floor and interviewed the Blue Star Lumber Company. As for the depleted state of his fortunes, it has already been intimated that he cared not a rap—that is, in so far as they affected his present creature comforts. He had a very good credit over at the Hippodrome bar. For years Pop Stilger, the proprietor, had staked him between paydays; hence the question of ready money was a minor one. Nevertheless, Mr. Redell was in a pensive mood. And lest the reader should hastily jump to the conclusion that Mr. Redell was contemplating entering upon a life of vagrancy or solving the riddle of existence through the medium of a can of rat-poison, be it known that no such sorry alternative had as yet presented itself.

J. Augustus Redell had merely decided to go into the lumber business for himself. His pensive countenance heralded a soul steeped in regret for an improvident past, for of the future he had no doubts. But he would work no more for a salary. He had quite made up his mind.

Five minutes previous to Mr. Redell's cogitative halt in the lobby of the Lumbermen's Building he had severed his connection as salesman for the lumber company for which he had been working. It was a severance not of Mr. Redell's choosing. The lumber company had "blown up" at noon. It was a matter of two ancient and unpaid notes the bank had attached, and away up in Oregon a strange man was roosting on the lumber pile. Mr. Redell was not the least surprised. He had been long enough in the game to know that a mill can't pay nine dollars for logs, sell the manufactured article at ten dollars and still retain a solid rating in Bradstreet's. Though young, J. Augustus was somewhat of a philosopher. When they broke the news to him he merely whistled a few bars of Good-night, Beloved, Good-night, refunded to the bookkeeper the salary he had overdrawn to date, and told the chief he was sorry for him.

Thus it was that Mr. Redell found himself jobless. In the same measure that Mr. Redell found himself jobless had Miss Maisie Robertson, the outside stenographer, found herself—positionless. Miss Robertson had wept, after the manner of her sex, and asked Mr. Redell what in the world she was going to do. For her a problem had presented itself. She was an orphan, and fifty a month isn't exactly a stupendous salary when one figures the board bill and the room rent and the laundry bill and the various other little forerunners of financial dissolution.

Mr. Redell had stared down at her from the height of his stalwart six feet one. It was a very stupid stare. He was suddenly quite unnerved. He had always liked Miss Robertson. For months he had been longing to call her by her first name, only the code of his species forbade a mixture of sentiment and business. It had always seemed so good to see her again, after a week or ten days out on the road. So now, as she wept into her black sateen sleeve-protectors, Mr. Redell was aware of a peculiar feeling in the region of his fifth rib. He wondered what it was. He was sure he wasn't remotely in love. Nevertheless, he felt awfully funny. So funny, in fact, that he batted his gray eyes and left the office very suddenly, heartlessly ignoring Miss Robertson's pathetic request for information regarding her future movements.

In the lobby of the building, as already stated, Mr. Redell backed up against the wall and took stock of his assets. He was grateful for the damaged cigar and carefully licked it into shape, the while he pondered this mysterious feeling which had so suddenly possessed him at sight of Miss Robertson in tears. Incidentally, he fingered the loose change in his trousers pocket and reviled himself for an unmitigated personification of the Darwinian theory. He wished he had saved his money. He was so provoked at himself that he decided to go into business and thus, amid future worries and privations, make amends for a prodigal past.

Now, strange to relate, had Miss Robertson not wept, Mr. Redell would have interviewed the Blue Star Lumber Company and secured as good a position as the one he had lost; which would seem to be a reasonable procedure on the part of a young man of such limited fortune as Mr. J. Augustus Redell. But with the inconsistency of woman Miss Robertson had wept. *Ergo*, Mr. Redell pulsated with ambition to wrest, single-handed, a fortune from the lax fingers of Opportunity. He clinched the great idea with a savage bite on his frayed cigar.

He presently fell to building castles in Spain. He would be a free-lance lumber broker, with his office under his hat until he could make sufficient money to warrant desk space somewhere. Then he would hustle hard until he could afford an office and a boy to answer the 'phone. Later he would have a stenographer, but not Miss Robertson. Heavens, no! He never wanted to dictate another letter to her as long as he lived. He could not have explained it, but it seemed—well, almost sacrilegious.

Nevertheless, he would have a stenographer and, perhaps, if Fortune's smile broadened into a grin he might land a mill agency that wouldn't expect him to carry the accounts. He looked down a long vista of busy, fruitful years until, as the owner of a big pine mill on Puget Sound or the Columbia River, he fancied himself leaving for a tour of Europe, accompanied by no less a personage than his wife. This dream lady, by the way, bore a striking resemblance to Miss Robertson. Evidently, Mr. Redell seemed to realize this, for suddenly he murmured "Shucks!" and departed for the Hippodrome bar, berating himself the while for a wool-gathering nincompoop.

Pop Stilger was swabbing off the bar when Redell entered that urbane gentleman's thirst emporium.

"Pop," said J. Augustus Redell, "give me a hundred."

Pop gave him the hundred.

Mr. Redell signed an I. O. U. and faded away into the gathering gloom of the winter night.

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Of the struggles, the worries, the heartburnings, the alternate fits of lightheartedness and despair, and the financial acrobatics of Gus Redell during the next six months, much might be written. He roved from lumber office to lumber office, from wholesaler to retailer, negotiating orders on a brokerage of two and one-half per cent. His first month as a commission salesman netted him two hundred and eighty-nine dollars. He repaid Pop Stilger. His second month of unremitting toil netted him sixty-eight dollars. Black despair settled on his soul, and he thought longingly of a salaried position with the certainty of a liberal payday at the end of each month. The day he broke his last five-dollar piece he landed an order for a million-foot cargo. His commissions amounted to more than five hundred dollars, and his mental thermometer rose with a bound. On the strength of this sale and while awaiting the collection of the commissions he borrowed two hundred from Pop Stilger to tide him over.

The third month J. Augustus Redell developed a case of mumps and only worked two weeks, yet during the balance of the month he played in luck and broke even. His specialty was the sale of unsalable stock—short lengths and odd widths which accumulated at the mills and for which the demand was sluggish and uncertain. He had a genius for marketing such stock. The harder it was to sell the harder he worked, and his wide acquaintance with the trade, his popularity and, moreover, his thorough knowledge of the business stood him in excellent stead. He had been born for the selling end of the business. While he knew the manufacturing end, he was out of place there. The blunt ends of two fingers, whose tips had been lost in a planer, bore mute testimony to that fact.

Redell's success at moving dull stock quickly brought him into favor with the various city offices of northern mills. Presently they began to accept orders for general

His Face Went Alternately White and Red. Presently He Whistled

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

yard stock which Redell negotiated. He was looked upon as a young man of promise, and several companies offered him tempting positions as yard manager. Four months after he started Redell had desk-space in a shipping office. At the expiration of six months he had nine hundred dollars in bank, a little ten-dollar back office in the Lumbermen's Building, a rebuilt typewriter, a second-hand desk and a direct-line telephone. At the end of a year he moved into a thirty-dollar front office, bought a wood-colored rug to match the walls, and engaged a blonde stenographer to match the rug. He was doing very nicely now, sported an engraved letterhead and could draw a check for four figures without figuring frantically on the stub of his checkbook to see if he had enough in bank to cover.

Two years after his entrance into business Redell made his first speculation. He purchased a small cargo of four hundred thousand feet of redwood, which he sold at a profit of two dollars a thousand. He chartered a little aldheaded schooner to freight his purchase and paid the freight promptly upon discharge of cargo. Little by little he worked upward, gradually drawing away from selling on commission and tending more and more toward speculation. Occasionally he received a little financial rap, but in the main he was very successful. The steam schooners and little windjammers which freighted ninety per cent of the lumber coastwise were nearly all owned or controlled by the lumber firms with which Redell did business. Gradually they commenced to charter their boats to him without demanding a certified check for fifty per cent of the freight upon the signing of the charter party. A coterie of dissatisfied owners in a dirty, neglected little steam schooner tendered him the agency of their vessel. He accepted it gratefully and became a member of the Shipowners' Association. When three years had passed J. Augustus Redell was worth fifteen thousand dollars and bought and sold exclusively. He was looked upon by the big men of the street as a comer. He employed a bookkeeper now.

Glancing over his monthly trial balance and meditating on his fortunes one evening it occurred to J. Augustus Redell that a certain matter, long neglected in the excitement of his rush for wealth and place, should be attended to at once. He had kept in touch with Maisie Robertson in a desultory sort of way. She had secured a position in a law office and was earning seventy-five a month. Redell had been in the habit of calling upon her and taking her out to dinner or the theater approximately twice a month. In the interim he had sent her occasional votive offerings of candy and flowers, but not once had he breathed the slightest intimation of more than a purely platonic interest in Maisie. Nevertheless, J. Augustus was mightily in love with her. Maisie ought to have noticed it. Perhaps she did, though J. Augustus was a queer fellow. It was part of his code to adulterate his love with copious doses of honest horse-sense. He was not demonstrative; though, perhaps, that was because he thought he hadn't earned the right to be—with Maisie. At any rate, Mr. Redell didn't propose to permit himself to even dream of love or matrimony until he had something to offer the woman of his choice.

In the joy of his strength and his youth and his manhood J. Augustus wanted to make the fight single-handed. He did not want a wife of his to wear the scars of the conflict. At heart he didn't really care for the money he had made. He only enjoyed making it—fighting the fight partly for its own sake, but most of all for Maisie's. Often he worked until far into the night at his office. Night after night, in the solitude of the big, deserted building, he would pause in his work, lean back in his swivel chair and dream—sweet, rose-tinted dreams of Maisie Robertson. Not the Maisie in the chic tailored suit, but a stately, dignified Maisie in all the crowning glory of a silk breakfast gown—a Maisie who presided over the house of Redell and complained of the servant problem. Poor little girl! She had led such a lonely, skimpy life. What a relief it would be to her—how she would blossom and bloom when the eternal penny-pinching was at an end! Redell glowed with conscious pride at his ability to bring about that condition. He used to wonder if she'd love him all the more when she discovered how he had, unarmed, entered the lists and fought his way up to the seats of the mighty; and all because Maisie had cried that day three years before, when she had lost her position! Redell smiled at the recollection of how the same blow had struck the shackles from him.

Redell was not a woman's man. In his more quiet moods he seemed a little too grave, too serious, for a man of twenty-eight. Nature in moulding him had, perhaps, instilled some taint of the primordial man, which manifested itself in an irresistible desire to take without asking, to count a victory before the fight. It was enough that he wanted Maisie. It seemed to him as if Maisie must surely understand. He was not ready to speak until he had something to offer. And so he had crowded his love away into the recesses of his man's soul, supremely confident that when the time came for him to bring it forth, Maisie would recognize it, accept it and love him in return.

So tonight, thinking the matter over, J. Augustus decided that he had a license now to ask Maisie to share his fortunes. He resolved to ring her up in the morning and ask her to go driving with him the following Sunday. When J. Augustus had a neat business deal to put through he always invited the victim to lunch. In putting through this matrimonial deal with Maisie he would invite her to a drive in the park. It was very simple.

"Have Pity, Señor Ree-dell. I Have Been Loco in the Head"

Now that the crisis with his conscience had passed, a blithe young man was J. Augustus Redell. He came down to his office next morning with a pink carnation in his lapel and a lilt in his heart. The first delivery of mail lay on his desk, a large creamy envelope conspicuous among the heap. It was addressed to him in Maisie's handwriting. He opened it first, because, you see, he was in love with Maisie. It was an invitation to attend her marriage to one George Sidney Aloysius Peckham.

Mr. Redell sat down very carefully in his desk chair and stared at the damnable sheet. His face went alternately white and red. Presently he whistled—a little softly and a little foolishly. He remembered meeting Mr. Peckham once—a youth with exaggerated trousers and an inclination to pimples. J. Augustus remembered him, because he had used Florida water on his five and seven-eighths head and his hair was parted in the middle.

Self-pity was not one of Mr. Redell's characteristics, but he did feel sorry for Maisie. He could take his beating like a man if he felt assured that Mr. Peckham was a responsible, eighteen-karat specimen of the *genus homo* and fit to be trusted with a wife. Redell reached for the city directory and ran his finger down the list of Peckhams. At last he found his man.

"The little scalawag," muttered Mr. Redell. "I think I'll kill him. You poor little girl, Maisie—you poor little girl! Tying yourself up for life with a one-hundred-and-fifteen-pound rabbit that smokes cigarettes and hasn't brains enough to hop bells in a sailor boarding-house. Brother Peckham, you irresponsible specimen of insect life, I wish you luck. But if I ever catch you far out on a lonely prairie, with nobody near to hear your mournful screams, I'll make Mrs. Peckham a widow."

From which soliloquy it will be seen that J. Augustus Redell was a hark back to the stone age. It never occurred to him that a woman might consider love first and the problem of existence afterward; that fools rush in—and win—where angels fear to tread. Poor J. Augustus! It did not even occur to him that his idol had feet of clay. Now that she was unattainable she seemed all the more lovable. He really couldn't blame George Sidney Aloysius for loving her, but it was inhuman of him to marry her, with no more tangible assets than baggy trousers and a "Chessy-cat" smile. It quite broke Redell's heart to think that, in the years to come, sweet little Maisie would droop and fade into a disappointed household drudge, a mere yoke animal, shattering her life and her ideals against a battery of butcher and grocery bills, while her husband—well, perhaps, he might rise to be manager in his store, and wear a loud hand-me-down suit, and walk up and down with a lead-pencil in his hand, crying "Forward!" "Forward!" Still, J. Augustus doubted it. He looked like a man who could play rotation pool all day long.

Mr. Redell resolved to forget it—quickly. Work was the medicine for him. So he smothered the ache in his big, primitive heart and greeted with a hypocritical smile Señor Felipe Luiz Almeida, of the West Coast Trading Company, and known in lumber circles as Live-Wire Luiz, who entered and begged quotations on a cargo of three million feet of rough common fir, for delivery at Callao, Peru. A quick, nervous little *colorado-maduro* gentleman was Señor Almeida, exceedingly difficult to handle, a close buyer, with his cigarette-stained finger, metaphorically speaking, always on the pulse of the market. The West Coast Trading Company—which was in reality Live-Wire Luiz himself—was known to be good for anything up to a hundred thousand. To Redell Live-Wire Luiz submitted a West Coast specification that caused his erstwhile wounded heart to pulsate with the old-time thrill of commercial battle. It was a most desirable specification—easy to fill and calling for no specified amount of any particular length, merely stating that a fair percentage of each length be shipped. It admitted of twenty-five per cent No. 2 common.

Mr. Redell pondered. He knew the market to be firm at ten dollars, F. O. B. mill dock. Also, he knew of a mill on the Columbia River that would fill the order at a less price—for cash. They needed the money. So he thanked Live-Wire Luiz for the opportunity of quoting, and promised to submit his figures the following day. Señor Felipe Luiz Almeida bowed grandiloquently and avowed himself the debtor of Señor Redell. He withdrew in an aura of cigarette smoke and with the rapidity of a tin-canned dog

That afternoon Redell sent a long code telegram to the mill on Columbia River. He submitted the specifications of a cargo for the West Coast, for delivery to vessel due at the mill in fifteen to twenty days. While the time necessary to get out such a large order was short, Redell knew that fully half the cargo would come from the random stock already piled on the mill dock. For the cargo Mr. Redell offered nine dollars per thousand, less two per cent for cash, F. O. B. mill dock; five thousand dollars upon acceptance of order; five thousand dollars upon receipt of bill-of-lading covering the shipment, and the

balance of the invoice in thirty days. Following the usual custom in all foreign business, Redell planned to draw at three days' sight on Live-Wire Luiz, with bill-of-lading attached, as soon as the vessel cleared from Astoria. His offer to the mill, therefore, was a safe one, and in order to make it doubly safe he submitted it contingent upon his ability to secure tonnage for the order.

Redell knew that the new steel steamer Excelsior, fresh from Newport News, was due in two weeks with a cargo of steel rails. She was destined for the Oriental lumber trade, and Redell knew, also, that her owners were seeking a charter for her. It occurred to him that a West Coast charter would be acceptable to them. Therefore, his telegram was scarcely on the wire before he had rung up the owners of the Excelsior and secured a twenty-four-hour option on that vessel at a lump-sum freight that promised, in the event of his being able to put through his deal with Señor Almeida, to swell the profit on the order fifty cents a thousand.

This matter attended to, Mr. Redell repaired to the Hippodrome bar, where he stifled the ache in his manly bosom. He spent the afternoon on the street until a message from his office informed him that an answer to his telegram had arrived. Upon his demand that the telegram be opened and read to him over the 'phone, Mr. Redell learned that the mill had accepted his proposition and would make delivery to the vessel in the time specified.

Goods well bought are half sold. In a salesman, personality is a factor that counts for more than half the battle, and J. Augustus Redell was a born salesman. He had a debonair, bullying way about him. He dominated his customers. Live-Wire Luiz operated on much the same lines when buying, but though he raved and swore fierce Spanish oaths and waved his slim brown hands protestingly Mr. Redell was not to be denied. Eventually he sold by the simple process of asking eleven dollars and dropping to ten dollars and twenty-five cents as the base price at the mill. The market had a strong upward tendency, and Live-Wire Luiz feared delay in placing his order. Three days' procrastination might cost him twenty-five cents a thousand.

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Mr. Redell was much pleased with himself For the nonce his blasted hopes were forgotten in the comforting knowledge that he had cleaned up pretty nearly five thousand dollars as the result of his day's work. He reflected grimly that it would require a number of years for the despised Mr. Peckham to earn a similar amount. Mr. Redell, in common with the majority of humankind, was occasionally given to counting his chickens before they were hatched.

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It was a pleasant afternoon a month later. In his handsome front office in the Lumbermen's Building J. Augustus Redell sat on his spine, with his immaculate legs draped gracefully over the top of his desk. An unlighted cigar drooped from his lips, his hat was tilted sulkily over his eyes—and he was dreaming of Maisie Robertson. The wedding had not been graced by the presence of J. Augustus Redell. Mr. Redell was as game as a gander, but attendance at the wedding was a trifle more than he could bear. He had felt a vague curiosity as to Maisie's age—which he estimated at twenty or thereabouts—and had intended satisfying his curiosity by a perusal of the notice of the issuance of the marriage license, which he knew would appear in the daily papers. Something else had intervened, however, and the matter had been overlooked. J. Augustus, reviewing the wreck of his purple twilight, wondered how she liked the wedding present he had sent her. He had just mailed a check to pay for it. It was a chest of silver and had cost Mr. Redell one hundred and thirty-five dollars. Under the circumstances he disliked to appear cheap; so, manlike, he had sent her an impossible present which testified only to his bad taste and exceeding goodness of heart. It had escaped him for the moment that Maisie's husband was a poor thing.

Mr. Redell was endeavoring to assure himself that bygones were bygones. He was trying to appear philosophical, but for the life of him he couldn't. In the midst of his gloomy cogitations the door of his private office flew open. Into the room bounded Live-Wire Luiz in a manner calculated to inspire the casual observer with the impression that the arch-fiend was at his heels. Redell looked up. Señor Almeida paused, sprang straight up into the air, waved both arms dramatically and moaned—a single Spanish expletive.

"Hello there, *Chilli Concarne!*" said Mr. Redell facetiously. "I thought those cigarettes would get you. Now what's run up your back?"

"*Santa Maria!*" yelled the excitable gentleman. He stretched forth his arms appealingly. "*Caramba!* Of a certainty I am but the child of a burro. *Madre de Cristo!* Have pity, Señor Ree-dell. I have been loco in the head."

"Sure," remarked J. Augustus Redell. "Was it with his mouth he bit you? If you don't quit smoking cigarettes you'll be as nutty as a potato bug. Pull yourself together and pluck this chunk of despair from your system. What's up?"

Live-Wire Luiz sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"T'ree million feet by the Excelsior," he wailed. "It is not so my customer wants it. I have made such a meestake to translate that first telegram when I place with you the order. That telegram read t'ree hundred t'ousand feet. It is a code telegram, and I have translate like a fool. They say to ship cargo same as last specifications, only I mus' increase on each item proportionately, to make up the cargo. Las' shipment is t'irty t'ousand feet. I have use' no common-sense. I am such a little damn fool. The telegraph company garble the message, and I am not smart enough to see. If I only had stop to think I should see there is big meestake somewhere. An' now I am ruin'. My people they will say, 'Go to hell, Almeida! We give you the foot pretty quick.'"

J. Augustus Redell pushed his hat back from his brow and gazed pop-eyed at Señor Almeida. Suddenly he recalled that he was not responsible for this unfortunate condition of affairs. He had Señor Almeida's signed contract for the cargo snug in his safe.

"I don't care what your people do," he said coldly. "I'm not responsible for your mistakes. I'm sorry for you; but, nevertheless, I look to you to accept delivery of the cargo. It's too late to call the deal off now. The Excelsior was loaded four days ago and is now at sea. Moreover, you accepted my draft at three days' sight this morning for the full amount of the invoice. It's your funeral."

"I am ruin'," moaned Señor Almeida. "I cannot pay."

Redell sprang to his feet, locked the office door and put the key in his pocket. He turned and faced Live-Wire Luiz.

"You can't, can't you?" he blazed. "I'll fix you. It takes a smart man to play horse with me." He reached for the telephone. "You'll stay right here in this office while I instruct my attorney to attach your bank account."

"No use," said Live-Wire Luiz brokenly, "I'm ruin'—I cannot pay." He arose and faced Redell bravely. "Yes, I am what you call a bankrupt," he continued, all his explosive personality gone. In its place there was a sorrowful, shamefaced dignity that was more eloquent than words—a something that savored of the beaten man—mingled with a pathetic despair that was not born of the distraction of a garbled telegram. Intuitively Redell knew that Live-Wire Luiz had spoken the truth.

Redell reached out and let his hand rest gently on the Peruvian's shoulder.

"Is that right?" he queried soberly. "Are you all in—playing on a shoestring and your credit? Is your rating a bluff?"

Señor Almeida raised his head and his once dark face was gray with misery.

"I have been such a fool," he murmured. "I have lose all—on those damn ponies. It is in the blood of my people to love the horse race. I have a good friend. He is the owner of a horse. I have hold up this friend and his sure-thing horse all winter, because he is broke. I buy the hay and the good oats for this horse. I pay the trainer, because I love my friend. One week ago my friend comes to me. He tells to me that the horse is on edge. He have him bottled up for a killing, to take place today. He tells me the race is a—what you call cinch; that we couldn't lose."

J. Augustus Redell was a true gringo.

"How did the goat run?" he interrupted excitedly. "I've been watching that nag for three weeks, intending to string a little bet on him myself the first time I saw him entered in a selling race. I pike a dollar now and then, just for the excitement," he added.

Señor Felipe Luiz Almeida shrugged his shoulders drearily. "*Quien sabe?*" he said. "Peeping Tom is first, Oratoria second and Brown Patsy third."

"Wouldn't that rasp you?" said Mr. Redell. "That's always the way with these sure things. How much did this truck animal cost you?"

"Forty thousand," whispered Live-Wire Luiz. "I was weak. I am a business man. I should not do those things. But I have no intent to trick the Señor. I do not lie to him. But my people in Callao—they will not pay for t'ree million feet when they have order t'ree hundred t'ousand. I have just receive' the letter to confirm that telegram. That letter is so slow to arrive. Forty days that letter travel *via* New York before ——"

"I see," said Redell quietly, "the letter has to cross the Andes over to Rio Janeiro, then up to New York and across the continent. When I get rich I'm going to buy out the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and run steamers between San Francisco and Callao once a week. Then when you buy a three-million-foot cargo on a telegraphic order you won't have to wait forty days for a confirmation of the telegram. In the mean time, however, the good ship Excelsior is loaded and four days at sea, headed for Callao, with three million feet of lumber aboard, only three hundred thousand feet of which is sold. Of course, when the Excelsior arrives in Callao and those dusky buccaneers in Peru hear of this they'll just fall over themselves to grab that excess cargo. I imagine I see them fighting to pay me a big price for it—as much as ten dollars a thousand—Mex. Of course, the Excelsior won't lose a cent. She has the lumber. She can get her freight at public auction. But the mill will receive a heavy jolt—and they're none too strong as it is. You and I are ruined. Queered forever. When this thing blows over I imagine I'll be able to buy about two bundles of lath, fifty lath to the bundle, with the market two dollars and twenty-five cents per thousand at ship's tackles, San Francisco. Almeida, you sporty boy, you got me into this. It's up to you to get me out."

"The City of Peru leaves at noon tomorrow for Valparaiso and way ports," said Señor Almeida humbly; "if the Señor will advance me five hundred dollars for the trip I will beat this good ship Excelsior to Callao. Then, maybe—*quien sabe?* perhaps I may sell the cargo, and the loss will not altogether ruin the Señor. There may not be a loss."

"It's a thousand-to-one shot," Redell answered, "but I'll take it. I believe if I let you go that you'll come back."

Señor Felipe Luiz Almeida bowed his acknowledgment of the faith reposed in him.

"But the Señor holds my acceptance at three days' sight," he suggested pointedly.

"Give me a new acceptance at sixty days," Redell replied. "I'll have to stall my creditors, that's all. Sixty days is a long time. Lots of things can happen in sixty days."

He turned to his desk, wrote out a draft in favor of himself and drawn on the West Coast Trading Company at sixty days' sight. Live-Wire Luiz was slowly getting back his courage. He wrote his acceptance in red ink across the face of the draft. Redell surrendered to him

(Continued on Page 64)

"I—I—Well, I Just Didn't Marry Him"

Good Roads Without Money

No. 4. This Road—the Same as is Shown in No. 3—Was Made by a King-Drag

By D. WARD KING

TO OVERTURN moss-grown customs, to change the highway legislation of states, to revolutionize the road-making methods of the nation, to arrest the attention of the road makers of a continent, to improve the common earth roads to an immeasurable degree and at the same time save millions of dollars by reducing road-building expenses: this is the province of the simple, cheap, uncouth but efficient King-Drag Little did I suspect when first I rode a drag down the highway that such claims would ever be made.

The initial trip was taken in the spring of 1896, and the result was so pleasing and satisfactory that the work has never lagged from then until now. The effect on the road was instantaneous. The passage of the drag wrought a wonderful change. Whereas the road had been very rough, with two deep ruts in evidence, after the drag had been used it was comparatively smooth, and the ruts, which before dragging stuck out like sore thumbs, were rendered unobtrusive and unobstructive. Before, none but the hardiest adventurer dared drive out of the beaten track; afterward, there was no need to choose a way, for all the surface was smoother than the best portion had been.

The stories told about the King-Drag and its work are preposterous; they are unreasonable and absurd; and yet they are absolutely true. But I ask no one to believe, for my only object in telling them is to shock the public into giving the new system a trial.

Here is one they are telling in Iowa. In Cedar County a gentleman riding in a spring wagon on a dragged road drove out to one side to allow a four-horse wagonload of logs to go by him. The loaded logs went merrily on their way, but the spring wagon had to be dug out with a spade.

Problems in Mud

FROM over near Trenton, Missouri, comes another. It seems that some years ago a stretch of creek-bottom road habitually overflowed after every heavy rain. It regularly became a mass of mud and water. The community declared that it was a physical impossibility to fill in enough earth to build a roadway, and the authorities were planning to condemn land for a new road a quarter of a mile away from the creek. At this moment somebody suggested a test with a King-Drag. Although the creek still covers the roadway during each freshet, there has been no serious difficulty with that road since the test began.

To the man who drives a team the word gumbo means broken double-trees, horses mired down, and other bad-road calamities. A quarter of a mile of this sort of gumbo lies between my home and the railway station at Maitland. One morning when I boarded the train at Villisca, Iowa, on my return from a lecture trip, the trainmen said in response to my inquiry for news from down the road: "Well, sir, they had a terrible storm at Maitland last evening. When we stopped there the rain was falling in sheets; one could hardly see the depot." The train arrived at Maitland and I stepped into my buggy and drove home over the gumbo quarter. I could see by the débris on the fence wires, still dripping wet, that water had stood three or four feet deep on the road during the night, yet there was not a puddle on its surface and we traveled its length without the buggy wheels throwing any mud.

Another season the floods covered this same gumbo quarter with water and kept it standing there for more than a week, the road being traveled every day. I appealed to the highway authorities to erect a barricade, for I felt a personal pride in that road, and the prospect of its destruction gave me great mental pain. But the authorities said they were powerless because they could stop public travel only when traveling became dangerous to the public; so they did nothing. At the end of the week the floods abated, the water receded, and this King-Dragged gumbo boulevard emerged from its seven-day baptism bearing no evidence of the test—absolutely unharmed.

Here is another good one from Iowa. It is told by Mr. Henry Harlow, Mayor of Onawa, who relates his first experience with a King-Drag in these words: "I built a drag exactly according to Mr. King's directions. I finished it before noon and put it to work at one o'clock on a single block of our main street. The soil is gumbo and the street was almost impassable, the mud being hub-deep in some places. At five o'clock, just four hours after beginning to use the drag, wagons loaded with four thousand pounds of baled hay were being drawn over the block and were making scarcely a perceptible rut."

And here is a whopper from Maine, within one hundred miles of Boston. Mr. F. P. Sandborn began his experiment with the drag on April 22, 1906. "At the commencement," he says, "the mud was from two to eight inches or more in depth. Within three hours teams passed at a trot without sinking half the depth of a hoof or burying the wheel rim."

The most hopelessly impossible of these stories has been reserved for the close of the series. It tells of an incident in my own experience and is as highly improbable at first glance as any I know.

When road dragging was young a few of us would take turns in occasionally riding our drags clear to town. I was halted on one of these trips, just at the city limits, by a huge mudhole. This mudhole reached from one fence to the other and the fences were forty feet apart. My hesitation was caused by the fear that I would get my feet wet, for surely the hole was deep and wide and ugly. Taking courage I drove through. Now I was just enough of a boy that I was curious to know what had happened, so I stopped to take a survey of the scene. The view presented so impressed me that I turned my team and drove through again. The mudhole was now between me and town, which called for a third trip; and, of course, the return toward home evened things up by another voyage—four passages in all, two on each side. Hear me!—there has never been a mudhole there since.

"Preposterous!" Yes.

"Beyond all reason!!" Oh, no.

Give me three minutes face to face with any audience of good intelligence and ordinary reasoning power and it will admit that any one of these stories is not only quite possible but very probable. Ask a five-year-old child the result of multiplying two by two and he answers "four." Ask him to multiply two and a half by two and he hangs his head. Perhaps he does not know a fraction when he sees it. And so the average man is quick to answer "mud" when you inquire the result of mixing water and earth. But when you ask him to describe the result that comes from mixing the King-Drag with the puddled clay of the roadway he hangs his head and stammers that he has "not been that far over in the book."

The First Convention

TWO men in saddles riding down opposite slopes approached each other. When they met in the hollow they did not pass; they stopped. And there the first King-Drag convention was held. Chairman and secretary were dispensed with. We went into committee of the whole. "William," I asked, "if I will drag the road from your place to town once a year, will you?" His answer was to the point and extremely satisfactory. He uttered an explosive "You bet!" The conversation, of which this was the important part, occurred on the edge of town, and as I urged my horse homeward I had ample leisure to turn the subject in my mind. My cogitations impelled me to

No. 1 Arkansas. "Black Waxy" by the Old Style Road Methods. View Near Helena, Arkansas, Adjacent to Mississippi River

No. 2 Arkansas. A King-Drag "Black Waxy" Boulevard, Less Than 300 Steps From No. 1. The Two Views Were Taken the Same Day and Hour by a U. S. Official Photographer

saddle a fresh horse and ride on up the road. In order that you may understand my errand, I must explain that William is at home more than two miles farther out from town than I am, and the highway is lined with farms and farmers. Galloping up the road, I visited neighbor after neighbor. I put to them the question I had asked William and broached the subject to each exactly as I had to him. To make a long story short, when a few days thereafter I rode my drag to William's home and to town and back, I had placed in my debt ten or a dozen men along the road who were pledged to drag to town past my house the following year. During the next year we had six miles of the best earth road that had ever existed up to that time.

A Good Roads Militia

THE pushing little city of Cameron, Missouri, came forward with a more elaborate scheme for organized road dragging. The Cameron people honored me by giving me four audiences in three years. On the third visit, I think it was, Postmaster Filson proposed that each one of the various rural routes select two drag captains; one captain to have charge of the outgoing half of the route, while the other looked after the ingoing end. These captains were given authority to apportion the roads to the farmers on their routes and to choose the moment when the dragging should be done. The scheme proved successful.

Some five years ago, in the south end of my home county, Mr. Matthew Gelvin portioned off the road among the neighbors throughout the district in his charge. The fine condition of the roads in that district, dragged after every rain, is a subject of remark, and the custom still prevails to this day.

Mr. Peter Ransom, of Hardin County, Iowa, has organized his township so perfectly that for four years past all the highways have been put in order within three hours of the moment he gives the word. Like organization in every township would secure the dragging of every mile of road in the county three hours after a given signal. And perfect organization of all the counties would, in one hundred and eighty minutes, convert into boulevards the highways of the state. The change depends entirely on public sentiment and capable leadership.

But absolutely the last word in good-road circles is the recent organization for dragged roads clear across certain Western states. In January last there was gathered in Hutchinson, Kansas, the most enthusiastic lot of road people I ever faced. These people came at their own expense from twelve or more Kansas counties and from Pueblo, Colorado, to select a route for a dragged highway through these counties from Newton to the state line west, and on into Colorado. A movement is now under way to continue the line eastward to Kansas City. This proposed dragged road will follow the old Santa Fé Trail and, because of that fact, the organization is called the New Santa Fé Trail, and its brand-new stationery bears that legend. The route follows the valley of the Arkansas River and touches Hutchinson, Greatbend, Larned, Dodge City, Garden City, Syracuse and other cities. In conversation, the other day, one of the leading editorial writers of Kansas City declared: "It is the biggest thing in the West."

Iowa has sprung a similar project in her "River to River Dragged Road"—to stretch from Davenport on the Mississippi to Sioux City on the Missouri. Meetings are being held in each county and there is enthusiasm along the entire route. No state-wide good-roads movements were ever before greeted with such a rousing indorsement. Within my knowledge, no other extensive road-improvement propositions have been backed by one-tenth the sentiment of approval that is found behind these in the rural districts.

Few, if any, of the important investigations set on foot by Director Page, of the United States Office of Public Roads, have proved more valuable to the country at large than has the one which brought us a complete census of the road mileage of the nation. Methodically compiled, the figures not only exhibit the totals for states and nation, but they also tell us, county by county, the miles of highway, what they cost per annum, and the stuff of which they are built.

Astonishing revelations are on the pages of this report. Proud Pennsylvania bows before Missouri, for the figures show a greater proportion of improved roads in Missouri than is possessed by the Keystone State. Imperial New York is behind Illinois, while Ohio and Indiana each have ten times the hard-surfaced mileage reported from New Jersey. Even New England and the Atlantic states have their share of mud roads.

Witness the fact that over five thousand miles of dirt road are to be found in the counties adjoining the city of Philadelphia.

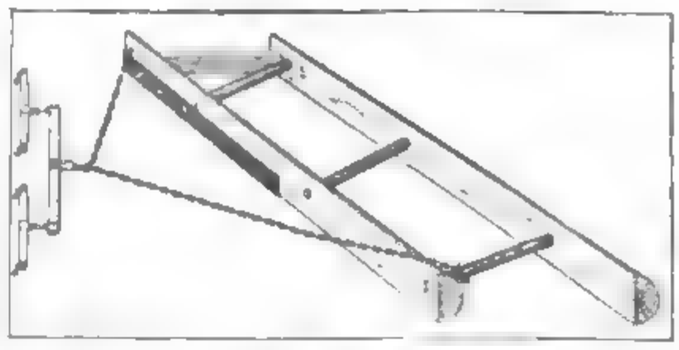
The State of New York boasts of 77,922 miles of mud, 3692 miles of gravel and only 2184 miles of stone. The drag could be used with profit regularly on all this dirt and gravel, and dragging would not injure the stone roads.

Maryland and the Virginias form a compact block of territory so venerable that the West in comparison is as a babe to its great-grandmother; Maryland and the Virginias contain 94,768 miles of mud road, 1227 miles of gravel road and 1812 miles of stone; ninety-five and one-half per cent of the total mileage being dirt.

Massachusetts' proportion of stone and gravel road is greater than any other state in the Union; but in spite of this, New England as a whole, with 88,000 miles of native soil roads, 14,000 miles of gravel, and less than 8000 miles of stone surface, is clearly in a position to welcome with open arms the kindly offices of the split-log drag. These comparisons are offered not in a critical or censorious mood, but for the purpose of correcting a prevailing popular idea that all the bad wheeling is in the Mississippi Valley. Send to Director Page for the figures and look up the situation in your own county and state.

Evidently there is as much need of the King-Drag in the East as there is on the prairies of the Middle West, and the East is showing a growing appreciation of the simple tool. Maine is using them in numbers. One road official just north of the city of Boston made a saving of eighty-three per cent of his usual appropriation by using the King system. His story is so remarkable that it was printed by State Highway Commissioner Sargent in a special pamphlet.

The city of North Tonawanda, New York, also had an experience, one well worth relating here. The streets of this city are covered with slag, which is a mixture of clinkers, lime and steel, taken from the furnaces of the steel works. The going was awful when I was there a few winters ago, and the problem presented was a puzzling one. The mudholes were not saucer-shaped, as ordinary mudholes are, with a gradual descent into their depths. Instead, their sides were as sheer as a precipice; to ride over them was like going up and down a marble stairway. At the invitation of the Commercial Club I spent twenty-four hours in a close investigation of the situation and then prescribed the King-Drag, telling the club that the drag could do no harm, and assuring them I was confident it would accomplish at least a measure of improvement and quite probably would prove a complete remedy. One can imagine my pleasure when, the following March, immediately following the first considerable thaw, Mr. W. G. Palmer wrote me of its success. I quote a portion of his letter: "Two drags were built as per our agreement when you were here, but owing to the snow and ice remaining there has been no opportunity to use them until now. Three days ago the road was in a very wet, soggy condition and the dragging began. One day and a half has been spent on each mile and the road from below the iron works to a point just half a block below the Sheldon Hotel is like a speedway. This river road over to the island has always been the worst strip in the city, but a man just called me up from over there and said this is the first time since he has been in business that it looked like a street. 'In fact,' he said, 'it now looks like a boulevard.' I must say that the King-Drag is more than meeting all expectations on the worst piece of road this city owns." The "river road" referred to is subject to very heavy and constant traffic, leading, as it does, to the steel works, and being flanked on either side by large wholesale lumber yards and planing mills. Great loads of lumber are hauled on two-wheeled carts, which are loosely attached to leading trucks. The entire two-horse load is borne by two wheels, while the loose coupling permits the wheels to twist and bore into the mudholes like augers into a board. It would be difficult to devise a more destructive vehicle.



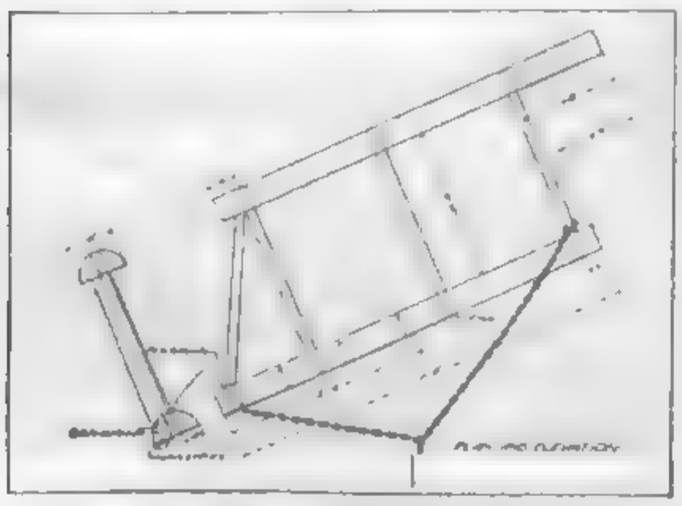
U. S. Model King-Drag

No. 3. The Straight-Edged Planks are Sixteen Feet in Length and Indicate the Side Slope

The South, too, is putting its highways under the magic influence of the drag. The milk fever, so they say, is always to be found across the line in the next county. However, in an experience extending over some nine years—during which I have spoken in twenty-four states and Canada—the worst roads possible are always at the last place I happen to visit. Especially in the earlier years of the movement did well-meaning men hasten to the rostrum to assure me of faith in my sincerity and their belief that the King-Drag would do all that is claimed "over where you live, Mr. King, but here—well, this soil is peculiar. Unless you have actually tested it in wet weather you have no idea how awfully bad it does get, and we who know the soil best are quite certain that your drag would not work," and so on. How often has that statement been whispered in my ear and shouted in my face!

In the Black-Waxy Country

NOW "black-waxy" or "buckshot" soil is the roadway terror of the South, and my friends there have been very positive the King system would fail on it. Because I have visited the South less frequently than any other section the people who travel over this peculiar soil have been the last to succumb to King-Drag arguments. But the terrible Southern soil is conquered. The photographs—number one Arkansas and number two Arkansas—give an instance of the smoothing and soothing effect produced by the drag, as compared with the returns from the old-fashioned style of roadwork. The two pictures were taken within the hour and less than two hundred steps separate the views, which are in the vicinity of Helena, Arkansas. Mr. E. D. Pillow tells me this buckshot-slough road has, for the last forty years, been utterly impassable during open winters. However, after a few months of dragging,



U. S. Model King-Drag. Plan and Elevation

four mules regularly moved ten bales of cotton at a load over the road throughout an unusually wet winter, and the next winter the resisting capacity of the road increased twenty per cent, so that a normal load, following a year's use of the drag, was twelve bales. One-half of the length of the road is sticky buckshot and the other half is sandy loam, and the drag worked well on both soils. "The King-Drag has solved the road problem in this section," says Mr. Pillow.

The formula for building good roads without money is not complex. In truth, it is so simple that many persons when they first see it feel positive some important item has been omitted. Here is the complete formula, which is absolutely certain to work on the average mile of earth road:

First, build a King-Drag; and build it according to the specifications in the United States King-Drag Bulletin. Do not attempt to improve the drag; I spent several years trying to devise a better one and failed

Second, after the drag is built hitch two horses to it, attach the double-tree at a point on the chain that will compel the drag to follow the team at an angle of forty-five degrees, with the left-hand end of the drag to the rear. Now, at a moment when the surface soil is moist but not sticky, step on to the drag and drive toward town with one horse on each side of the right-hand wheel track. Drive to your neighbor's front gate and, turning there, drive back home over the other wheel track. That is all I ask. You can make another round if you have leisure, but the one trip will answer if the work is properly done. After the next rain or storm, when the earth in the road has dried so that it will not adhere to the slabs of the drag, though still wet enough to pack, make another trip to your neighbor's front gate toward town, returning as before. Repeat the operation after four, five or six rains or storms. Probably after four rains, but certainly after six rains, followed by careful dragging, the center of the strip of roadway that is reached by the drag will be found higher than the rest. In other words, four to six draggings after four to six rains will produce a smooth, oval roadbed, with good drainage of its surface within the limits of the dragging. The strip, however, will be criticised for its lack of width; which brings us to the third step.

Third, to widen the road use an ordinary mould-board plow and turn one shallow furrow from each side toward the center, allowing the plow to run just outside the mark made by the end of the drag. Spread these furrows over the surface of the road with the drag. This operation will widen the roadbed two feet and add a little to the crown. Following the next rain or storm repeat the plowing and dragging, and when you finish the road will be four feet wider. The plowing may be continued, only plowing one furrow after each rain, until the road is wide enough to give satisfaction. Any mile of earth road which this formula will not remedy is unusual and exceptional. If the roadway is very narrow use a short drag.

Naturally the King-Drag will not mow grass, grub brush, pull stumps or quarry rock, but, with the assistance of a plow, it will do anything that is done with ordinary road-working tools. No matter how deep the middle is, the drag will gradually fill it, and continually, if the above formula is obeyed, the road will be growing better for travel. In too many instances, when a job is completed, it may be said of the road, as was said of the man in the Scripture story who took unto himself seven wicked spirits, the last state of that road is worse than the first.

I am certain that any method that deposits so much loose earth in the middle of the road that the traveling public have to drive out to the sides to avoid the loose earth is wrong. If it were desirable, the King-Drag could be used for this purpose. In fact, the photograph—number three—shows an instance where, by mistake, the drag was used to do this very thing. And it is sheer good fortune that the other photograph—number four—was secured, for of course no one planned to make the mistake.

Immediately after the mistake occurred I saw the value of number four as a companion for number three, since they represent precisely the same spot and so distinctly illustrate the possibilities of the King-Drag on this disputed point. The object of the first picture was to give pleasure to an elderly forebear by placing on paper a likeness of the boy with his sheep and his dogs—a group of cronies. In number four one can see that the road is a little too flat and the close observer will find a furrow of loose earth lying along each edge of the road. Here the plow had passed preparatory to building the center to a slightly higher oval. In an odd hour one of my men was sent to move this loose earth, and not having been properly cautioned to spread it, and having his mind saturated with the prevailing notion that drainage can be obtained by piling a spongelike mass of loose material in a heap, he dragged both furrows clear over to the center. Will you remember that it was done with a King-Drag? Will you notice the later photograph—number three—and satisfy yourself that the people and the horses found the piled-up earth too deep for comfort and declined to travel in it? There are those who say: "Oh, the King-Drag will do to smooth a road, but one would be foolish to think about building a road with it." Well, look at the plank in number three. Look at the double track. Is one foolish who believes the drag might build a road when he sees the evidence of what may be done by one lone treatment?

To state the case more technically: "If the King-Drag can move too much material into the road, then it must be admitted—theoretically, at least—that it can be depended on to move a sufficient amount."

My own half-mile of road, which was badly scooped out in the center when I began to drag it some fourteen years ago, is an instance of what may be done. After five years' dragging this gullied clay hill became so steeply rounded that the neighbors criticised the work, and since then we have habitually dragged the earth toward the ditches once in three treatments. That is to say, we pull the dirt "in twice and out once," by this process flattening the crown.

The persistent and intelligent use of the King-Drag, after every rain or wet spell, when the soil is moist but not sticky, will improve any earth or gravel road from fifty to five hundred per cent, the amount of gain depending on the character of the soil and the skill of the man who does the work

Editors Note—The King Drag referred to in this article is an unpatented [illegible] Mr. King, [illegible] fully described [illegible] Department of Agriculture at Washington. Any man who is handy with tools can build one of these simple road-machines in a few hours at very trifling expense

THE SON OF OLD BLOOD

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

PAPPY CORN and the Stranger had been making one of those aimless spring-day pilgrimages of which Pappy grew increasingly fond, as if the wings of his spirit were forever bearing him up the mountain as his real strength failed. They sat together upon a laurel-fringed ledge of Old Blood in the April afternoon. Below, the valley spread like a green translation of one of David's Psalms surrounded by Old Testament hills. In the midst of it the houses of the village stood like a colony of little white altars. On every side there were fields of young corn and wheat and smooth pastures sloping down to quiet water edges, and coming up out of it were the sweet, ancient sounds of homing birds, bleating lambs, and of women singing cradle songs.

As he gazed down through the purpling gloom Pappy had the appearance of an old man-harp, twanging his strings to catch the tune of what he saw.

"Somehow," he began presently, "on a day like this, when the alders air bloomin', and the willows air draggin' their green beards in the water, and the crab-apple is sheddin' its blossoms, and the bees air farmin' all the flowers, it puts me in mind of Bildad—not the way he was toward the last, but as he used to be before his trouble, when he had the tune of the valley on his lips, same as if it was a sheet of music."

"Who was Bildad?" the Stranger knew he was expected to ask.

"Well, sir, to tell you the truth, we never knowed, in spite of the facts. I reckon he was the son of Blood Mountain really, and we used to call him the Poet Laurette of Brasstown Valley." Pappy was a good Scripture-maker. He rarely laid the scene of his story frivolously on the surface of the mere present. He had a way of starting it somewhere "In the Beginning," of elbowing those memories in men that are next to God and the Word, and he had a grave old morning and midnight mind that enabled him to understand the great mood of the Maker when He said: "Let there be light!" The Stranger perceived the approach of some such inspiration now as the old man leaned back against the boulder behind him and became the more ancient whiskered part of it.

"On yon side of the mountain where you come from, Mister, when a child turns out to be a scamp or a genius or a saint, you account for it accordin' to his human pedigree. You trace him back to one of his forefathers, who had a similar failin' or gift or virtue. You never have found out, in spite of all your bridle talk about environment, that maybe the real father and mother of him is the world he lives in; sometimes he favors it, sometimes he don't, but his children do. Here in this valley we have had 'em born closer kin to the mountains than to their father and mother in the flesh. It was that way with Bildad. He was the son of Blood Mountain, begotten by old Bildad Elder and his wife, Sarah, so long after they had any reason to expect a child that some thought he ought to have been named Isaac.

"I recollect yet what a stir it made when the news spread that the Elders had a baby. They lived back in Fox Cove, down here at the foot of the mountain. The old man had a blacksmith shop close by, on the Brasstown road, where he made half a livin' shoein' horses and mendin' waggin wheels, while his wife helped out makin' rag carpets and piecin' quilts for the neighbors. You never see two people that had less reason to expect to become the parents of a poet. He had a head like a flat Dutch turnip, she looked like a hickernut in the face, and neither one of 'em could read or write. But back of their cabin stood Blood Mountain, and I reckon some of the old Job dust of it got into that baby, and, maybe, the first sound he ever heerd was the echo it give back to the rhymin' stroke of the smith's hammer on the anvil. And the first thing he ever saw beyond the door-sill was the two knees of it that made the cove where he was born. I ain't a scientist tryin' to put tadpole scandals on the origin of man, but I've got the decent faith to believe that bein' born in the shadow of something as big and everlastin' as Blood Mountain had more to do with what he become afterwards than the fact that his human folks

"You Might as Well Have Tried to Put a Grasshopper in School"

"Her Face Was as Artificial as the Ruffles on Her Petticoat"

was jest po' white trash. If the Lord never give a child but one daddy, most of 'em would be in a bad fix. Anyhow, Bildad was sorter foreign-lookin' from the first.

"In passin' we all dropped in at the Elders' to see the baby, and I never shall forget what a thin, long, slazy-lookin' little thing it was, wrapped in an old striped shawl, lyin' in the hooded cradle. The first thing folks noticed was that, although Elder and his wife was both black-haired and dark as gipsies, this young Bildad had blue eyes, was terrible fair, and had a fringe of fine red hair on his head, as if he'd took after his great-grandpappy, the Sun.

"And from the first there was no doin' anything with him, accordin' to the way other children was done and brung up. He crawled out of the house to cut his teeth on every root or stone he could see stickin' out of the mountain, and by the time he was ten years old he was a tramp—all eyes, legs and freckles. You might as well have tried to put a grasshopper in school. When the time come it was one of the sights along the Braastown road to see old man Elder carryin' a blue-back spellin'-book in one hand and draggin' Bildad with the other to'ards the schoolhouse. Bildad wore long breeches and galluses from the start and a little, short, tight-fittin' jacket that bar'ly passed his waist-line, and at every step he'd plant his little copper-toed shoes hard in the dust, like a balky mule. But there wan't nothin' that could make him take an interest in his A, B, C.

"At last his pa and ma give him up for an idiot. Then he whisked over to the parsonage where the pastor of Old Zion, Brother Milam, lived, and learned how to read and write in about three shakes of a sheep's tail. Milam 'lowed he done it by inspiration instead of study. 'Lowed he had a natural taste for archangel literature and that he taught him to read by givin' him a taste of some big Milton poetry, and that then the little chap would suck at the high-rollin' words till he had the last one of 'em by heart.

"It went on that way till he was a long lath of a boy with a fuzz on his lip. He divided his time between shinnin' up the mountain and suckin' poetic literature out of Milam's bookcase. Then, all at once, he jumped into poetry himself. Seemed as if he'd planted all the words he knowed in the sunshine and they busted into bloom, with their end ones rhymin', same as you see 'em do in book poetry.

"But he wan't no account to work. Seemed as if he had the moral sense of a butterfly and the same kind of a conscience, although he could say the grandest things about duty, in his poetry. If old man Elder put him to thinnin' out the young corn he'd fiddle up and down the rows steady enough till some bird begun to sing and turned his head; then he'd drap his hoe every time and go a-courtin' the flowers, hummin' laurel scriptures or huntin' little blossom rhymes for his thoughts. He went agin every notion we had about duty and honest labor and righteousness, but the folks here in the valley bore with him same as they did with the wind, and they was as proud of him as if they'd been a passel of crows that had hatched a mockin'-bird.

"Every time he hummed out a new song of the mountain or the valley, Milam got holt of it and sent it off to some of the big papers. Never told Bildad what he was doin' with 'em. 'Lowed it wouldn't be good for the boy, and as none of them papers come to Braastown except to Milam and me, I reckon me and him was the only ones that knowed Bildad Elder was figurin' like a poetic skyrocket on yon side of the mountains before he was twenty years old.

"As for me, I had as much curiosity about him as if he'd been a young he-comet settin' on my pastur' fence before he'd growed tall enough to take in the Heaven of Heavens. I've always had my doubts about where the seat of prayer and the seat of poetry was in the human soul, whether it was inside or outside. I've always wanted to know why that dumb fool Prim Mayberry, for example, kin pray a more eloquent prayer than the most talkative man in the church, and why Bildad, that was just like the rest of us unless he was in a singing mood, could hymn out a song full of jassamine and starlight as easy as if he'd been brung up in a rhymin' dictionary. I used to be plum' crazy to find out where the stuff in him come from that riz to sech sweet measures; and why he had feelin's and wisdom as old and bar'footed as Socrates. He used to say things in poetry that he could never have knowed or heerd of, much less experienced. And it may have been my curiosity, or it may have been something else; anyhow, we had that kind of intimacy you have noticed between a hermit thrush and a little, old, scraggly thorn bush. He prefers it to the tallest tree in the forest. I was always that something for Bildad to light on when he was for practicin', maybe, a new tune. He was more apt to sing it in my boughs. Next day he'd take it over to Milam's, if he was satisfied. All I had to do was to set there on the bench beside my do' and do nothin' but be there, so he could feel me same as the thorn tree under his claws. This was how I came to know him so well; he'd come often by my house, long to'ards sundown, with his singin' mood on him and give in his day's work to me in little reed songs that got sadder and sadder the longer his legs growed. At last he ontied his shoestrings, so to speak, let his hair grow and showed all the symptoms of havin' been disappointed in love without ever havin' so much as spoke to a gal in the settlement of Old Zion.

"One evenin', about the time every shadow was on tiptoe stretchin' across the valley to kiver it, I seen Bildad sorter drift in my gate. His head was bowed, his long arms was hangin' down like they didn't belong to him, and he walked like a man that has had a terrible misfortune. He drapped down on the bench beside me, and I seen he'd been cryin'. I 'lowed somebody was dead, and I says, very low and kind, as you'd speak to a man in deep trouble:

"'What's happened, Bildad? Is it your pa or your ma?'

"'Tain't neither!' he says, jest that way, like I'd hurt his feelin's.

"'Tain t?'

"'No!'

"'Well, I don't keer what it is, son, you kin tell me 'thout being afeerd it'll go any further,' I says, thinkin', maybe, he'd got into trouble with old Jonathan Snow, beca'se that's the common fate of all mankind in this Valley."

Pappy paused, sighed and changed his voice like the perfect actor that he was.

"Mister, did you ever see a young, yaller tomcat climb up on the garden fence, arch his back, crane his neck and let out a long, variegated yowel, as if his heart was breakin' on account of a secret grief and he never expected no more mice or happiness as long as he lived? Well, sir, Bildad leaned back agin the do'jam', turned his head up with as nigh that expression as a human can git, and he begun. I heerd it so often afterwards I kin repeat every line of it:

When youth lies dead, and time, its balm distilling,
Soothes the worn heart to still repose,
Shall I greet thee with pulse no longer thrilling
And feel no more the pain that loving knows?

In that dim night whose faint, wan stars, a-shining,
Cold luster shed on this benumbed heart,
Shall we together roam, with hands entwining,
Nor feel our blood to swifter currents start?

When life is spent, and fairy hands are knelling
O'er passion laid a sobbing, low refrain,
Shall I with tears, or thou with bosom swelling,
Know all is flown when fails the distant strain?

"'Goddlemighty, Bildad!' I says, 'who done it?'

"'Done what?' he says, like I'd misunderstood him.

"'What woman's kicked you an' made you feel like this? I never knowed you had a sweetheart!'

"'I ain't never had one,' he says.

"'How come you with them kind of feelin's, then?' I says, astonished.

"'Pappy,' he 'lows, as simply as a child, 'they been comin' on me of late. You know how I used to love the mountain, and how all them songs I made was jest for it and the flowers on it. Now all my thoughts they air changed same as if I'd been converted, but not in Old Zion.'

"I was fit to bust with laughter, but I helt in, not wantin' to hurt his innocent tomcat feelin's. So I says, very solemn:

"'We all experiences this kind of conversion, Bildad, about the time we reaches your age, and it ain't so different from that which happens along the mourner's bench in Old Zion. They'll both lead you through fiery furnaces. It's something that gits in a man's blood. There is what is called scientists on yon side of the mountain that gives what you feel an ugly cattle name. But they air po' human dirt daubers of the divine destiny of man who ain't got the right kind of sense to know that when a man falls in love the feelin' by rights raises him in his relations to Heaven and often to the high-water mark of religion. He's been inoculated speritually with the natural desire to create something in his own image, I don't care what no dern scientist says. Now you've fell in love, Bildad, and it's converted you from a red-headed, blue-eyed, rhymin' clod of a boy into a man. You've had a grand experience. Try to keep it, for when it dies down in you you'll be like a tree that has shed its blossoms, like a man that's turned back to dust. You'll lose your singin' spirit same as the sap quits risin' in a dead pine. And be keerful from now on what woman's face you look into. Women are dangerous to men that have been converted the way you have been. They'll scorch the great experience out of you quicker'n fire 'n' pestilence or a famine. Avoid 'em till you git used to your new self and kin hold out agin 'em. They ain't to blame, po' things. It's jest their nature to crave the vintage of manhood, which is love, same as men craves other things.

"'Now, you go on over to the parsonage and give Milam them verses you said to me. He'll be glad to git 'em,' I says, pattin' him on the back. But, Mister, I might as well been talkin' to the stars. Bildad never heerd a word I said. He was lookin' for Ruth standin' somewhere 'among the alien corn.' He was thinkin' of all the women that had been treadin' sweet measures in the poetry he'd read. He was like a bird in the spring, set jest to sing for a mate and nothin' else. I was afeerd for him, and many a time since I have sorrowed beca'se I sent him to Milam that night with them little, tender obituary lines to love. For he mailed 'em next day to a big music house in New York, and in three months they was bein' sung all over the country.

"Milam saved up a right smart money from the poetry he sold and from the royalties on that song. I was in the secret and we had it planned to send Bildad off to college the next fall. But, Lord, sir, God don't keer nothin' about our little plans when He's fixin' to make a man accordin' to one of His own images. And it's a terrible thing to have jest Him lay out the east and west of your destiny; it's so far from our little geography of things. So where me and Milam laid out a college course for Bildad, and worldly fame and success, He set a fiery furnace and shame and misfortune.

"There was a little, flesh-colored, music-hall prima donna somewhere in New York that got hold of Bildad's

"Settin' Like a Swelled-Up Turkey Gobbler on His Tail"

song, and she sung it the way she knowed how, so them that heerd her went wild about it. And they always clapped and stomped and yelled for another Bildad song. But there wan't but one on the market, and nobody knowed or could find out who Bildad was. At last, this here music-hall pussy I'm tellin' you of made up her mind to find out who the author of it was, where he was, and, in particular, she was set to get more songs out of him.

"Well, sir, I was the stage-driver then between Brasstown and Blue Ridge. I brung the mail twicet a week and, maybe, two or three passengers sech as belongs to these mountains and valleys, heavy-whiskered, rough-shod men and deep-bosomed, big-waisted women in homespun dresses and calico bonnets. But, one day in June, as I was about to leave the station at Blue Ridge, a mighty pretty woman stepped out on the platform from the waitin'-room, looked at me, and then she come to'ards me and she says in a high, singin' voice:

"'Is this the stage to Brasstown?'

"'Yessum,' I says.

"'Well, I've been waitin' for you since eight o'clock this mornin',' she says, friskin' back to git her bag

"Presently she had clum in and I had her trunk stropped on behind, and we was on our way. She 'lowed she'd engaged board at the Mayberrys'. She was as talkative as a bird on a bough, and 'twan't no time till she was settin' by me instead of inside, where she belong. Mister, I wan't as old then by more'n forty years as I am now, and that woman give me some of the queerest feelin's a man ever had. First she confided in me; 'lowed she was from the New York Opera Company, and had took a notion to spend her vacation in our valley. Then she enslaved me. If I got out once I got out a dozen times to git a flower or a green cotton-boll or a handful of berries for her. I wan't nothin' but water in her hands, although I could see she wan't the kind of woman I was used to. Her face was as artificial as the ruffles on her petticoat, but she wan't ashamed of it. And every time she said anything, seemed to me I could hear the shavin's and empty paper rattle where her little soul had been. She wan't all there. I could tell that from the first. What pestered me more'n anything else was the way I went on feelin' more and more. I was a member of Old Zion, Mister, and I was as respectable as a man can be and be a man; but, before we was half-way home, seemed to me like I'd die to kiss that woman. I didn't keer no more for her than if she'd been a piece of pink paper, still I wanted to kiss her so bad I could skeercely drive my horses. 'Twan't nothin' she said or done, it was jest *her*. Seemed like she wan't made for nothin' permanent like love; seemed as if I could spit on my finger, reach over and rub out her little pink-and-white face; still I wanted to kiss her." Pappy wagged his head with a look of repentance at the image that came before him.

"As we came in by Elders', jest this side we seen Bildad drap down into the road off of Blood Mountain. He looked like a cross between a curious human he-goat and the ugly little god that used to make hoof-tracks 'way back yonder, up and down the water edges. He was bareheaded as usual, and his red hair was tousled, with broken straw and green leaves stickin' about in it whar he'd been wallowin' on the mountain. The freckles on his face lapped; his eyes looked foolish, they were so blue and wild His body was long and thin inside his clothes. I wan't surprised she noticed him; he was ugly and foreign-lookin'.

"'What a strange man! Is he a spirit or an idiot?' she says, turnin' around to stare at him.

"'He's a right smart of both,' I says. 'He's a poet.'

"'A poet!' she 'lowed, gittin' excited. 'What's his name?'

"'Bildad Elder.'

"Well, sir, I didn't git the words out of my mouth before she ketched holt of my reins and begun to stir as if she was fixin' to fly right out over the wheels

"'Oh, let me git out!' she says. 'I must speak to him, I jest must!'

"With that she was down in the road, runnin' back to where Bildad was standin'. I expected to see him take back up the mountain, but he didn't; stood there like a shaggy-legged young Pan that had been hemmed in and was about to be caught.

"And she caught him all right. For the next three months she was more to him than Old Blood had ever been. I couldn't go down the road or up the mountain but I seen them two, Bildad and Mary Major, as she called herself, walkin' together like two rhymes in the same verse. She'd picked him up same as you'd pick up a gold piece, and put him in her pocket. Every song he made went to her now instead of me or Milam. And afterward, when he was totin' mud to make bricks in the penitentiary there close to Atlanta, she toured the country with them songs and made her fortune. Sung 'em at the very gates of his prison, where she knowed he was for her sake, and she never so much as sent him a rose.

"But there was one thing she couldn't do. She couldn't make him write her kind of songs. Everything he wrote had the sky in it and, maybe, a star twinklin' sorter personal at you. And there was May in every one, jest May, with its sweetness and flowers and little green hopes and love; not the dern fever she knowed, but that queer thing

"Walkin' Together Like Two Rhymes in the Same Verse"

in a man's heart that makes him really superior to the angels in Heaven, which can't marry nor be given in marriage. The nature of them songs that Bildad give Mary Major used to aggervate me when I seen the kind of reputation she made for herself out of 'em. She went out on the stage in the hot cities, faced a crowd of folks more or less like herself, and offered 'em Bildad's cup of cold water in them songs. She was knowed far and wide as the Lark Lady, beca'se she sung so sweet jest of the meadows and sech. And all the time she was jest a little, painted, evil carcass with lyin' eyes.

"But all that come after the terrible things that happened here in the valley. Bildad was crazy about her, and he'd put the enchantment of his own innocence over her, kivered her with it as with a garment that hid her from him. And she enjoyed herself. Oh, Lord, yes! it rested the hell-coals in her to be took by a man for a good woman. I reckon it was the first time she ever had that experience.

"At last, Misses Mayberry told her to git another boardin'-house, and she went to a cheap little hotel a stranger from North Carolina was tryin' to start in Brasstown. But nothin' had any effect on Bildad; seemed as if he couldn't hear what was said around him. Milam and me was pestered nearly to death, but we couldn't do a thing. Nobody kin save a man, Mister, once a bad woman makes up her mind to hull him out. They air a disease as distinct from them po' unfortunate women as leprosy is from chickenpox.

"Things come to a head the day I brung over another stranger from Blue Ridge—a big, hog-faced fellow with plenty of money in his pocket. I 'lowed he was some kind of travelin' man until we was nearly to Brasstown; then I smelled a mouse when he ast me if there was a person stayin' in the village by the name of Mary Major

"'Yes,' I says; 'you'll find her at the hotel.'

"Just then we saw her and Bildad saunterin' down the road to'ards us

"'Who's that long-legged baby walkin' with her?' he ast, all het up, as we passed 'em, and I seen her face turn as white as a sheet.

"'That's Bildad Elder, and he is as innocent as a baby or you wouldn't see him where he is!' I answered, feelin' sorter fiery myself at his tone.

"'Well, she'll have to wean him now!' he 'lowed.

"I drapped him at the hotel, went on home, put up my horses, eat supper, lit my pipe and set down by the winder, feelin' all the time like a man in terrible suspense, without knowin' why. Seemed as if I was listenin' for somethin'. And presently, in the dark of the night I heerd it, the sound of a man runnin'. I heerd him jerk my gate open and come leapin' to'ards my do'. My heart drapped into my coffin. Whoever it was was blowin' hard and grabbin' at my latchstring. The next minute Bildad fell into the room. His face was white as death, his red hair bristlin' on his head, his eyes starin', his hand looked as if he'd dipped it in blood, and his shirt was tore half off of him.

"'For God's sake, Bildad, what's happened?' I says, seein' him scramble up off of the flo'

"'Pappy, Pappy,' he says between terrible, sobbin' gasps, 'I've killed him!'

"'Killed who?'

"'The man you brung over today. I met him down there at the hotel, and he insulted her, 'lowed she was his woman. I was obleeged to kill him!' he says jest that way, as if there wan't nothin' else to do. Then he looked at me like Cain in the face, and he was afeered—Lord! I'll never see so much fear again in a man's eyes as there was in Bildad's as we heerd something else, the noise of men runnin' and yellin' and a dog bayin'. I knowed the dog's bark. It was the sheriff's bloodhound.

"'Pappy!' he fairly screamed, 'they air after me!' With that he leaped through the back do' and drapped down into the night. I could still hear that cry and the dreadful sound of his flyin' feet along the path when the dog darted through after him, with its legs fairly stretched, its ears flappin' back, jaw in a lather, and its tongue hangin' out like a red flame. Then the room filled for a minute with the faces of men, folks I'd knowed all my life here in the valley, but they looked terrible and strange to me. Mister, it changes the expression of a man's face more'n anything else in the world to hunt a fellow-man same as he'd hunt a wild beast. I tried to speak, to tell 'em to stop, that it was Bildad they was chasin', but my tongue was so dry it stuck to the roof of my mouth and I had to stand there and see 'em rush through the other do', the way the dog had gone. Then I heerd him scream down in the holler below my house and a terrible scuffle of sounds between the men and the dog, and I couldn't stand it. I drapped down on the flo', kivered my face with my arms and groaned. I knowed what had happened

"For one little minute, when he faced that woman's lover and heerd what he said, Bildad was the primitive man with jest the male instinct to kill the other male, and the knight's instinct to protect a woman. The next minute he wan't nothin' but the timid mountain boy. Bildad, horrified at what he'd done, runnin' through the dark, like a hare before a pack of hounds. For years after

(Continued on Page 38)

The New England Oligarchy

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE United States Senators from Massachusetts form our most justly celebrated human antithesis. Henry Cabot Lodge is the scholar in politics. Winthrop Murray Crane is the business man in politics. Lodge is as unlike Crane as Roosevelt is unlike Taft, and Crane is as unlike Lodge as Aldrich is unlike Dolliver. Lodge doesn't like Crane and Crane doesn't like Lodge, but there is a political truce between them that has existed for a long time, and they work together reasonably well both in the Senate and in Massachusetts. It would be interesting to hear Lodge's real opinion of Crane, and it would be informative to hear Crane's real opinion of Lodge. Still, Lodge is too politic to express his thoughts on this subject, and Crane is too cautious—so probably there is no chance.

Senator Crane, of Massachusetts

Their White House relations took an odd shift when Colonel Roosevelt retired and Taft came in. Lodge is Roosevelt's bosom friend, closer to Roosevelt than any man in public life. He was at the White House anywhere from one to four or five times almost every day when he and Roosevelt were in Washington. Crane did not fancy Roosevelt, and called only on business. Now that Taft is there Lodge calls only on business and Crane goes up frequently and is consulted constantly by the President. This is because Crane is a sort of a floor-manager in the Senate, and has a marvelous capacity for knowing what is going on. Another curious feature of this shift is that Crane was most active in opposing the nomination of Taft. He was the brains of the movement of the allies. Still, that does not make his relations with Taft unique, for nearly every close adviser in Congressional matters the President has was opposed to his nomination and worked against him until the last gasp, including the present Secretary of State, Mr. Knox, who thought he would be the man picked by Colonel Roosevelt to succeed him, and was much miffed to find that the Colonel had selected the biggest man, physically, in his administration, instead of the smallest.

Boston Boss and Paper King

LODGE and Crane differ in every conceivable manner. Lodge is a polished and scholarly orator, and talks frequently and on many topics. Crane never talks at all. Lodge has no hesitation in calling a spade a spade. Crane expresses no opinion. Lodge goes to a convention or a meeting and says what he thinks. Crane does not go to the meeting, but handles it from a room near by. If a Boston or a Massachusetts mugwump—using the term in its broader sense to describe all the brands of thinkers to be found in the state—comes to Washington the chances are that he dislikes Lodge, because Lodge has sneered at him or satirized him, and that he will go to luncheon with Crane.

Crane lives in the western end of the state and Lodge lives near Boston. Lodge does not fuss with affairs in Crane's end, but Crane will glide in and glide out of Lodge's end, if he can without getting caught, and take a hand. Crane is really the Boss of the Republican party in the state. Lodge is a sort of a Bostonese Boss. He hasn't the influence or the power of Crane, but he does very well at it in his own section; and the fact that he is the scholar in politics does not deter him from forgetting the scholar part of it from time to time, and playing exactly the same kind of politics any unscholarly politician would play. Crane never offended anybody. Lodge has made a lot of saucy remarks in Boston and about Boston and Massachusetts people, principally those opposed to him, that are held up against him. Lodge is aristocratic, intolerant, sarcastic, arbitrary, filled with the pride of birth and position, not in sympathy with the common people, intellectual and, at times, snobbish. Crane is conciliatory, suave, smooth, silent, modest, friendly, sympathetic, kindly, adroit and peaceable. He does not make trouble. He stifles it. As a politician, a manipulator of men, skilled in before-election strategy and after-election harvest, he is infinitely Lodge's superior. Lodge has friends, of course, and warm friends; but also he has bitter enemies. Crane has friends, too, and no enemies. Lodge has the virtue of going through on any proposition he agrees to, and so has Crane. Likewise, Lodge does not believe in secrecy and all that sort of thing. If Lodge wanted to see the official of a railroad in Boston, for example, he would go to headquarters, walk into that official's room and talk. If Crane wanted to see the same official he would telephone down and ask that official to meet him, casually, in the trainshed, to give the appearance of having accidentally run against him on the way to a train and stopping to engage for a minute or two in casual conversation.

When Crane holds a conference he does it in a room, with the door locked and the curtains down, and he talks in whispers. Lodge talks anywhere—in his committee-room with the doors open, in the corridors, on the street. I doubt if Crane, knowingly and willingly, ever said anything publicly to offend any man, ever made any public criticism of any man, ever sought trouble with any man. This does not mean that he is hypocritical. It means that he is naturally the kindliest, most considerate, most cautious of men. Secrecy is an obsession with him. When he orders his eggs for breakfast, if he is in a restaurant, he whispers to the waiter. He wears rubber heels on his shoes, dresses in dull grays, makes himself as inconspicuous as possible, and has more ability, more shrewdness, more potential power than almost any other Senator.

Lodge is a brilliant man. He is a capable author, a polished speaker, a man of great culture, born to a fortune, and from his very environment intolerant of those whom he deems neither his social nor his intellectual equals. He does not attempt to conceal this contempt, but at times seems rather to enjoy expressing it. He has a sneering manner of referring to those who disagree with him, has very few friends in the Senate and not a quarter of the power of Crane, although Lodge has been a Senator since 1893 and Crane first went to the Senate in 1904. Lodge can be most companionable, but he doesn't try often, for he does not consider many of his associates in the Senate as worthy of his companionship. He has the great virtue of standing through thick and thin for those on whom he has bestowed the beneficence of his friendship, and he does not resort to subterfuge in his dealings with his constituents. If he says he will do a thing he will do it, but if he will not do a thing he will say so, and usually in a manner that will make the person who made the request an enemy for life. However, that is the least of Lodge's troubles. He considers himself so far superior to the ordinary run of people that the mere addition of another enemy to his already long string means nothing to him, one way or another.

Crane invariably keeps his promises also, but when he cannot do a thing he is so genuinely sorry about it that his refusal keeps you friendly.

Lodge is well-to-do. He is not rich in the sense that Crane is rich, but he has plenty of money. He has never had to work, for he inherited his fortune and has been careful and judicious in his investments. Also, to use an old New England expression, he is prudent. He is no spendthrift. Every time he lays out a dollar he knows exactly what he will get in return and generally sees to it that the return is worth about a dollar and ten cents. His tastes do not run to display of any kind, except whiskers, and when he passes his fortune on to his heirs it will probably be found that he has saved something each year out of his income and increased the principal a good deal, and that, too, without any active participation in business.

Crane is a great business man. He owns large paper mills at Dalton, which he inherited from his father. He inherited, in round numbers, say, five million dollars. He has increased that five millions to twenty millions and is today one of the richest men in New England, although he is only fifty-seven years old. He married for a second time a few years ago, and is the father of two fine babies. Crane's interests are multitudinous, although no person talking to him, or watching him, or studying him would imagine he had any interest in anything except trotting around the Senate and talking to everybody. He is a big man in American Telephone and in many other giant corporations, and his paper business is enormous. Crane is a power in New York financial circles. Naturally, he is a conservative and a reactionary.

How Crane Makes Friends

HE IS a most interesting man in many ways. He rarely sits still for more than ten minutes, but is constantly moving about, talking in whispers to this man and that man. He detests being alone, and when he takes a railroad journey, if he can find nobody else to go with him he has an especial retainer whom he takes along to talk to. Lodge is exclusive. He will talk to Hale, and to Aldrich, and to Root and a few others, but he stalks by the common herd of Senators without a glance. For example, it isn't likely Lodge would look even at a new Senator, except to acknowledge his introduction when they were first presented; but Crane would go and sit on any Senator's lap and whisper to him in a most confidential way if he thought that Senator knew anything interesting or important. "I have not been able to find out how Bailey is going to vote on this question," said Lodge to Crane one day; "I do not like to ask him." "Huh," said Crane, "I'll ask him," and he walked around to Bailey's seat, put his arm around Bailey's shoulders, asked him, and came back in three minutes with the desired information.

The difference between Lodge and Crane, so far as being Senator is concerned, is that Lodge has got to be Senator, while with Crane being Senator is merely incidental. Lodge would be a rather mediocre historian if he were not Senator, and nothing else except a leading citizen of Massachusetts. He simply has to have that job in order to keep himself on what he thinks the proper plane. He considers it the only governmental place, less than the Presidency—which he can never hope to attain—suitable to his dignity, his position, his general intellectual and social characteristics. Although he is a lawyer, having graduated at the Harvard Law School, he has not practiced in many years, and gives his profession as that of literature.

Senator Henry C. Lodge, of Massachusetts

Hence, he could not hope to be a Justice of the United States Supreme Court. He is too thrifty to take an Ambassadorship, even if one were offered to him. Thus, his only niche is a Senatorship, and he has simply got to have that place. His importance requires it.

Crane is a Senator from love of the game. He likes politics. He has always been active in Massachusetts and was three years lieutenant-governor and three years governor. It isn't likely that Lodge could be elected governor of Massachusetts, even if he would condescend to run. Crane succeeded the late Senator Hoar, a most dignified and intellectual man—a Senator of the old school. Hoar did not bother much with politics. Crane doesn't bother with anything else. As soon as he came into the Senate he began making friends and finding out how the wheels went round, and in a year or so he was the most valuable ally Aldrich had. All his interests, sympathies and tendencies are Aldrichian. He is a conservative of the most pronounced type. He was opposed to most of the policies of Roosevelt, because those policies were opposed to his own interests and the interests of those with whom he associated and did business. Seemingly the most colorless sort of a man, he is really most powerful. He has a genius for politics, a genius for manipulation, a genius for details. If Aldrich should step out and Crane remain in the Senate it is most likely that Crane would be the real leader of that body, so far as the Republican majority is concerned. Lodge could never be a leader, because nobody would follow him.

Still, Lodge has his uses in the general scheme of the New England domination of the Senate. He always is found with Hale and Aldrich, and he always was with Platt, of Connecticut, when that great man was alive. Lodge has a wide range of information, and can make a most effective speech on any desired topic. He sought to pose as the mouthpiece of Roosevelt during the Colonel's occupancy of the White House, which did not tend to make either Lodge or Roosevelt any more popular. Lodge is not effective in debate, because of his intolerance of the opinions of others. He thinks he is always right, and does not like to be disputed; but he is a good wheelhorse and Aldrich relies on him for certain things. He is always regular.

An Insurgent Victory

LODGE'S term expires in March of next year, and he must go before the legislature to be chosen in Massachusetts this year for reelection. It is not surprising that a man of Lodge's traits should have made many enemies in the state, and he has made them. Also, he is facing an insurgent condition in his own state that is just as intense as the insurgent movement in Kansas or Nebraska, although not given such intense expression. The fact is that Massachusetts is protesting against the tariff, against Aldrichism and Cannonism vigorously, and with intent to get some results out of it. The probabilities are that the Democrats will gain some members of the House of Representatives this fall. The probabilities are, too, unless some exceptionally strong man like Samuel W. McCall or George Lawrence is pressed into service to run for governor, that the Democrats will elect the governor.

Lodge is closely and permanently identified with every policy and every action against which the insurgents in his state protest. Notwithstanding the fact that Massachusetts, through the insistence of both Lodge and Crane, got about all that was desired in the way of both tariff concessions and protection, there is a great tariff discontent. Lodge and Crane saw to it that the woolen men and the cotton men and the shoe men got what they wanted; but, at that, these very men who have been protected by the tariff for years seem to be sore about the tariff, probably because somebody else than themselves got protection also. The cotton men, who have been paying from twenty-five to seventy-five per cent dividends each year, because of their protection, are protesting because the products they use to manufacture cost more.

Butler Ames, who is now serving his fourth term in the House of Representatives from the Fifth, or Lowell, district, has announced himself as a candidate for the Senate against Lodge. Ames is a young man of fortune, the grandson of Benjamin F. Butler and the son of General Adelbert Ames. He graduated from West Point, served a little time in the army and is, by profession, an engineer. So far Ames' campaign has consisted of a number of dinners given to various potentialities, all of which have been most correct and *recherché*. Massachusetts politicians look on Mr. Ames' ambition as a sort of a joke. They can see no danger to Lodge in it. Everybody admits that, if Crane should get behind Ames, Lodge could be beaten; but Crane will do no such thing. Meantime, between his dinner parties Mr. Ames is busily engaged in inventing an airship which, in all probability, he can use to go up in after the legislature gets through with him.

Lodge's real danger, unless some smashing big Republican comes out against him for Senator, is in the revolt and unrest in the state. Massachusetts, from one end to the other, is protesting against the high cost of living and, except among the tariff barons, is charging that high cost of living directly to the tariff that Mr. Lodge helped frame. Moreover, Massachusetts Republicans gave the country the first real bit of evidence as to what the temper of the people is in the by-election in the Fourteenth District, where Eugene Foss, Democrat, was elected to Congress to succeed the late William C. Lovering, in a rock-ribbed Republican district. The Republican majority of more than fourteen thousand that Lovering received was turned to a Democratic majority of five thousand six hundred.

That election gave Aldrich and Cannon and Taft and Lodge and all the rest of them a jolt that has kept them awake nights ever since. It also opened the eyes of the country to the extent of the revolt against the cost of living, Aldrichism and Cannonism, and especially to the tariff end of the contention; for Foss made his campaign on the platform that the present Payne-Aldrich tariff is directly responsible for the present high cost of living.

Now that Fourteenth District election, though momentous enough to suit the most fastidious, was biggest

The State House, Boston, Massachusetts

when it was first born, like a bumblebee. To be sure, there is no going back of the returns, but even the Democrats in Massachusetts admit that the unpopularity of the Republican candidate, Buchanan, had something to do with the result. Not all, of course, but something. It appears that Buchanan was for years associated with William L. Douglas and ran Douglas' successful campaign for governor, defeating Bates. This seems to have been some enormous sort of an offense in the eyes of the Massachusetts people, for Bates is a most popular man. Anyhow, they held it up against Buchanan and particularly in the Fourteenth District, where the Methodists are very strong. Bates is one of the leading Methodist laymen of the state.

Eugene Foss, the successful candidate, was formerly a Republican, but left the party on the question of reciprocity after a severe struggle with Lodge. Lodge read Foss out of the party, and Foss seemed glad enough to go. Foss is an active, industrious millionaire who has pronounced ideas on every subject within the limits of human understanding, from the right way to find a comet to how to make kippered herring, and expresses them tirelessly. He had the good sense to appreciate the state-wide protest against the tariff and all the other items that cause the present discontent, and he hitched the tariff to the high cost of living and not only landed himself, but landed on the Republican leadership in Congress, on Mr. Taft and, particularly, on his ancient enemy, Henry Cabot Lodge, with a thump that was heard around the world.

Foss prepared a table of the prices of foodstuffs, making comparisons between prices in St. John, Montreal and Boston. He showed that sirloin steak costs twenty-two cents in St. John, eighteen cents in Montreal and thirty-five cents in Boston, and he went on through the list of things to eat and showed equally great discrepancies. "This is the direct result of this robber tariff and the failure of the Republican party to fulfill its platform pledges!" he shouted, and the hard-headed old Republicans down on Cape Cod thought it might be just as well to make a protest. So they made one that was a whale.

The politicians try to explain away part of that protest by the candidacy of Buchanan. They say Judge Harris or John D. Long could have been elected in that district, hands down; but inasmuch as they didn't have the political sagacity to nominate Judge Harris or John D. Long their excuses are rather lame and impotent. The fact is that the politicians, like the politicians elsewhere, and especially the politicians who are the so-called leaders of the Republican majorities in the House and Senate at Washington, did not appreciate the extent of the protest, did not appreciate how deep-seated the dissatisfaction was. They woke up just twenty-four hours too late. It is likely they might have made a better showing in the Fourteenth District with another candidate than Buchanan, but none of those with whom I talked convinced me that they could have won, in view of the present unrest, with any candidate, and I do not think they could.

The Democrats of the state are greatly cheered and are talking of some strong man for governor. Perhaps it will be Foss, who almost defeated the present lieutenant-governor last year. They also have plans to make a hard fight for the legislature. If it should be a landslide they might get the legislature, but, as is usual in the New England states, the country controls the legislature, not the cities, and the job appears to be a difficult one.

This result in the Fourteenth District must have given Lodge a severe pause—it was aimed so definitely at the tariff he helped make, and came along in spite of his tariff speech just previous to the election. Furthermore, it came along despite the President's various defenses of the tariff, and notwithstanding the dominance of New England in Senatorial affairs. Lodge didn't expect it. Crane didn't expect it; although true to form, he kept out of it openly. Nobody expected it—that is, nobody but the man who do the voting, and it is probable they were somewhat surprised when they heard the figures.

Lodge Warming Up

AT THAT, nobody need have been surprised. That result in the Fourteenth District simply shows the temper of the people of the United States, a temper that is the same in Massachusetts as it is in Minnesota, the same in Maine that it is in Kansas. There is a peaceful revolution under way in this country, and the last people to wake up to that fact are the men who are leaders in Congress. They have had their attention called rather definitely to what is coming several times—once, for example, in the overthrow of Cannon and once in Massachusetts—but they are not awake yet. And the real reason is that men like Aldrich and Lodge and the rest do not know the people, they do not know their own country. They are well informed on New England, but that is as far as they go.

Take Lodge: Lodge knows more about Patagonia than he does about Iowa, or Illinois, or Colorado. He has adequate and comprehensive information about the Revolution of 1776, of the life of Alexander Hamilton, of the Battle of Bunker Hill; but he cannot tell the underlying causes of the fight of Attorney-General Beyer against Walter Smith in the Council Bluffs district in Iowa, to save his life, albeit those underlying causes are exactly the same as those that dealt him such a thump in his own state in the Foss election. What is more, unless he has broadened his view, he does not care.

When it comes to insularity, to real autocratic and aristocratic aloofness, Lodge has all the other New England Senators looking like professional genials, albeit none of them is any too broad in his sympathies and views. Lodge's whole theory is that the seat of all culture, of all social and intellectual quality, is in New England, and that he is the type. He acknowledges the existence of other states and seventy or eighty million other people, but he rather deprecates both. He is more cultured than Aldrich, but no less contemptuous than Hale. That is, between elections.

Wherefore, now that he is facing another election, we may expect to see him expand a bit, to loosen a little, to condescend to mingle with the folks, to electioneer, to play

(Concluded on Page 58)

The Art of Managing Women

AS A MAN DOES IT—By JAMES H. COLLINS

IN THE circulation department of a large Eastern publishing-house several hundred women and girls are employed as stenographers, copyists and clerks, handling correspondence and subscription detail. The whole force, spread over two floors like a big Chautauqua assembly, is supervised by the circulation manager. This man's ability in that particular line is so marked that he is often credited with having some mysterious insight into feminine ways and wiles.

When he first came to work there, one morning years ago, the publishing-house was a small concern. His chief showed him a little office, with a desk, some files and half a dozen girls who were to attend to such routine as addressing envelopes, compiling lists of names, and so forth.

These girls constituted the new circulation manager's staff.

Girls Need a Little Petting to Work at Their Best

Up to that time the latter's experience had been confined to the circulation end of a daily newspaper. He understood how to manage newsboys, route drivers and newsdealers, but not girls and women.

For several days he was so absorbed in his new job, studying its possibilities and laying plans for getting more subscribers, that he paid no attention whatever to the staff. He assumed that, as the work was simple and the girls had been doing it for months, they would run right along without any interference from him.

Suddenly, however, he discovered something about women that was once observed by Heine, namely, that when they write they invariably have one eye on the paper and the other on a man. The only exception to this trait ever noted by Heine was the Countess Hahn-Hahn. She had but one eye. Heine did not say where she looked.

The circulation manager's staff kept one eye upon him while it wrote the addresses on circulars, and both eyes upon him when his head was turned away. If he looked up quickly he found the staff trying to decide whether it liked the way his hair curled, and if he didn't look up he could still feel glances burning holes in his back.

Problems Solved by Common-Sense

THIS scrutiny was not of a sentimental nature at all, but purely a business proposition. The girls were intent on knowing who was to be boss under the new administration—he or they? During the first few days, while he was absorbed in other matters, the staff had about decided that he was to be a fellow-employee. The chief strengthened this belief by personally hiring a new girl, not having given such authority to the manager. So, when the latter's attention was finally attracted to his staff the girls were beginning to treat him familiarly. The persistent attempts to take his measure annoyed him so keenly that he finally went to the chief and got authority to "hire and fire," and began to study his staff and learn how the eternal feminine must be managed industrially.

In the world generally a great deal of nonsense about women passes current. Any man may set himself up as a profound student of life by asserting that Woman is a mystery—he cannot make her out. The last proposition will be accepted anywhere as proof of the first.

In the industrial world, too, Woman with a capital W is widely regarded as a puzzle in management, and employers often give her up as soon as they discover that she differs from Man.

When the capital W is dropped, however, and attention turned from women in the abstract to the girls actually on one's own payroll, the problem is simplified. Women workers do differ from men and must be managed in different ways, but there is no problem involved of which common-sense will not dispose. One of the first useful points this circulation manager learned was that, while men work all their lives, girls can be employed only a few years. The boy hired this afternoon may develop ability, be advanced from place to place, and remain with the house until he is an old man. All the capacity that his employer can develop in him will be a solid asset in that business, and even if he stays in a minor post his experience will be worth something from year to year.

But the girl hired the same day is coming to work, probably, only for clothes or pin money until she marries. The average working life of girls in most office and factory occupations is hardly more than four years. The longer a boy or man holds a good job the more that job becomes an asset to himself. But girls usually value employment lightly as a temporary affair, and will go from one place to another on what often appears to be sheer whim—though it isn't always.

There is nothing eternal about the feminine when it hunts a job. Like the circus, it is here today and gone tomorrow.

As the manager's circulation plans began to work out happily he needed a bigger staff of girls. A two-line advertisement in the evening paper would bring a hundred of them. But when he undertook to hold a dozen he found himself dealing with a most shifty, vanishing equation. For several weeks much of his time was spent hiring and teaching new girls.

So he began to ask why the girls left, and then another important distinction between men and women employees was brought to light. Men and women workers both separate themselves into distinct classes automatically, but each sex is guided by a different motive.

Men flock together chiefly according to their individual skill. Even in the same trades there are various groups of workmen. What a man earns determines his scale of living, his neighborhood, his associates, his reputation as a workman and the kind of employer he works for. Skill makes the distinctions between a fairly capable mechanic, casually employed at average wages around small shops, and the first-rate man who is subforeman for a concern so well known that the fact he works for it gives him prestige. Girls and women, however, divide socially.

In this country there is no such hard-and-fast caste system as that which sets up barriers between two different shades of charwomen in England. With us the lines are drawn largely between girls who come from different kinds of homes.

Mary Elizabeth is the only daughter of some American family of old New England stock. If her mother lets her go to work at all Mary Elizabeth will look for different surroundings and associates than would Sadie or Rosie, who are the youngest in an immigrant's family of ten and have grown up in a rough-and-ready way. Sadie and Rosie are every whit as good as Mary Elizabeth morally, and much better able to take care of themselves. They are as good intellectually, too, their knowledge merely differing in kind. Mary Elizabeth will seldom work with them, though, and they, on their part, see nothing attractive in her.

From these specimen types, girl workers shade off into all sorts and conditions. One of the prime things in building a stable force is to know the type that fits the work, and to make surroundings congenial.

A woman manager of experience sorts applicants instantly, guided by the feather in a girl's hat or the height of her pompadour. The girl, too, knows whether she wants to work for that forewoman as soon as she sees how she dresses her hair.

But this was all a new study to the circulation man.

He had started with a mixed staff. The publishing-house had employed few girls up to that time, and the chief had hired them by hanging out a "Girl Wanted" card downstairs, putting the first applicant at work. Thus, the character of the publishing-house as a place to work had not been settled in girldom.

When the circulation man advertised for girls in the newspapers he stirred up all the floating feminine population—girls who had worked at everything, girls who had worked at nothing, girls who were not certain that they really wanted to work, but who came to see if they thought they would like the place. For several weeks he hired and fired and advertised again. Once it was necessary to call a policeman to clear a mob of girls out of the corridor.

Finally, the foreman of a bindery advised him to stop advertising and sent him to an employment agency down street, where for fifty cents apiece a shrewd old gentleman with long, patriarchal whiskers, perpetually wearing a silk hat, did all the sorting and sent applicants fitted to the work. This soon gave him a fairly stable force and brought him up against another fact in feminine management—the necessity for training his people.

Making it Pleasant for Hattie and Nellie

GIRLS excel in nearly every form of light routine work. At the same time it is difficult to lead them above routine because they regard employment as a temporary affair. The widow of forty who comes back to work for support has a vastly different viewpoint and will often climb higher than the average man of the same age. But a girl's keenest interests are outside the office or factory, as probably they should be, and to get good work from her without disorganizing the whole force it is essential to have some sort of training school.

The circulation manager learned this when his staff had grown to twenty people. He hired twenty more, expecting that twice as much work would be done. Instead, the output was cut down to what ten girls had been doing previously, because all the experienced workers were losing time teaching the new ones. When a small room was set aside and one of the most capable girls appointed as instructor to give newcomers a day's training in the forms and office routine it was possible quickly to increase the staff and the output.

When he had got along this far the circulation man found himself dealing with cliques, which are a possibility in any feminine work force and likely to make trouble until properly dealt with.

There is Nothing Eternal About the Feminine When it Hunts a Job

Such cliques are mischievous rather than hostile. They usually have some temperamental or social basis.

Katie, Sadie and Rosie like each other immensely and agree to be chums forever and, incidentally, rub it into Nellie and Hattie, who are—well, not exactly associates for a lady. Hattie and Nellie consider themselves twice as good as Rosie, Sadie and Katie, and form a little clique of their own. Then there is trouble. Such cliques run into endless ramifications, being formed among girls for every reason and no reason at all. Broadly speaking, they all arise from idleness, and the cure for them is to keep girls so busy that they will not have time to take stock of the shortcomings or social pretensions of other girls.

After that the manager found that girls need a little petting to work at their best, being in this respect a good deal like men or boys.

Measuring out the right doses of sympathy

to a couple of hundred girl workers is a task to be performed with a good deal of discrimination. Girls, being human, get the blues, grow tired of their work, are absent by reason of sickness. Much time may be lost from such causes. But a little sympathy will go far to reduce this lost time. The girl who takes a week to mope at home might get well in a day if the boss sends his condolences.

There is a wrong way to condole and a right way, however.

If the boss expresses great personal sorrow because Sadie is away Sadie may be light-headed enough to assume that, by reason of some vague temperamental charm, she is indispensable to the business and he is anxious that she take ample time to get well.

But suppose it is made plain to Sadie that the boss values and misses, not her own sweet self, but the quality and quantity of her work? Suppose he sends word that he is sorry Sadie is not there at the shop doing her usual amount of work and that he trusts she will be able to come down tomorrow and labor like a cart-horse? Suppose the boss puts the organization ahead of Sadie? Then sympathy will be on a healthy basis and Sadie may be petted to no end and in a way that will do her good.

It took the circulation manager the best part of three years to learn these principles and profit by them, but when they were grasped and mastered he had the cardinal points involved in managing a feminine work force from the masculine standpoint.

When a woman manages girls her relation toward them is often motherly—there is always a better personal understanding than is possible where men manage women workers, because a man's administration must be more or less long-range, even under the happiest circumstances.

For this reason women make the ablest managers of small groups, while men seem to succeed best when managing large forces, devising semi-automatic checks and stimulants that help supervision.

One of the most thoroughly organized industries where women are employed is the telephone business.

In pioneer days boys were hired to operate the first crude central switchboards. This was a mistake. Their manners were not good and they lacked the patience and courtesy necessary to telephone operation. Girls were given a chance and soon demonstrated their fitness. Today they are indispensable.

Less than ten years ago the first company school for training telephone operators was started in New York City, and it is said that officials hesitated several months before they appropriated the ten or twelve thousand dollars necessary for experimenting with such an institution. Up to that time girls were trained in the exchanges.

Some mornings the exchange manager found a green girl waiting to be instructed. His heart sank into his shoes

Even to the seasoned operator telephone traffic is at times a terrifying thing. Calls come unceasingly one after another and together, and skill in handling them is acquired only by practice.

The greenhorn was allowed to watch operators for a few days, then given a head-set and permitted to listen as they answered calls. By-and-by came the eventful moment when she was directed to break into the stream of traffic herself and answer a call. Her first trial probably resulted in connecting a woman who wanted to talk to her butcher with an undertaker who was trying to call the coroner. The company lost two subscribers, the greenhorn was scared half to death, regular operators were irritated, and the exchange manager tore out handfuls of his hair. The result of one attempt to break into traffic was sometimes to frighten the greenhorn out of the exchange forever.

The first company school was so successful in training girls outside the regular plant that today such a school is part of the organization of even the smallest telephone company.

The working career of an operator is about four years. Then she marries and must be replaced. In a city like New York, with six thousand operators, from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred new girls must be trained yearly. As these are selected from some twenty thousand applicants, the sifting process at the start plays an important part in management. Each girl accepted has a month's training, with pay, in a school equipped exactly like a regular exchange, and the last part of her training is drill under the fire of monitors who do their best to rattle her. Upon graduation she is ready to report for work to any exchange in the city.

This separate training plan does away with so many of the difficulties of management and gives so much better work that it has now been widely adopted.

A large mail-order house in Chicago, for instance, receives thousands of orders, remittances and inquiries daily, all of which are handled by girls. No new girl is ever put at the work until she has been trained in it at a separate school maintained for the purpose. The large department stores, too, have schoolrooms where new clerks are taught how to fill out sales slips and other forms before being sent behind counters.

The typical telephone organization is military in that each nine operators at the switchboard are directed and aided by a woman supervisor, like a corporal with a squad. Over the supervisors is the chief operator of the exchange, a woman, and over her the exchange manager, a man, who corresponds roughly to a captain. Over the various exchanges in a city will be company officials—the heavy boys of the general staff—who put the whole organization on its mettle by competitions and tests.

Each day, for instance, a dozen operators in various exchanges will have their boards connected to headquarters and their work tested. The time taken to reply to each call and time taken to connect are noted by seconds, and where an operator's work shows a falling off she may be sent back to the school for additional training. This test keeps the whole force on edge, as every operator knows somebody is under test every day, but even exchange managers do not know which operators.

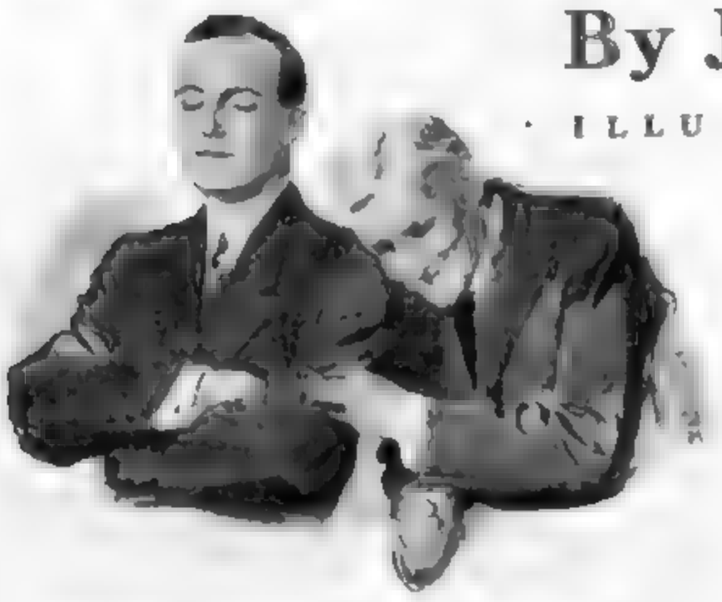
Another effective device in supervision is the monthly tabulating of subscribers' complaints of faulty service. These complaints, if found to be well grounded upon investigation, are charged against the exchange at fault and also against the position on the switchboard where the subscriber's line comes in. Every operator in an exchange

(Concluded on Page 60)

THE MISSIONS OF SYLVIA

By J. STORER CLOUSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS



LORD RAYMES HAS A NARROW ESCAPE

SOMETHING is the matter with the girl," pronounced Lady Custerd.

"The birth ——" began Lord Raymes, and paused to remove a grapeskin.

"What!" cried the lady.

"Of common-sense."

She shook her head.

"It is something more serious than that."

"Good Gad!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean anything we'll have to disinfect for?"

"I mean something mental, Raymes."

"On the contrary," he replied, "I think she is growing steadily saner."

"It is extraordinary how difficult it is to make you understand things sometimes," sighed Lady Custerd. "I mean that Sylvia has something on her mind."

"Long may it lie there!" he exclaimed piously. "Nothing has ever become her so well as this attack of depression. I am growing positively fond of her."

"It really does seem to have a softening influence."

"I didn't like to tell you before," he said confidentially, "for fear you'd suspect me of the vice of exaggeration; but I positively noticed a tear in her eye yesterday."

"Poor girl!" exclaimed his sister-in-law. "Do you know, Raymes, I saw one, too! She had been pretending to read, but I saw she was looking at you—and suddenly I noticed her eyes glistening."

"She was looking at me when I spotted the phenomenon," said he, "and do you know, Gwendolen, I've observed a decided tendency to leave me in peace and mind her own business. Putting two and two together, I diagnose penitence."

"Penitence!"

"The thing one reads of in books and hears of in sermons."

"What is she penitent for?"

"What for!" he cried. "Good Gad! She has made my quiet journey to the grave a kind of steeplechase. The jumps have been perfectly devilish. If I hadn't inherited a deuced tough constitution and acquired a knack of paying no attention to enthusiastic conversationalists I'd have been buried weeks ago. Her sorrow is belated, I admit, but nothing was ever more called for."

"I wish I could think it was only penitence," said Lady Custerd, "but I am afraid that there is something that distresses her much more than penitence usually does."

"Yes," he admitted, "repentance seldom produces even an apology."

"Well, then, don't you think she is, perhaps, taking to heart the failure of some of her missions?"

"That would be an even greater bit of luck," he said brightly. "To realize one has consistently made a fool of one's self is the first step toward becoming a useful member of society."

"You are rather hard on her," said the kind-hearted lady gently. "A poor girl in Sylvia's state of mind may do something very sad and rash."

"I'll keep the gun-room and medicine-chest locked up, and spread a strawberry net under her bedroom window if you like," he answered. "But upon my word, I don't really think you need worry."

"Oh, I didn't mean anything so dreadful as that!"

"Personally," he continued, "I expect it will either end in a bout of missionary work or an orgy of bridge."

"I remember, poor Lady Elizabeth Poppinpool after she had a disappointment went into a convent, and people say she wasn't fed properly at all there. Anyhow, she ran away and published a book about it, and ended by marrying a Nonconformist."

Lord Raymes mused for some moments.

"That's not half a bad program," he remarked at length.

"Not half bad?" she exclaimed. "Oh, Raymes!"

"My dear Gwendolen," he replied gently, "I trust that no one will accuse me of desiring anything but my ward's welfare. I propose to have a little quiet conversation with her when I find a suitable opportunity. I shall be as sympathetic as I can and, perhaps, we may learn what is troubling the child. Don't you agree with me that that will be best?"

"I always say," smiled Lady Custerd, "that nobody would guess how kind you are if they only judged you by your conversation."

"No," he agreed, "I don't suppose they would."

The opportunity occurred in the course of the following morning when he perceived Miss Braybrooke sitting pensively in a secluded arbor. He entered with a gentle air and his kindliest smile and, for the first time since she came to the house, seated himself voluntarily in close proximity to his ward. As he did so it occurred to the still gallant old gentleman that he had surely been neglecting his opportunities. In this silent humor, with her fine eyes quietly thoughtful and a faint, melancholy smile on her curved lips, she made a most entrancing picture. With old-fashioned courtesy he asked her if he might continue to smoke his cigar within the arbor and, having obtained

her permission, he talked for a few minutes tactfully about roses. She smiled, but seemed apathetic. Then, moving a little closer to her, he said gently:

"You have been much in my thoughts lately, Sylvia."

In front of the bench where they sat stood a little rustic table, and on this lay Sylvia's hand encased in a gardening glove. Her guardian picked it up and pressed it paternally as he spoke. She shot him a quick glance, unhappy, yet resigned, and answered with a sigh: "Have I?"

"Yes, my dear girl, you have, indeed. You are not looking well."

"I am feeling perfectly well, thank you," she replied listlessly.

"My dear Sylvia, you cannot deceive a guardian's anxious eye. Your mind is not at rest; your spirits are no longer the amazement of your elders and the life of the house. Now, let me talk to you like a friend. Forget that I am your guardian; will you?"

She threw him another curious glance—a gleam of misery followed by an infinity of patience.

"Forget you are my guardian?" she sighed. "Yes, I'll try."

"Well, then, what's to be done? Now, it seems to me that what you need is a change of life and of interests."

"Of life and of interests?" she repeated.

"Yes, Sylvia, that is what you require. You have sought and tried the various distractions and interests of maidenhood. You have been a suffragist, a socialist—run through, in fact, the regular modern program. Now, what about trying an old-fashioned remedy, a solace that has brought comfort to many a troubled heart? It entails, I admit, a certain amount of seclusion, a sacrifice of many worldly interests, and so on. I allude, need I say ——"

"No," she interrupted with an air of sudden decision. "You needn't. I quite understand. In fact, I have been thinking about this step for some days myself."

"By Gad, you don't say so?"

"Yes," she replied firmly; "it came upon me all of a sudden that my duty lay nearer home than I had realized."

"Nearer home?" he repeated apprehensively. "I—er—had thought of a quiet place in Spain."

She looked doubtful.

"I hardly think, at your age, it would be advisable."

He seemed surprised.

"At mine? You mean at yours!"

"It is very kind of you," she said softly, and then with decision: "No! If I were simply to think of my own enjoyment it would spoil the feeling of sacrifice. Forgive me for putting it like that! And don't, please, don't imagine I don't realize what I am gaining in return! I have been repeating to myself for days all the reasons why I should take this step; and now I am quite—yes, quite—reconciled."

Though a little puzzled he regarded this speech, on the whole, as eminently satisfactory.

"You're a deuced sensible girl, Sylvia," he said.

She looked at him earnestly.

"Then you will forgive me if I don't use the conventional word love?"

"Love?" he gasped. "What the deuce has love got to do with it?"

As he spoke he endeavored to withdraw his hand, but he found it firmly held. "Hooked, b'Jove!" he murmured indistinctly, and endeavored chaotically to remember what a spirited fish did next.

"You are right," she replied gravely. "Why should we deceive ourselves? It will be a marriage, on my side, of duty and devotion; and on yours—well, you have confessed you are a little fond of me; haven't you?"

She looked at him with a smile so tenderly arch and an eye so divinely kind that no gentleman could possibly explain he had been endeavoring to persuade her to immure herself in a convent.

"Er—yes," he said weakly, and realized the instant after that his happy bachelorhood was irretrievably abandoned.

"At last," she continued, still smiling beneficently, "I have found my true mission! My mistakes have served to show me what I am not fitted for; but I do think I can promise you that I shall make your life livelier and happier than it has been!"

"Livelier and happier," he repeated, though not in a voice distinguished by either of these qualities; and then, desperately rallying his faculties, exclaimed: "My dear Sylvia, this is one of the most sporting things I have ever known; but, really and positively, I cannot allow you to make this sacrifice. It isn't right; I should never forgive myself! No, no, no, Sylvia; it has been a mad dream. Let us leave it at that."

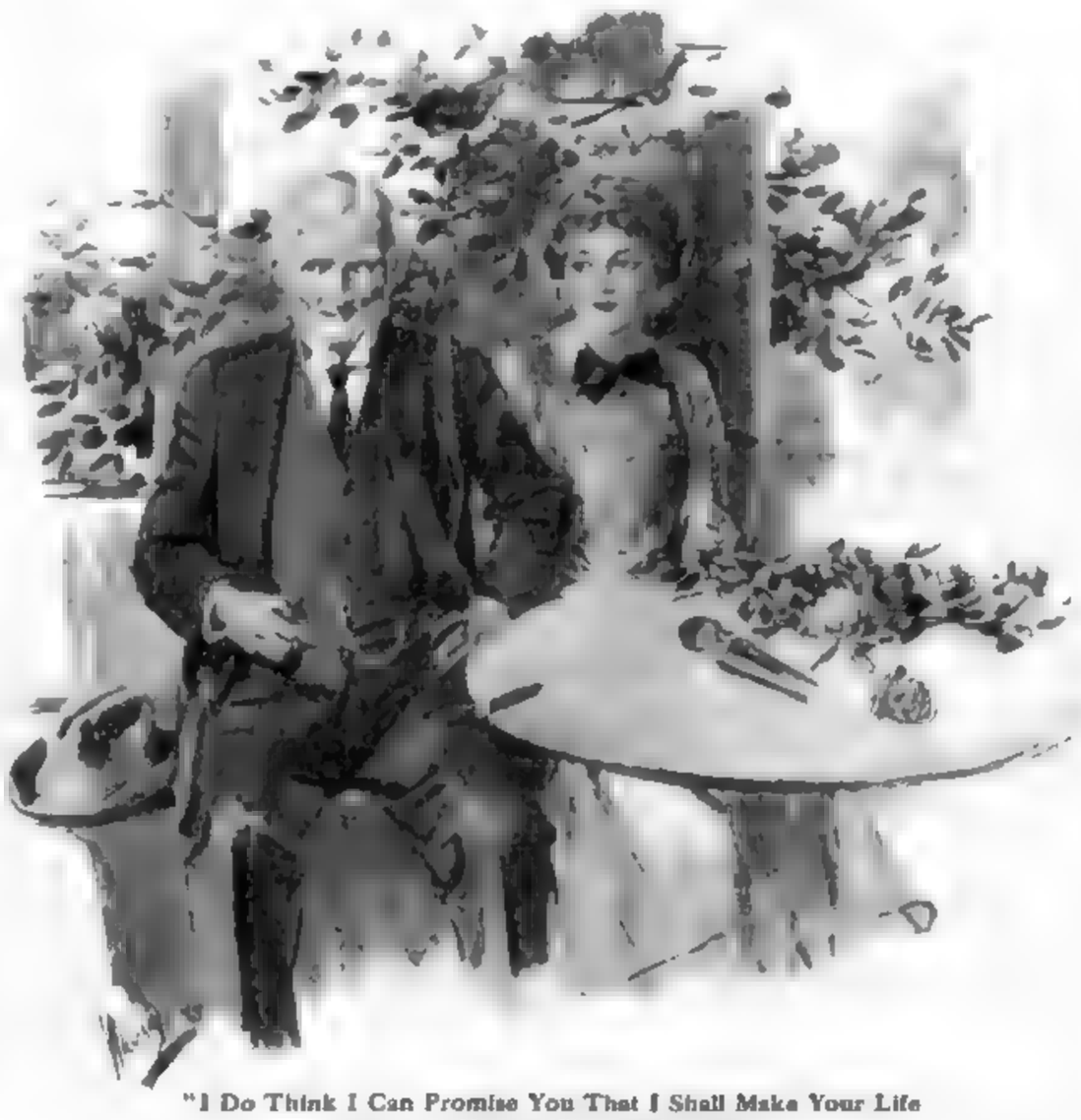
She opened her eyes a little. "But you have just been urging me!"

He realized that, besides being ungentlemanly, it was now too late to tell the truth.

"I am a bit of a flirt," he confessed.

Her dark eyes searched his erring soul.

"Is that true?" she demanded in a voice that trembled.



"I Do Think I Can Promise You That I Shall Make Your Life Livelier and Happier Than it Has Been!"

Again Lord Raymes cursed his incurably honorable instincts. "No," he sighed.

She looked at him reproachfully.

"Why do you say these things? They don't do you justice!"

"I only wanted to save you from a fate which I tremble to contemplate! My dear Sylvia, think—just think—what a dreadful omen it is when a girl spends miserable days in contemplating the prospect of matrimony!"

"But I am happy now!" she cried. "It was only the anticipation I dreaded."

These memoirs have been compiled to little purpose if they have not served to prove that Lord Raymes was a philosopher. A look of profound resignation was followed by a creditable appearance of happiness.

"Well, then, hang it, let's make the best of things!" he exclaimed, and cocked his felt hat at an airier angle. "You're a deuced pretty girl, Sylvia; hey?"

Her eyes gently rebuked this outburst.

"I think you had better not sit out here any longer. You may catch rheumatism. Let us come back to the house, dear uncle—I mean, dear Raymes."

She took his elbow to assist him to rise and smiled with maternal affection.

"I mean to consecrate my life to your health and comfort," she added; "compliments are not the reward I seek."

A sudden gleam of hope lit her fiancé's eyes.

. . . . . .

In the course of that afternoon he confided the happy news to his sister-in-law.

"But it is perfectly preposterous!" she cried.

"Perfectly," he agreed.

"Of course, it is merely your title she wants."

He shook his head.

"You do her an injustice, Gwendolen."

Lady Custerd's placidity for once deserted her.

"Men are so innocent—yes, even you, Raymes—whenever there's a girl in the case! May I ask what other earthly reason she can have for marrying you?"

"It is the most dramatic sacrifice she can think of at the moment. All the best women have a mania for immolation, and Sylvia possesses every fault of the saints."

She looked extremely shocked.

"What dreadful cynicism!" she exclaimed.

"I am old," he continued, unmoved by her protest; "I am gouty; I catch a cold in my head on the slightest provocation; in short, I am an ideal affliction for any woman with the least tendency toward martyrdom. I ought to have known she would want to marry me."

"Then you actually mean to let her do it?"

"Woman proposes, Providence disposes," he replied enigmatically.

That evening Lord Raymes surprised his household by appearing for the first time for several decades in a white waistcoat. On the lapel of his coat blushed a rose, and his air was in keeping with these embellishments. Champagne glasses gave the cloth an equally festive appearance, and so well did he do his duty that before dinner was over a second bottle was opened.

"What about your gout?" asked Sylvia gravely.

"Gout be hanged!" he laughed, and made another effort to press her foot beneath the table.

By this time the girl looked decidedly less happy than he, and Lady Custerd was resigned to the worst. Raymes was actually in love, she felt sure. How he had deceived her in his account of the entanglement! When with an amorous air he threw out a broad hint that his betrothed and he would be glad of an uninterrupted tête-à-tête, she sighed unhappily and retired to her boudoir.

No sooner were they alone together in the drawing-room than the fond lover threw himself in a chair close by his mistress' side.

"Well, darling!" he smiled.

She answered coldly:

"Was there anything in particular you wished to talk about?"

"Can't you guess?" he murmured tenderly.

Instead, however, of guessing, she replied with extreme gravity:

"I am afraid you have taken a little too much champagne."

"Ah, Sylvia," he assured her, "it began before the champagne. It began—let me see—when you first pressed my hand."

"*I* pressed your hand!"

"Don't you remember—in the arbor—when your little fingers lay upon the table and I felt them gently closing upon mine?"

"I didn't mean it in that sense," she said hastily.

"I know what a girl means when she squeezes a fellow's fingers!" He winked and she shuddered.

"I wish you wouldn't talk like this!" she said.

"Deeds, not words, eh? Won't you sit on my knee?"

The expression of sacrifice had quite left her startled face.

"Have you forgotten your age?" she demanded.

"Completely. And, by Gad, I'll make you forget it, too!"

He stretched out an affectionate hand, but before it reached her Sylvia rose with dignity and stood haughtily at a safer distance. In this attitude she looked down upon him with an expression of compassionate severity.

"Uncle Raymes!" she began, and at the resumption of this title the old gentleman smiled with extraordinary satisfaction, "I am afraid you have made a mistake."

"Many," he agreed. "I've been a deuce of a sinner."

"I mean in asking me to marry you."

He could not restrain a startled movement.

"D'ye mean to suggest that I asked you?"

Her eyes opened wide.

"Have you really forgotten?" she inquired with such a delicate suggestion of the only possible cause of his aberration that he could only answer meekly:

"N-no."

"It might have been a very embarrassing mistake," she resumed, "if I had allowed this foolish affair to go any further; but if you will just try and think quietly for a few minutes I am sure you will see for yourself that the kindest thing I can do is to put an end to it at once."

There are moments when even a trodden peer will turn.

"But, look here, I say," he protested, "you talk as if I were responsible ——"

"No," she interrupted firmly but kindly; "I do not consider you quite responsible, or I should be extremely angry. In fact, I couldn't consent to stay here any longer."

With almost excessive eagerness he suggested:

"After what has passed, Sylvia, don't you think you had better not stay in any case?"

She beamed down on him forgivingly.

"I shall let it make no difference, Uncle Raymes."

She swam gracefully to the door and, as she passed out, threw him a reassuring smile.

"Well," sighed the bruised philosopher, "I've made her disgorge me, anyhow."

THAT MISS BROWN

"YOU can return it the next time you are over," said Sylvia.

The young man took the book reverentially, as if he were afraid of defiling anything of hers by touching it too boldly with his unworthy hands.

"I dare say I can bring it back tomorrow," he said.

She smiled in a sisterly way.

"Oh, but you won't be able to read it through by then."

"I'll sit up till two in the morning."

She shook her head at him

"That isn't the way to read books. We won't be able to discuss it unless you have thoroughly understood it."

He looked at her despairingly.

"Must we always discuss books? I—I'd like to talk to you about—other things." He began warmly and finished limply, for her eyes were steady and calm.

"What did we agree about our friendship?" she asked, with another sisterly smile.

"I know—dash it!" he sighed.

It was only too true that he had pledged his faith as a man and a gentleman to join this divinity in erecting a temple to Plato—as that philosopher is interpreted by ladies of twenty. Edmund Usherwood would have given half his ample fortune to be able to demolish the beastly thing—if he could only be sure of setting up the edifice he wanted instead. But even Plato was better than parting.

"I'll read it carefully," he said gloomily.

Sylvia regarded with approval both the obedient attitude and the young man on whom it sat so disconsolately. It was now about a couple of months since this tall, strapping Nimrod—owner of a pleasantly tanned skin, remarkably good features, and six thousand acres—had returned from a year's big-game shooting and globe trotting and reopened his family mansion. It stood about a mile distant from Lord Raymes' seat, and within a week of his homecoming Edmund Usherwood had made Miss Braybrooke's acquaintance. Within a fortnight he had fallen a victim to her charms, and in that condition he remained. As for Sylvia, she had discovered another mission. There were sad gaps in his reading; he confused socialism and anarchy; he was unsound on the rights of woman; he overestimated the fox and the pheasant; in short, he was magnificent raw material for an intelligent and sympathetic sister. And she was doing her conscientious best to shape this block of granite into an elegant statue of—well, she had not quite formulated her ideal of what Mr. Usherwood was going to become, but certainly it should be something very choice.

From a mullioned window their parting was watched by two interested spectators.

"Good Gad, she's giving him another dashed book!" exclaimed Lord Raymes.

"It's the fourth this week," sighed Lady Custerd.

"And he's going off as if he were following a hearse."

"She seems quite happy."

"I could wring her neck," said his lordship viciously, "and, by Gad, his, too!"

"Oh, but, Raymes, he is in love, I'm perfectly certain."

"Then why the deuce can't he go at her like a man and make her marry him? The way young fellows waste time nowadays is perfectly sickening. When I proposed to your late lamented sister she hardly knew me by sight, but I'd got the ring on her finger inside three minutes."

"Sylvia is so peculiar," she sighed.

"Yes," he said; "I admit it's rather like tackling a hedgehog. How to make the brute unroll—that's the problem."

"I wish you wouldn't talk about it quite so unromantically."

He calmed down still further.

"I have now relieved my feelings," he said, "and I apologize, Gwendolen, to your entire sex. At the same time it is quite clear that Edmund Usherwood can't be left any longer to his own devices. I trust you talk to her about him diplomatically?"

"I told her he was a model son."

"Did you mention that his parents died when he was five years old?"

"No, Raymes, I'm afraid I didn't."

He smiled with flattering approval.

"We men are comparatively harmless creatures," he pronounced.

She knew he implied a high compliment, but wished he had expressed it a little more clearly.

"Are you quite sure we oughtn't to tell her he will come in for a peerage some day?" she asked.

"It would be fatal," he replied emphatically. "Her grandfather was a marquis and I'm a viscount—peers have the worst associations for her."

"Then I think you had better speak to Edmund himself. Evidently we can do nothing with her."

"That's the case in a nutshell," he replied.

He had not long to wait, for, in spite of all warnings against hurried reading, the disciple of Plato arrived on the following morning with the book swathed in several layers of paper. As he approached the house his lips moved silently. He was trying to imprint upon his memory what he considered the salient points of the treatise. Intellectual exercises had never been his foible hitherto, but where are the limits to the miracles of love? He had barely crossed the threshold when he was greeted by Lord Raymes.

"May I have a word with you, Edmund?" he asked, in his friendliest way.

Deceived by the old gentleman's courteous air, the young man followed him unsuspiciously into the library. He regretted the delay in recommencing his torments, yet there was something in his host's beneficent expression that made him vaguely hope he might be the bearer of some wildly impossible good news. Could his divinity, for instance, have indicated a desire that her guardian should announce her unconditional surrender? It is true that—with the exception of certain royal personages—he could not recall any well-authenticated instance of a lady's taking this step, but one never knows one's luck.

"Are you aware," began Lord Raymes, "that my house is not a sanitarium?"

He had meant to talk with more than paternal kindness, but at the spectacle of this muscular Adonis nervously clasping a volume of critical essays on the poetical drama, he could not prevent a note of acidity from stealing in.

"I—I beg your pardon?" stammered Edmund, with not unnatural surprise.

"I said a sanitarium."

"For—for what?" asked Edmund.

"For inefficient lovers."

The young man colored deeply. This seemed to him one of the most indelicate remarks he had ever listened to.

"Do you mean—er—me?"

"I do." The old gentleman's voice softened and he continued in a more sympathetic tone: "Believe me, my dear Edmund, fatuity no more pays in love than in any other profession. It is the dream of my old age to see my dear ward happily married to a good husband like yourself, but how the deuce do you suppose you are going to bag her so long as you go on playing at little brother and big sister, eh?"

Edmund's back stiffened and his brows contracted.

"Is that all you wish to say to me?"

"No, my boy; that's merely a preliminary canter. I propose to give you some practical advice. You want to marry her, I presume?"

Thus directly appealed to, Edmund had to answer.

"Er—yes; I may as well admit that I do."

"Yes, you may just as well, since you would deceive no one if you denied it. Now, in the first place, please get it into your head that nothing is easier than to make a woman marry one. The only difficulty is how to prevent her. If I possessed your advantages of height and weight and youth, I'll lay you five sovereigns to two I'd have her in the bag inside a week! There are several dodges." The old gentleman spoke with a confidential earnestness that could not but impress Edmund with a favorable opinion of his sincerity, even though his romantic instincts revolted against the austere intellectualism of his attitude. "The first is an appeal to her remarkable instinct for looking after people. What about telling her you'd a weak heart and might die at any moment, eh? If you happen to dislike lying I could tell her, and all you'd have to do would be to clap your hand to your side every now and then—the left side, remember, about three inches above your watch pocket. From what I know of Sylvia, I'm practically certain she'd insist on marrying you out of hand—especially if we implored her not to. How does that strike you?"

The young man looked at him steadily.

"Do you really think I would stoop to deceive her?"

"My dear fellow, I only threw it out as a suggestion. Another effective method, and a very simple one, if you can only screw yourself up to the scratch, is the strong-man-roused idea. Go at her passionately, kiss her against her will, take no denial, that sort of thing! You've no idea how these soulful women like being rushed. What do you say, eh?"

Edmund received this proposition with equal distaste.

"I have more respect for Miss Braybrooke," he replied.

"Then, Edmund, there is only one thing for it—and it's what you must do—I insist upon it! You must cool off a bit; show her you can do without her; keep away for a day or two and make her want to get you back again. I give you my word of honor Sylvia will marry you sooner than lose you. She has the collector's instinct—like all charming women. Now, then; what? Eh?"

Edmund looked at him more in pity than in anger.

"You do not understand her in the least. Miss Braybrooke is too modest, too—er—fine a girl to—er—feel what you insinuate. Some women might be attracted by such tactics, but she is—er——"

"An angel?"

"Yes," said the young man firmly.

"In that case," replied Lord Raymes, "I must ask you to leave my house instantly, and I forbid you to enter it again till I send for you."

"You forbid me?" gasped Edmund.

"Yes. I am sorry, my boy, to have to take so strong a course, but in your present state of mind you are unfit to associate with the comparatively sane. Now, come along; when I said instantly I meant instantly."

And taking him kindly yet firmly by the arm he led the disconsolate lover to the door.

"If you attempt to see or communicate with Sylvia till I give you permission," he added, "I shall no longer regard you as a gentleman of honor. Good-by."

. . . . . .

Several times in the course of the afternoon Lord Raymes had the satisfaction of observing on his ward's face an expression of uneasy curiosity, but it was not till they were at dinner that she asked with a careless air:

"Didn't Mr. Usherwood come over this morning?"

"Yes," he said indifferently; "he did."

There was a pause during which the old diplomatist noticed that she crumbled her bread into a fine powder

"To see you, I suppose?" she said presently.

"Yes," he answered absently.

"I mentioned it because he spoke of returning a book he had borrowed."

"Did he?"

"He didn't leave it with you?"

"No," said her guardian, with a benignant old gentleman's smile.

"He came to see you on business, I presume?"

He nodded with the same kindly air.

"Yes; merely on business."

"And left no message?"

"For whom?" he asked innocently.

"I mean about the book."

He shook his head vaguely.

"N-no; I don't remember his mentioning it."

During the following day he noticed an unusual restlessness in his ward's demeanor, but she made no mention of her fellow-Platonist. On the next day these symptoms were still more manifest, and that night Lady Custerd said to Lord Raymes with a mysterious smile:

"She has been talking about him!"

"Kindly?"

"She is dreadfully puzzled."

He raised a warning finger.

"Remember, not a word of explanation. Leave that to me."

(Concluded on Page 64)

"Oh, By-the-Way, Who the Deuce is Miss Brown?"

HEAD ON

By CY WARMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BRETT

The Wreck of the Tea Train

ON A WILD, black Friday night the Limited left Beffingham one hour and sixteen minutes late. When the engineer climbed into the cab he carried an order to run one hour late to Bylands and fifty-five minutes late to the river, which was the end of his run. That is to say, he might make up sixteen minutes between Beffingham and Bylands and five minutes more west of the latter point, but he must arrive at the end of the run not less than fifty-five minutes late.

He Stopped Laughing and Stared at the Old Chief

Up from the river, blizzard-blown, a fast freight was coming with thirty cars of tea. As this traffic is important, the dispatcher who was working the line from Beffingham west began figuring on a meeting-point that would cause as little delay as possible to the tea train and, at the same time, give the Limited a clear track.

When the Limited left Beffingham the dispatcher sent a duplicate order to the operator at Bylands and to the operator at Meadows, fifteen miles farther west, which read:

Number One, Engine 444, and extra east, Engine 777, will meet at Coalville.

Coalville was but four miles east of Meadows, where the tea extra was hung up for orders.

This order was issued at 9:46, repeated back by both operators and O. K.'d by the dispatcher at 9:48 and delivered to the conductor of the extra at 9:49 P. M.

With that off his mind the second-trick man began to look into the doings of less important trains and fill out orders for power for the early morning outgoing extras and work trains.

The night winds cried in the eaves and whined at the dispatcher's window. The Black Flyer in front of the Limited trembled away through the storm. The trained driver, with a nerve like nickel steel, gave her a little more steam, cutting the lever back and shortening the valve stroke on all the down grades.

The grim fireman at the furnace door fought a good fight with the wind head on. So marvelous was her steaming and pulling power that, despite the storm in her face and the snow at her feet, she began to pick up a few seconds here and there. In twenty minutes she had made up sixty seconds.

The sooty stoker climbed into the cab and peered at the steam gauge that stood trembling at the popping-point. He knew by the swing and sway, as the driver knew by the throb and thrill, that the great engine was doing good work. The two men exchanged quick glances. The driver showed just the hint of a smile of encouragement and the fireman dropped to the deck again. The driver stared at the window in front of him, plastered with wet snow. He knew instinctively that they were nearing Granville. He put his head out, but the storm strangled and blinded him. He whistled, shutting off, slowed and stopped at the station one hour and fourteen minutes late. Here lucky people returning from their holiday outing climbed down, while others, bound for the big town by the river, took their places on the eventful train. This was the last day upon which tickets were good returning. Every seat was taken in the day coaches. A farmer with his wife went grumbling to the rear and bought two places in the Pullman, grudging the money.

Meanwhile, the operator at Meadows, having signed the order, delivered it to the conductor of the tea train, hurrying him as the dispatcher had ordered. But the extra did not leave at once, and Meadows, knowing the importance of the opposing train, called the dispatcher and said: "The extra east is not getting away."

DISPATCHER: "Matter?"

MEADOWS: "Don't know."

DISPATCHER: "Hold it."

MEADOWS: "Minute," meaning wait a minute.

Now, as the operator at Meadows darted out to see about the extra, the dispatcher called Bylands: "Number One coming?"

BYLANDS: "Yes."

DISPATCHER: "Minute—may bust it."

This meant hold them a minute, may bust the order and let the Limited go to Meadows for the extra. Meadows was west, Bylands east, with Coalville, the meeting-point, between; see?

Now the dispatcher began calling Meadows again, but, you know, the operator had gone out to stop the extra. Presently he said to the dispatcher: "It's going; shall I stop it?"

DISPATCHER: "Let it go."

He was holding the Limited at Bylands, and as the extra was under way with only four miles of steel between her and Coalville, he figured that she would clear the Limited easily.

Now he turned to Bylands and, when the agent answered, said "Sign it," meaning that he should sign the order fixing the meeting-point at Coalville, the order under which the extra was bowling up the line.

Then came, like a thunderclap, a message that almost paralyzed the dispatcher's arm: "It's gone!"

"Gone!" gasped the dispatcher, but he wasted no time on Bylands. He called Meadows.

DISPATCHER: "Stop the extra."

MEADOWS: "It's gone."

DISPATCHER: "Stop it."

MEADOWS: "I can't—it's gone."

DISPATCHER: "You must stop it."

Now the desperate dispatcher began calling Detroi, Detroi, Detroi, but there was no answer. This was a night office next west of Bylands. If only the beggar would answer he could stop the Limited. She was now two minutes west of Bylands. Five minutes more and she would pass Detroi and be doomed.

Although he had no hope of holding the extra, the operator at Meadows rushed out again and was joyed to see the tail lights of the tea train showing through the storm. He began to give frantic stop signs and shouting to the rear brakeman at that moment visible on the top of the train. But the storm carried his cry away and finally the two lights puckered and passed into the dark.

And so, now, the tea train was out on the main line with an order to meet the Limited at the next station east, and the Limited splitting the storm with no order at all.

All these life-long minutes the dispatcher, over his own, and Bylands, over the commercial wire, were calling Detroi. There was no answer. Perhaps the very intensity of the call confused the operator at Detroi, perhaps he slept—nobody knew at the time and nobody knew after, for he was never seen after that awful Friday night.

For seven suffering minutes the dispatcher called; seven minutes in which he lived and aged seven years. Seven minutes of agony that can be known only to a man who has had the misfortune to allow two opposing trains to be let loose on a single track; doomed to sit in silence while they rush at each other at the rate of a mile a minute.

That is just what these trains were doing at that moment—the Limited at forty and the extra at twenty miles an hour.

The old chief in the office paused two or three times to glance over his glasses at the second-trick man who was working west. He knew by the nervous twitching of the dispatcher's thin hand, by the eager call, that he was in trouble; but you can't help a man in such a hole.

At the end of these awful seven minutes both the dispatcher and Bylands stopped, and instantly Detroi broke in with:

"Number One ——"

"Stop One!" screamed the dispatcher back at Detroi.

Then he grasped the arms of his chair as one waiting for a shock. It came: "Gone!"

Detroi rushed out and slammed up the semaphore, but the Limited was half a mile away. Already her green lamps had been swallowed by the storm and only the glare from the opening firebox showed where she blew.

The dispatcher closed the key.

Great beads of perspiration stood out on his blanched brow. The two trains were now in God's keep. He watched the clock as it coolly ticked the trainmen off to eternity. And the passengers! He thought of his own——

"Clancy!" he yelled, and the old chief faced him. He was a sight as he stood there sweating and shivering at the same time.

"Clancy, can you pray?"

"Why—yes. What's—what's—wrong?"

"Don't stutter; there's only two minutes. In two minutes the Limited and the tea train will be together at the west switch at Coalville. Pray, damn you, pray as you never prayed before. Two minutes, do you hear?—two minutes between these trains and eternity! Get busy, you old grisly, you've been talking religion—make good, old Bible-back, and I'll believe your story."

The dispatcher stopped talking and laughed like a maniac, then he stopped laughing and stared at the old chief, kneeling by his chair, his face upturned to the fierce light, his lips moving, tears streaming from his closed eyes.

From force of habit the white-faced dispatcher reached for the key and called Bylands: "Why did you let Number One go?"

BYLANDS: "You said bust it."

DISPATCHER: "Oh, no—I said *may* bust it."

Perhaps the slam of a door, a cough, a sneeze, or the drop of the poker from the stove—which the operator remembered after—blurred and blotted out the word "may."

(Continued on Page 53)

The Limited Shot Through Like a Paper Wad Through an Air Gun

THE VARMINT

By OWEN JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XII

"WHY, look at the Dink!" said Lovely Mead the next afternoon, as Stover emerged in football togs which he had industriously smeared with mud to conceal their novelty.

"He must be going out for the Varsity!" said Fatty Harris sarcastically.

"By request," said the Gutter Pup.

"Why, who told you?" said Stover.

"You trying for the Varsity?" said Lovely Mead incredulously. "Why, where did you play football?"

"Dear me, Lovely," said Stover, lacing his jacket, "thought you read the newspapers."

"Huh! What position are you trying for?"

"First substitute scorer," said Stover, according to Finnegan's theory. "Any more questions?"

Lovely Mead, surprised, looked at Stover in perplexity and remained silent.

Dink, laughing to himself at the ease of the trick, started across the Circle for the Varsity football field, whither already the candidates were converging to the first call of the season.

He had started joyfully forth from the skeptics on the steps, but once past the chapel and in sight of the field his gait abruptly changed. He went quietly, thoughtfully, a little alarmed at his own daring, glancing at the padded figures that overtopped him.

The veterans with the red L on their black sweaters were apart, tossing the ball back and forth and taking playful tackles at one another. Stover, hiding himself modestly in the common herd, watched with entranced eyes the lithe, sinuous forms of Flash Condit and Charlie DeSoto—greater to him than the faint heroes of mythology—as they tumbled the Waladoo Bird gleefully on the ground. There was Butcher Stevens of the grim eye and the laconic word, a man to follow and emulate; and the broad span of Turkey Reiter's shoulders, a mark to grow to. Meanwhile, Garry Cockrell, the captain, and Mr. Ware, the new coach from the Princeton championship eleven, were drawing nearer on their tour of inspection and classification. Dink knew his captain only from respectful distances—the sandy hair, the gaunt cheek bones and the deliberate eye, whom governors of states alone might approach with equality, and no one else. Under the dual inspection the squad was quickly sorted, some sent back to their House teams till another year brought more weight and experience, and others tentatively retained on the scrubs.

"Better make the House team, Jenks," said the low, even voice of the captain. "You want to harden up a bit. Glad you reported, though."

Then Dink stood before his captain, dimly aware of the quick little eyes of Mr. Ware quietly scrutinizing him.

"What form?"

"Third."

The two were silent a moment studying not the slender, wiry figure, but the look in the eyes within.

"What are you out for?"

"End, sir."

"What do you weigh?"

"One hundred and fifty—about," said Dink.

A grim little twinkle appeared in the captain's eyes.

"About one hundred and thirty-five," he said, with a measuring glance.

"But I'm hard, hard as nails, sir," said Stover desperately.

"What football have you played?"

Stover remained silent.

"Well?"

"I—I haven't played," he said unwillingly.

"You seem unusually eager," said Cockrell, amused at this unusual exhibition of willingness.

"Yes, sir."

"Good spirit; keep it up. Get right out for your House team——"

"I won't!" said Stover, blurting it out in his anger and then flushing: "I mean, give me a chance, won't you, sir?"

Cockrell, who had turned, stopped an instant and came back.

"What makes you think you can play?" he said not unkindly.

"I've got to," said Stover desperately.

"But you don't know the game."

"Jemima! And It Works for Any Time?"

"Please, sir, I'm not out for the Varsity," said Stover confusedly. "I mean, I want to be in it, to work for the school, sir."

"You're not a Freshman?" said the captain, and the accents of his voice were friendly.

"No, sir."

"What's your name?" said Cockrell, a little thrilled to feel the genuine veneration that inspired the "sir."

"Stover—Dink Stover."

"You were down at the Green last year, weren't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Stover, looking down with a sinking feeling

"You're the fellow who tried to fight the whole House?"

"Yes, sir"

"Well, Dink, this is a little different—you can't play football on nothing but nerve."

"You can if you've got enough of it," said Stover, all in a breath. "Please, sir, give me a chance. You can fire me if I'm no good. I only want to be useful. You've got to have a lot of fellows to stand the banging, and you can bang me around all day. I do know something about it, sir; I've practiced tackling and falling on the ball all summer, and I'm hard as nails. Just give me a chance, will you? Just one chance, sir."

Cockrell looked at Mr. Ware, whose eye showed the battling spark as he nodded.

"Here, Dink," he said gruffly, "I can't be wasting any more time over you. I told you to go back to the House team, didn't I?"

Stover, with a lump in his throat, nodded the answer he could not utter.

"Well, I've changed my mind. Get over there in the squad."

The revulsion of feeling was so sudden that tears came into Stover's eyes.

"You're really going to let me stay?"

"Get over there, you little nuisance!"

Dink went a few steps, and then stopped and tightened his shoelaces a long minute.

"Too bad the little devil is so light," said Cockrell.

"Best player I ever played against had no right on a football field."

"But one hundred and thirty-five!"

"Yes, that's pretty light."

"What the deuce were you chinning so long about?" said Cheyenne Baxter to Dink, as he came joyfully into the squad.

"Captain wanted just a bit of general expert advice from me," said Dink defiantly. "I've promised to help out."

The squad, dividing, practiced starts. Stover held his own, being naturally quick; and though Flash Condit and Charlie DeSoto distanced him, still he earned a good word for his performances.

Presently Mr. Ware came up with a ball and, with a few words of instruction, started them to falling on it as it bounded grotesquely over the ground, calling them from the ranks by name.

"Hard at it, Stevens."

"Dive at it."

"Don't stop till you get it."

"Oh, squeeze the ball!"

Stover, moving up, caught the eye of Mr. Ware intently on him, and rose on his toes with the muscles in his arms strained and eager.

"Now, Stover, hard!"

The ball with just an extra impetus left the hand of Mr. Ware. Stover went at it like a terrier, dove and came up glorious and muddy with the pigskin hugged in his arms. It was the extent of his football knowledge, but that branch he had mastered on the soft summer turf.

Mr. Ware gave a grunt of approval and sent him plunging after another. This time as he dove the ball took a tricky bounce and slipped through his arms. Quick as a flash Dink, rolling over, recovered himself and flung himself on it.

"That's the way!" said Mr. Ware. "Follow it up. Can't always get it the first time. Come on, Baxter."

The real test came with the tackling. He waited his turn, all eyes, trying to catch the trick, as boy after boy in front of him went cleanly or awkwardly out to down the man who came plunging at him. Some tackled sharply and artistically, their feet leaving the ground and taking the runner off his legs as though a scythe had passed under him; but most of the tackling was crude, and often the runner slipped through the arms and left the tackler prone on the ground to rise amid the jeers of his fellows.

"Your turn, Stover," said the voice of the captain "Wait a minute." He looked over the squad and selected McCarty, saying: "Here, Tough, come out here. Here's a fellow thinks all you need in this game is nerve. Let's see what he's got."

Dink stood out, neither hearing nor caring for the laugh that went up. He glanced up fifteen yards away where Tough McCarty stood waiting the starting signal. He was not afraid, he was angry clean through, ready to tackle the whole squad, one after another.

"Shall I take it sideways?" said Tough, expecting to be tackled from the side as the others had been.

"No, head on, Tough. Let's see if you can get by him," said Cockrell. "Let her go!"

McCarty, with the memory of past defiances, went toward Stover head down, full tilt. Ordinarily, in practice the runner slackens just before the tackle; but McCarty, expecting slight resistance from a novice, arrived at top speed.

Stover, instead of hesitating or waiting his coming, hurled himself recklessly forward, and shoulder met knee with a crash that threw them both. Stunned by the savage impact Stover, spilled head over heels, dizzy and furious, instinctively flung himself from his knees upon the prostrate body of McCarty, as he had followed the elusive ball a moment before.

"That's instinct, football instinct," said Mr. Ware to Cockrell, as they approached the spot where Dink, still dazed, was clutching Tough McCarty's knees in a convulsive hug.

"Let go! Let go there, you little varmint," said Tough McCarty, considerably shaken. "How long are you going to hold me here?"

Some one touched Dink on the shoulder; he looked up through the blur to see the captain's face.

"All right, Dink, get up."

But Stover released his grip not a whit.

"Here, you young bulldog," said Cockrell with a laugh, "it's all over. Let go. Stand up. Sort of groggy, eh?"

Dink, pulled to his feet, felt the earth slip under him in drunken reelings.

"I missed him," he said brokenly, leaning against Mr. Ware.

"H'm, not so bad," said the coach gruffly.

"How do you feel?" said Garry Cockrell, looking at him with his quiet smile.

Dink saw the smile and misjudged it.

"Give me another chance," he cried furiously. "I'll get him."

"What! Ready for another tackle?" said the captain, looking at him intently.

"Please, sir."

"Well, get your head clear first."

"Let me take it now, sir!"

"All right."

"Hit him harder than he hits you, and grip with your hands," said the voice of Mr. Ware in his ear.

Dink stood out again. The earth was gradually returning to a state of equilibrium, but his head was buzzing and his legs were decidedly rebels to his will.

The captain, seeing this, to give him time, spoke to McCarty with just a shade of malice

"Well, Tough, do you want to take it again?"

"Do I?" said McCarty sarcastically. "Oh, yes, most enjoyable! Don't let me interfere with your pleasure. Why don't you try it yourself?"

"Would you rather watch?"

"Oh, no, of course not. This is a real pleasure to me, thank you. The little devil would dent a freight train."

"All ready, Stover?" said Cockrell.

The players stood in two lines, four yards apart. No one laughed. They looked at Stover, thrilling a little with his communicated recklessness, grunting forth their approval.

"Good nerve."

"The real stuff"

"Little devil!"

Stover's face had gone white, the eyes had dwindled and set intensely, the line of the mouth was drawn taut, while on his forehead the wind lifted the matted hair like a banner. In the middle of the lane, crowding forward, his arms out, ready to spring, his glance fixed on McCarty, he waited like a champion guarding the pass.

"All right, Stover?"

Some one near him repeated the question.

"Come on!" he answered.

McCarty's one hundred and seventy pounds came rushing down. But this time the instinct was strong. He slacked at the end a bit as Stover, not waiting his coming, plunged in to meet him. Down they went again, but this time it was the force of Stover's impact that threw them.

When Cockrell came up, Dink, altogether groggy, was entwined around McCarty with a gaunt grin of possession.

They hauled him up, patted him on the back and walked him up and down in the cool breeze. Suddenly, after several minutes, the mist rose. He saw the fields and heard the sharp cries of the coaches prodding on the players. Then he discovered Cockrell's arm about him.

"All right now?" said the captain's voice.

Stover hastily put the arm away from him.

"I'm all right."

"Did I give you a little too much, youngster?"

"I'm ready again," said Stover instantly.

Cockrell laughed a short, contented laugh.

"You've done enough for today."

"I'll learn how," said Dink doggedly.

"You know the real things in football now, my boy," said the captain shortly. "We'll teach you the rest."

Dink thought he meant it sarcastically.

"You will give me a chance, won't you?" he said.

"Yes," said the captain, laying his hand on his shoulder with a smile. "You'll get chance enough, my boy. Fact is, I'm going to start you in at end on the scrub. You'll get all the hard knocks you're looking for there. You won't get any credit for what you do—but you boys are what's going to make the team."

"Oh, sir, do you mean it?"

"I'm in the habit of meaning things."

"I'll—I'll——" began Stover, and then stopped before the impossibility of expressing how many times his life should be thrown to the winds.

"I know you will," said the captain, amused. "And now, you young bulldog, back to your room and get together."

"But I want to go on; I'm feeling fine."

"Off the field," said the captain with terrific sternness.

Dink went like a dog ordered home, slowly, unwillingly, turning from time to time in hopes that his captain would relent.

When he had passed the chapel and the strife of the practice had dropped away he felt all at once short, busy pains running up his back and over his shoulders. But he minded them not. At that moment with the words of the captain—*his* captain forever now—ringing in his ears, he would have gone forth gratefully to tackle the whole team, one after another, from wiry little Charlie DeSoto to the elephantine P. Lentz.

Suddenly a thought came to him.

"Gee, I bet I shook up Tough McCarty, anyhow!" he said grimly. And refreshed by this delightful thought he went briskly across the Circle.

At the steps Finnegan, coming out the door, hailed him excitedly:

"Hi, Dink, we've got a Freshman who's setting up to jiggers and éclairs. Hurry up!"

"No," said Dink.

"What?" said Dennis De Brian De Boru Finnegan.

"I can't," said Dink, bristling; "I'm in training."

"One Moment, John. Are You Contemplating Any Further Inventions?"

XIII

THE Tennessee Shad, reclining in an armchair softened by sofa cushions, gave critical directions to Dink Stover and Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan, to whom, with great unselfishness, he had surrendered all the privileges of the hanging committee.

"Suppose you agitate yourself a little," said Dink, descending from a rickety chair which, placed on a table, had allowed him to suspend a sporting print from the dusty moulding.

"The sight of you at hard labor," said Finnegan, from a bureau on the other side of the room, "would fill me with cheer, delectation and comfort."

The Tennessee Shad, by four convulsive processes, reached his feet.

"Oh, very well," he said carelessly. "Thought you preferred to run this show yourselves."

Picking up a poster, he selected with malicious intent the most unsuitable spot in the room and started to climb the bureau, remarking:

"This is about it, I should say."

The artistic souls of Dink and Dennis protested.

"Murder, no!"

"You chump!"

"Too big for it."

"Well, if you know so much," said the Tennessee Shad, halting before the last upward struggle and holding out the poster, "where would you put it?"

Stover and Dennis indignantly bore the poster away and with much effort and straining tacked it in an appropriate place.

"Why, that is better," said the Tennessee Shad admiringly, regaining his chair, not too openly. "Much better. Looks fine! Great! Say, I've got an idea. Stick the ballet girl under it."

"What?"

"You're crazy!"

"Well, where would you put it?"

"Here, you chump."

"Why, that's not half bad, either," said the Tennessee Shad, once more back among the cushions. "A trifle more to the left, down—now up—good—make fast. First rate; guess you have the best eye. Now, where are you going to put this?"

By this process of self-debasement and generous exterior admiration the Tennessee Shad perceived the heavy hanging and arranging brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

The vital touches were given, the transom was hung with heavy black canvas; a curtain of the same was so arranged as to permit its being drawn over the telltale cracks of the door. Dennis and Stover, sent to reconnoiter from the hall, waited while the Tennessee Shad passed a lighted candle back and forth over the sealed door. One traitor crack was discovered and promptly obliterated.

"Now we're secure," said the Tennessee Shad. "Cave of silence and all that sort of thing. The Old Roman would have to smell us to get on."

"How about the windows?" said Dink.

"They're a cinch," said the Shad. "When you get the shade down and the shutters closed a blanket will fix them snug as a bug in a rug. Now, at nine o'clock we can go to bed without suffering from drafts. Ha, ha—joke."

"Burn the midnight oil, etceteray—etcetera."

"Tomorrow," said the Tennessee Shad, "Volta Mashon is going to install a safety light for us."

"Elucidate," said Dink.

"A safety light is a light that has a connection with the door. Shut door, light; open door, where is Moses? Midnight reading made a pleasure."

"Marvelous!"

"Oh, I've heard of that before," said Finnegan.

The Tennessee Shad, meanwhile, had been busy stretching a string from his bed to the hot-air register and from a stick at the foot of his bed to a pulley at the top.

Stover and Finnegan waited respectfully until the Shad, having finished his operations, deigned to give a practical exhibition.

"This thing is simple," said he, stretching out on his bed and pulling a string at one side. "Opens hot-air register. No applause necessary. But this is a little, comforting idea of my own. Protection from sudden change of temperature without bodily exposure." Extending his hand he pulled the other rope, which, running through the pulley over his head, brought the counterpane quickly over him. "How's that? No sitting up, reaching down, fumbling about in zero weather."

"That's good as far as it goes," said Dennis, whose natural state was not one of reverence; "but how about the window? Some one has to get up and shut the window."

"Simple as eggs," said the Shad, yawning disdainfully. "A string and a pulley do the trick, see? Down comes the window. All worked at the same exchange. Well, Dink, you may lead the cheer."

Now, Stover suddenly remembered a device he had been told of, and, remembering it, to give it the appearance of improvisation he pretended to deliberate.

"Well," said the Tennessee Shad, surprised, "my humble little inventions don't seem to impress you."

"Naw."

"They don't, eh! Why not?"

"Oh, it's the right principle," said Stover, assuming a deliberative look; "but crude, very crude, backwoods, primitive, and all that sort of thing."

The Tennessee Shad, amazed, looked at Finnegan, who spoke:

"Crude, Dink?"

"Why, yes. All depends on whether the Shad wakes up or not. And then, why hand labor?"

"I suppose you have something more *recherché* to offer," said the Tennessee Shad cuttingly, having recovered.

"Why, yes, I might," said Stover coolly. "A real inventor would run the whole thing by machinery. Who's got an alarm clock?"

Dennis, mystified, returned running with his.

Stover, securing it with strings, fastened it firmly on the table, which he moved near the scene of operations. He then lowered the upper half of the window, assuring himself that a slight impetus would start it. To the sash he attached a stout string which he ran through a pulley fixed to the top of the window frame; to the string he fastened a weight which he carefully balanced on the edge

Whom Governors of States Alone Might Approach With Equality

of a chair; to the weight, thus balanced, he attached another string which he led to the clock and made fast to the stem that wound the alarm. Then he cast a glance over the Shad's handiwork and went to the register.

"When the window shuts it should open the register, of course—first principles," he said crushingly. He disconnected the string from the bed and arranged it on the window. Having wound the clock he addressed his audience:

"It's a simple little thing," he said with a wave of his hand. "I happened to remember that the key of an alarm clock turns as the alarm works. That's all there is to it. Set the alarm when you want to wake up—see like this. Alarm goes off, winds up string, throws weight off balance, weight falls, shuts the window, opens the register and you stay under the covers. Practical demonstration now proceeding."

The mechanism worked exactly as he had predicted. The Tennessee Shad and the Wild Irishman, transfixed with awe, watched with dropped mouths. Finnegan, the first to recover, salaamed in true Oriental fashion.

"Mr. Edison," he said in a whisper, "don't take advantage of two innocent babes in the wood. Did you honestly just work this out?"

"Oh, no, of course not," said Dink loftily. "My father told me—it cost him a fortune; he gave years of his life to perfecting it!"

"And this to me!" said the exponent of the superlative reproachfully.

The Tennessee Shad rose and offered his hand with a gesture worthy of Washington.

"Sir, to you. I am your humble servant. Wonderful! Marvelous! Smashing! Terrific! Sublime!"

"Do it again," said Dennis de Brian de Boru.

The alarm being wound and set, the operation was repeated with the same success, while Dennis danced about excitedly and the Tennessee Shad contemplated it with dreamy absorption.

"Jemima!" said Dennis. "And it works for any time?"

"Any time," said Dink, with one hand gracefully resting on his hip.

"Cracky!" exclaimed Dennis, prancing excitedly toward the door. "I'll get the House up."

"Dennis!"

Finnegan stopped, surprised at the note of authority in the Tennessee Shad's voice.

"Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan, back and sit down."

"What's wrong?"

"You would call in the whole House, would you?"

"Why not?" said Dink, thirsting for the applause of the multitude.

"Dink," said the Shad, in profound sorrow, "oh, Dink! You would throw away a secret worth millions, would you, now?"

Dink looked at Dennis, who returned the look, and then with a simultaneous motion they sat down.

"This invention has millions in it, millions," said the Tennessee Shad, promoter. "It is simple, but revolutionary. Every room must be equipped with it."

"Then there's all the apartment houses," said Dennis eagerly.

"That will come later," said the Tennessee Shad.

"We'll patent it," said Stover, seeing clouds of gold.

"Certainly," said the promoter. "We will patent the principle."

"Let's form a company."

The three rose and solemnly joined hands.

"What shall we call it?"

"The Third Triumvirate?" said Dennis.

"Good!" said the Tennessee Shad.

"What shall we charge?" said Dink.

"We must make a dollar profit on each," said the Tennessee Shad. "That means—four hundred fellows in the school—allowing for roommates, we should clear two hundred and ten dollars at the lowest. That means seventy dollars apiece profit."

"Let's begin," said Dennis.

"I'm unalterably opposed," said Dink, "to allowing Doc Macnooder in the firm."

"Me, too," said Dennis.

"Doc is strong on detail," said the Tennessee Shad doubtfully.

"I'm unalterably opposed," said Dink, "to allowing Doc Macnooder to swallow the firm."

"Me, too," said Dennis.

"Doc has great business experience," said the Tennessee Shad; "wonderful, practical mind."

"I'm unalterably ——" said Dink and stopped, as the rest was superfluous.

"Me, too," said Dennis.

"Some one's got to work for us in the other Houses," said the Tennessee Shad.

"Make him our foreign representative," said Stover.

"And give him a commission?"

"Sure—ten per cent."

"No more," said Dennis. "Even that cuts down our profits."

"All right," said the Tennessee Shad. "As you say, so be it. But still I think Doc Macnooder's business sagacity —"

At this moment Doc Macnooder walked into the room. The three future millionaires responded to his greeting with dignity, keeping in mind that distance that should separate a board of directors from a mere traveling man.

"Hello," said Macnooder glibly. "All shipshape and ready for action. Tea served here and chafing-dish ready for the midnight rabbit. Ha, ha, Dink! Still got the souvenir toilet set, I see."

"Still, but not long," said Dink. "But that story comes later. Sit down, Doc, and pay attention."

"Why so much chestiness?" said Doc, puzzled. "I haven't sold anything to any of you, have I?"

"Doc," said Stover, "we three have formed a company and we want to talk business with you."

"What company?"

"The Third Triumvirate Manufacturing Company," said Dennis.

"What does it manufacture?"

"This," said Stover, indicating the appliance, "a window closer and alarm clock that opens the register."

"Let's see it," said Macnooder, all excitement.

The demonstration took place. Macnooder the enthusiast was conquered, but Macnooder the financier remained cold and controlled. He sat down, watched by three pairs of eyes, took from his pocket a pair of spectacles, placed them on his nose and said indifferently:

"Well?"

"What do you think of it?"

"It's a beaut!"

"I say, Doc," said Finnegan, "now, won't every fellow in the school be crying for one, won't be happy till he gets it, and all that sort of thing?"

"Every fellow in the school will have one," said Macnooder carefully, making a distinction which was perceived only by the Tennessee Shad.

"Now, Doc," said Dink, still glowing with his triumph over the Tennessee Shad, "let's talk business."

Macnooder took off the glasses and minutely polished them with his handkerchief.

"You've formed a company, then."

"The Third Triumvirate—the three of us."

"Well, where do I come in?"

"You're to be our foreign representative."

"Commission ten per cent," added Finnegan carefully.

The Tennessee Shad said nothing, waiting expectantly. Macnooder rose whistling through his teeth and stood gazing down at the alarm clock.

"Foreign representative, commission ten per cent," he said softly.

"We thought we'd give you first whack at it," said Stover in a careless, businesslike way.

"So? What's your idea of developing it?"

"Why, we thought of installing it for a dollar."

"With the clock?"

"Oh, no! The clock extra."

"Charging a dollar for string and pulley?"

"And the invention."

"Humph!"

"Well, Doc, is it a go?" said Dink, observing him fall into a revery.

"No; I guess I'm not much interested in this," said Macnooder, taking up his hat. "There's no money in it."

"Why, Doc," said Finnegan, aghast, "you said yourself every fellow would have to have it!"

"Would have it," said Macnooder in correction. "The invention's all right, but it's not salable."

"Why not?"

"Nothing to sell. First fellow who sees it can do it himself."

Finnegan looked at Stover, who felt his pocket lighter.

"Doc is very strong on detail," said the Tennessee Shad softly, in a reminiscent way.

"You might sell it to one fellow," said Macnooder, "without telling him. But soon as you set it up every one will copy it."

"Great business head," continued the Tennessee Shad.

"It's a good idea," said Macnooder condescendingly. "You might get a vote of thanks, but that's all you would get. Do you see the rub?"

"I see," said Dink.

"Me, too," said Dennis.

"And a wonderful, practical mind," concluded the Tennessee Shad dreamily.

"Well, let's be public benefactors then," said Dennis in a melancholy tone.

"And such a beautiful idea," said Dink mournfully.

"I move the Third Triumvirate disband," said the Tennessee Shad; and there was no objection.

"Now," said Doc Macnooder briskly, sitting down, "I'll put my own proposition to you amateurs. There's only one way to make the thing go, and I've got the way. I take all responsibility and all risks. All I ask is control of the stock—fifty-one per cent."

Ten minutes later the Third Triumvirate Manufacturing Company was reformed on the following basis:

PRESIDENT	Doc Macnooder, 51 shares
ADVISORY BOARD	The Third Triumvirate
TREASURER	Doc Macnooder

PAID-UP CAPITAL

Macnooder	$ 1
The Tennessee Shad	1 70
Dink Stover	1 70
Dennis de B. de B. Finnegan	1 30

"Now," said Macnooder, when the articles were safely signed and the capital paid up, "here's the way we work it. We've got to do two things: first, conceal the way it's done until we sell it; and second, keep those who buy from letting on."

"That's hard," said the Tennessee Shad.

"But necessary. I'm thinking out a plan."

(Continued on Page 61)

"The Young Lawrenceville Boy Seeking to Rest His Too Conscientious Brain"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions, $2 75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 7, 1910

Why the Tariff Will be Revised

AT A MOMENT when the country was congratulating itself upon escape from a tariff war with Canada and there was much pleasant talk of future reciprocity, Quebec announced that it would practically prohibit exportation of pulp wood.

The print paper industry of the United States is ultimately dependent upon Canadian spruce wood. At the present rate of consumption our own limited supply cannot last long, and if we are restricted to that limited supply the price will undoubtedly advance materially. All this was fully set forth in the report of the House Committee, headed by Congressman Mann, which especially investigated the subject. Canada would have given us free pulp wood in return for a reasonable reduction in paper duties. The Mann committee—Republican—recommended such a reduction and the House adopted it. But the Senate, in deference to Mr. Hale, rejected this very reasonable and advantageous bargain. Much of our small supply of pulp wood is in Senator Hale's state; and if the price of print paper is advanced, owing to stoppage of pulp-wood supplies from Canada, the Paper Trust will shed no tears.

Such is the typical result of a tariff dictated by the protected interests. A tariff shaped for the true protection of trade in the United States would unquestionably have embraced the Mann bargain with Canada. From the ruthless hugging of tariff benefits by a few entrenched interests even Republican protectionists are revolting. The demand of Indiana Republicans, led by Senator Beveridge, for scientific, non-partisan reëxamination and readjustment of the whole subject is certain to become irresistible.

Idle Money as a Trouble Breeder

FOR a good while it has been tolerably well known that the demand for rubber—owing partly to the automobile industry—is increasing rapidly. But along in February this fact seemed suddenly to impress itself upon the British consciousness. A great speculation in rubber shares sprang up, proceeding with ever-increasing fury. In brokers' offices, we read, bookkeepers work all night to keep the ledgers posted; lines of clerks a block long stand before the registry office, while on the floor of the Stock Exchange brokers fall asleep from sheer exhaustion. Within a month quotations for whole groups of rubber-company shares advanced thirty and forty per cent. One must go back to the great South African gold-mine craze of 1895 to find an equally violent speculative craze—and, perhaps, when the story is all told, to find an equally violent collapse.

Why this sudden and amazingly extensive discovery of the merits of rubber? In London the following answer is given: Collection of the income tax was suspended during the long Parliamentary fight over the budget; great sums, destined to pay income taxes whenever the fight should be ended, accumulated in the banks, and these sums meanwhile were available for speculative purposes—hence the sudden and tremendous rubber boom. In short, as this country's experience has proved over and over, an idle dollar affords Satan even greater opportunities than an idle hand.

The other day James J. Hill said that the railroads ought to have a billion six hundred millions of fresh capital yearly for six years for permanent improvements in order to avoid chronic and costly traffic congestion. Recently, also, B. F. Yoakum declared, after investigation, that ten million acres of swampy land in Louisiana, worth ten to fifteen dollars an acre and yielding practically nothing, could by the expenditure of only five dollars an acre for reclamation, be converted into rich farms, worth from seventy-five to one hundred dollars an acre and yielding annually twenty to thirty dollars an acre. In other words, the investment of fifty million dollars would create over five hundred million dollars of solid wealth. An important difficulty, of course, is to get hold of the initial fifty millions. Several times that amount, unquestionably, is constantly employed in speculation that creates not a single dollar of new wealth.

Two Democratic Views

ON JEFFERSON DAY the Democratic party was greeted by Mr. Bryan, from far Brazil, with this inspiring sentiment: "Hail to Jefferson, the world's schoolmaster, whose views continue their majestic march around the earth!" Mr. Roger Sullivan, however, expressed the following weighty doubts: "Jefferson was a great man, all right, but if he were to come back to earth and grapple with modern conditions I don't know that he would be so successful. . . . You can't win on talk; you've got to get together and work together"—that is, perfect the organization; get the boys in line; have plenty of hacks to carry negligent voters to the polls.

For some time the Democratic party has been dutifully hailing Jefferson on the one hand, while on the other hand its more practical-minded leaders, such as Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Taggart, have been industriously perfecting the organization. Meanwhile the party has lost ground pretty steadily, receiving fewer electoral votes by fourteen in 1908 than in 1896, while the Republicans received fifty more. Neither hailing Jefferson nor getting the boys in line has answered.

As a historical fact, Mr. Sullivan's doubts regarding the Founder are eminently sound. The Democratic party is weak and unable to grapple effectively with modern problems just about in proportion as it is guided by Jefferson's individualistic, anti-national, states-rights' doctrine, with its jealousy of governmental power and its insistence upon letting every one do about as he pleases. The reforms that have won most popular approval of late years have been gained precisely by increasing the power of the Government and setting bounds upon individual liberty—for example, the liberty of directors to run a railroad as they please. Just where the anti-national views of Jefferson are majestically marching these days, except under the hat of Mr. Bryan, we are at a loss to know.

"You can't," said Mr. Sullivan, "win the battles of today on the history of the past." In a day when the national idea stands high and is steadily rising you can hardly improve your chances of winning the battle by appeals to an ancient and outworn anti-national doctrine.

The Bribe-Giver's Excuse

FOLLOWING certain disclosures at Albany last winter there was a general impression that fire-insurance companies were actively engaged in lobbying by unlawful means. We are edified to learn, from a high authority, that this impression is unfounded because "the efforts of the companies have been only defensive, the menace of hostile bills had to be met somehow, not seeing any other way open, the companies have contributed more or less to buying exemptions, without going very closely into the methods of the agents employed, and they have treated the expenditures as part of the expenses of business."

For this, our informant seems to think, no reasonable man could blame them. This is the old, staple excuse for bribery—that the bribe-giver was merely exercising a natural right of self-protection. Fortunately we have had at Albany a number of striking proofs that this excuse is as hollow as it is threadbare. For example, a legislature which was compelled by public opinion to pass an anti-racing act despite its cherished intentions to the contrary would hardly need to have been bribed in order to prevent it from wantonly crippling a great and beneficial business interest. No argumentative talents would have been required to convince the people of New York that they, as policyholders, really paid the tribute to corrupt politics—which was treated as "part of the expenses of the business."

We do not believe the unwritten political history of this country contains a single instance of the systematic giving of bribes by a legitimate business interest for protection against destructive hold-up bills, when the protection could not have been secured by resolute exposure of the grafters and appeal to the public.

Overloading the Supreme Court

THE most difficult question before the country, no doubt, is that involving the trusts. Mr. Taft disclosed its difficulties when he suggested, in effect, that if monopolistic combinations could not be prevented by law we should have to consider Government control of the prices of trust-made products—a rather harrowing expedient, certainly. But neither by Taft and Roosevelt nor by Bryan has any adequate policy been formulated. Merely to ban a concern that has fifty-one per cent of a given product and bless another that has only forty-nine per cent will not do. The Republican proposal to vest an executive officer with discretion to say which trusts are good and shall live, and which are bad and shall die, is not more acceptable. There ought to be a definite rule, and not mere discretion which might make fish of the Oil Trust and flesh of the Steel Trust, organized in exactly the same way and holding nearly the same position in their industrial fields.

The Sherman law, as so far interpreted by the courts, condemns practically all the trusts, for nearly all of them set restraints upon competition in interstate commerce. To enforce the law in that spirit would produce vast demoralization and reorganization with no compensating benefit to the public.

The President, indeed, by a "more careful reading of recent Supreme Court decisions," discovered that good trusts which restrained competition in a less degree than the bad ones were not prohibited. But apparently the Supreme Court itself has not been able to share that discovery.

The long delay in handing down a decision in the Government suit against the Tobacco Trust, and the recent call for reargument of that and the Oil Trust case—involving another long delay—probably mean that the Court is divided and more or less at sea. Well it may be so.

The task thrust upon it is the essentially legislative one of settling the Government's attitude toward the trusts. The intention of the Sherman law, no doubt, was the simple and ineffectual one of merely prohibiting combinations of competing plants—that is, the formation of trusts. But such combinations have proceeded unhindered, and we now ask the Supreme Court, in effect, to say what, if anything, we are going to do about it. To place this heavy and essentially legislative responsibility upon the shoulders of nine estimable but elderly lawyers at Washington amounts to a rather scandalous shirking of governmental duty. No wonder the court desires more time to think it over and a full bench to sustain the burden.

Philanthropy in Business

FIRST, we believe, among big American corporations, the Harvester Trust proposed to deal honestly and humanly with its industrial victims. It announces voluntary adoption of a civilized plan of compensation for bodily injuries resulting from accidents in its plants—essentially the same sort of plan that other countries enforce by law. In case of death or injury the Harvester Trust will pay promptly, without litigation, according to a moderate but fixed scale based on the victim's earning capacity.

A little later the Steel Trust announced a similar plan, having previously proposed—in good faith, we believe—to abate its heathen rule of working its men every day for seven days in the week. The Trust probably overestimates the difficulties of introducing Sunday—or a weekly rest day—still more widely among its employees. Yet the limited introduction, as in the above instance, is decidedly encouraging.

Various philanthropic organizations have earnestly insisted upon the evils of seven days of grueling labor in a week and of forcing industrial victims into long, costly litigation to collect the damages that are, undoubtedly, justly due them.

It requires no violent stretch of the imagination to suppose that these philanthropic concerns may be partly supported by money derived from Harvester Trust and Steel Trust dividends; and we suppose there is little room for debate as to whether it is better to do justice to one's workmen or give money to a charitable association to enable it to point out the injustices done them.

The growing power of philanthropic motives is attested nearly every time a rich man's will is opened, and often before that event. To make his money humanly and socially useful has become the typical rich man's ambition. The wealth of a majority of such men is in corporations that are great employers of labor.

The opportunity to do good by just and humane dealing with that labor is very large. Indeed, we attach much importance to the trust innovations mentioned above, because they suggest that philanthropy is rising to a height where, so to speak, it begins to operate upon its own substance and to infect the philanthropist before he leaves the office.

In February the Harvester Trust paid an extra dividend of thirty-three per cent. Tipsters say the Steel Trust is earning twenty per cent on its watery common stock. Civilized opinion is beginning to discover a moral discrepancy between such figures and twelve hours of work seven days in the week and denial of the accidentally-injured workman's claim for reasonable damages.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Uncle Joe's Pet

SHOULD you desire, at any time between this and the close of the present session of Congress, a ringing indorsement, an official O. K. of the well-known and usually disconcerting truth, "Chickens come home to roost," visit the Capitol of the United States, make your peace with the watchful Neal who sits on guard at the door, enter the Speaker's room and inquire for the Honorable Joseph Gurney Cannon

When that venerable, venerated, but now somewhat ventilated, statesman appears say to him: "Mr. Speaker, I understand you removed the Honorable George William Norris, of Nebraska, from the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds when making up the committees for the present Congress, and placed him on the Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures."

"Rooty-toot!" will be the reply. "Rooty-toot-dingle-dangle-bezing-bang-BING!" Or words to that general effect.

"And the impression is that, in some circles, this is construed as a demotion instead of a promotion. How about it, old top?"

"Get to Helena out of here!" and business of summoning the guard without to place you without with the guard.

Digressing for the moment to chase a few moral reflections to their philosophical lair, let me remark that though it is highly pleasant and pleasurable to punish your enemies it denotes a brutal and unchristian spirit of reprisal in said enemies if they punish you. The most surprised person in the world is the boy who hits another boy and discovers instantly that the other boy hits him back. So with statesmen There never was a leader who, after he had used a hickory club on some protesting follower, did not display the most intense astonishment if that follower did not immediately fall in line and give three cheers

Our old friend, the aforesaid Speaker, when he was handing out the committee plums for this Congress, having it in mind to slam a few of his enemies, made Angoras of various Republicans, including George William Norris. George William had been on the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, a highly desirable and important assignment. When the Speaker shuffled the members for the annual distribution he casually left George William off Public Buildings and Grounds and put him on Coinage, Weights and Measures

Now Coinage, Weights and Measures has a nifty name. It sounds like ready money. But it isn't. It is one of those ornamental committees that has for its chief function the providing of a chairman and a clerk for one of the faithful, and which has not much other excuse for existence. It was the committee on which the Honorable Timothy Drydollar Sullivan served during those illuminating days when he was in Congress.

However, that is where the Honorable George William Norris, of Nebraska, landed at the beginning of this Congress -landed among the coinage, weights and measures from the pleasing heights of appropriating for public buildings—there being several metropolises in his district that need courthouses and post-offices and such. Hence, George William did not give three cheers. Instead, he sat him down and thought earnestly for a few days and then wrote rapidly on a sheet of paper. Folding that paper neatly, he placed it in his inside pocket, smiled affably at the Speaker and remained comfortably at his desk to await the course of events

The Other Side of the Doormat

AS IT turned out, the course of events was very coarse. There came a time when the Speaker, in an idle moment, left the opening that George William, as head insurgent, was waiting for with patience unexampled.

The Speaker made a ruling that a certain resolution was of the highest privilege, because it had a Constitutional bearing.

"Mr. Speaker," said Norris, rising and reaching into his pocket for that neatly-folded bit of paper that had reposed there snugly for such a time, "if that is the case I beg to present another resolution, also of the highest privilege, inasmuch as it relates to the rules of this House."

"What ho?" inquired the Speaker.

"Ho-ho!" replied Norris, "not to say ha-ha!"

Whereupon, with most deliberate calm, he placed in the hands of the clerk the resolution providing for the appointment of a new Committee on Rules by the House, superseding the Speaker-appointed committee and providing that the Speaker should have no place on said committee.

Whatever He Gets He Will Have to Fight For

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Well, everybody knows the result. The Norris resolution was passed, and now, when the Speaker goes to the Committee on Rules, he finds that the doormat with "Welcome" on it has been replaced with another on which the legend reads: "Keep Out! This Means You!"

Chickens, you understand, come home to roost, and Norrises come home to roast.

For several years Norris has been active in the insurgent movement. He is a short, placid, square-headed person, who is serving his fourth term in the House. He is intensely serious. Most insurgents are. Still, Norris has back of his seriousness something more than the determination to appear so for the effect. He has had to fight for everything he has attained and, like as not, his early struggles have left their mark on him.

He was born on a farm in Ohio, and his father died when he was a child. His brother was killed in the Civil War This left Norris as the only support for his mother. He worked out as a farmhand and then taught school and got an education. In 1885 he went to Nebraska. He has been prosecuting attorney and a judge. He was on the bench when he was elected to Congress.

Norris has had no snaps in his life. When he was a candidate for the presidency of a debating society in college he won by but one vote. He was elected judge of the Fourteenth District in Nebraska by two majority in 1895, and when he was sent to the present Congress he had but twenty-two majority.

He began objecting to the old rules after he had been in Congress a term or two. At first he was an organization man, but it was not long before he began to chafe. He is intelligent, and his opposition to the Cannon machine was not confined to mere language. He got in an occasional rap that made them squeal. Thus, when he ran for Congress the last time the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee didn't do much to help him, and the probabilities are it will not do much this fall.

As an insurgent Norris is not a rip-roaring, swash-buckling, no-quarter warrior. He apparently has a streak of prudence in him. When his resolution giving the House power to appoint a new Committee on Rules and ousting the Speaker from the committee had been adopted he moved to adjourn, thinking the victory then attained enough. At the request of the Speaker he withheld his motion and this gave Burleson, of Texas, an opportunity to put in his resolution declaring the Speakership vacant, which was defeated, Norris voting with the majority and in favor of allowing Cannon to retain his seat. There was a good deal of discussion on this point, but the level-headed insurgents held it was the best politics, and it probably was.

Norris is quiet, simple in his tastes, as shown by his devotion to stogies, speaks without mannerisms and gets quickly to his point. He has an ambition to be Senator from Nebraska, and has an opportunity to try it out this fall, if he wishes. Senator Burkett's term expires next March, and the field is open, with Burkett and another already in. Whether he tries that, or whether he tries again for Congress from his present district, he is reasonably sure of one thing: his record will remain intact. Whatever place he gets he will have to fight for it, and all the aid and comfort he will get from the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee will have the reverse English on it.

Saving a President

"IT IS pretty hard to fool the reporters," said Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, "but occasionally one can be put over on them.

"When President Harrison was a candidate for reelection, in 1892, he visited the candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with him, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, at Mr. Reid's country place at White Plains, New York—Ophir Farm.

"We left for the train after dark. Mr. Reid wanted to drive the President to the train and he took him in a cart to which was hitched his favorite horse. I followed in a larger carriage, and some ways behind us was a procession of carriages containing the reporters and others who were at the meeting.

"It was very dark. In making a turn the horse Mr. Reid was driving shied, ran into a telegraph pole, tipped over the carriage, threw the President and Mr. Reid out. Our carriage came up before the President had arisen from the ditch where he had fallen. We found he had hit on one of his knees, torn his trousers and had taken a good deal of skin off his knee. In less time than it takes to tell it we turned the cart into the ditch, hit the horse a lick with the whip and started it down the road, hustled the President and Mr. Reid into my carriage and drove off at a fast clip, getting to the station long enough ahead of the others to prevent their knowing about the change of vehicles. We put a long overcoat on the President, and on the way in patched up his knee and did what we could with his torn trousers, and there never was a word printed about that accident which might have killed a President."

Where the Burdocks Grew

WHEN Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, was a territorial delegate from what is now his state, he sat in the House of Representatives next to the late James J. Belden, of Syracuse, New York, who built and owned the Manhattan Hotel in New York, and they became chums.

"Belden," said Carter one day some years afterward, "why didn't you call that hotel The Belden instead of The Manhattan, and perpetuate your name?"

"Carter," Belden replied, "I thought a good deal about that when I was looking for a name, but I decided I wouldn't do it, for it is impossible to keep a dead man alive One man who tried it was A. T. Stewart. Now Wanamaker has his store and a Democratic club is in his marble palace at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. I was walking past there the other night and I looked over the wall at the lawn. Carter, that's the only place in New York where burdocks are growing."

An Easy Vermont Mother

THE native thrift of the Vermonters was under discussion and a story was told that was held to illustrate it perfectly. There was a man in one of the interior Vermont towns who had an old horse, ringboned, spavined, with the heaves and every other horse ailment almost—a mere shadow of a horse. He used to drive the horse to town every day and was jeered by his neighbors for using such a miserable beast

One day he walked in to the store at the corners. "Where's your horse, Jim?" a friend asked

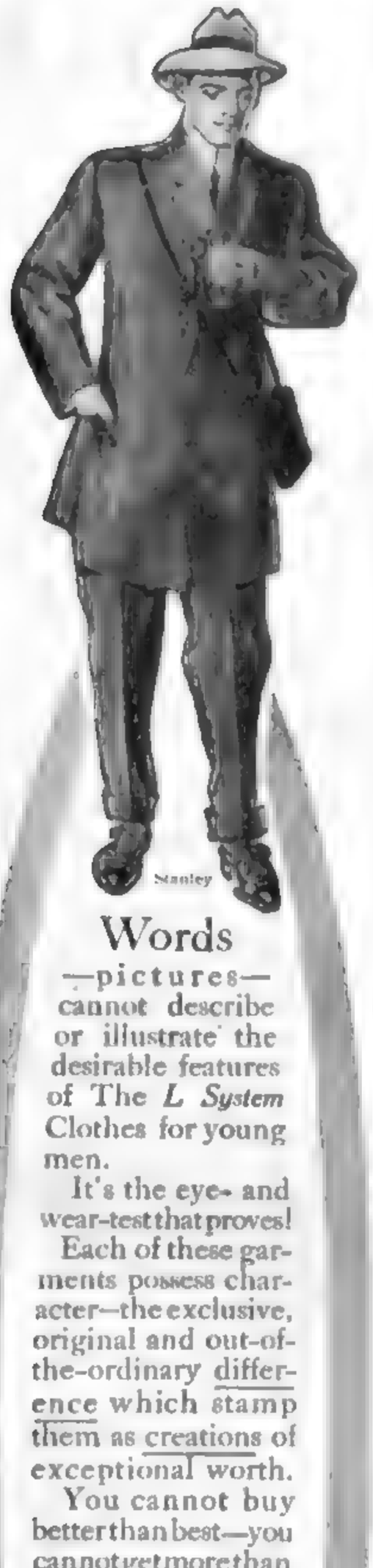
"Sold him."

"Sold him! How much did you get?"

"Got a hundred dollars for him."

"A hundred dollars! Who in thunder did you sell that horse to for a hundred dollars?"

"Why," replied the Vermonter, as he exhibited a roll of bills, "I sold him to mother."



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A NEW PARK FOR THE PEOPLE—By Robert Shackleton

Great Meadows Set Far in the Heart of the Mountains

OF MOUNTAINS that make the heart beat faster, and that, in their ascent, show marvelous changes in the manifestations of Nature, none is superior and few are equal to our own Rockies, among the noblest mountains of the world. And, of the Rockies, no part surpasses that which lies within the State of Colorado.

The great plains, rich with corn, with wheat, with alfalfa, or gray with sagebrush these great plains, cut by arrow-straight lines of railway, heave gradually toward the heights in a series of foothills.

Clumps of trees grow beside the streams, trees in sparse variety, the cottonwood more than any other, and, perhaps, some willow and maple. There is no beech. There is no oak to the northward of Denver. Up the foothills a trifle come the pifion pines.

The little towns, built among these lower slopes, give indications that you are entering a new world. You see the four-horse teams, the pack-mules, the mountaineers on horseback who have come down from the upper settlements, you see many a tiny stream for irrigation cutting across these lower slopes and levels.

But your mind is upon the superb peaks, towering up there in apparently unapproachable pride, and you choose some cañon as the path to lead you in the upward way. Such a superb cañon path is that of the Great Thompson, which leads into the park that Congress is being asked to set aside as a game reserve, and by it you scale several thousands of feet, twisting and turning for mile after mile as you mount beside the twisting, swirling stream which fills almost the entire space between inclosing walls of towering rock.

As you ascend you see beside you, or in openings which now and then spread out on either side, the yucca and the great white thistle flower, the cactus, yellow or red, the wild rose glowing in some cleft. The lark and the robin go soaringly. You pass many a haunt of badger and fox. The stream is full of delicious mountain trout.

In a Natural Flower Garden

The trees grow smaller The maple becomes a bush. The cottonwood and the willow disappear, and hardier evergreen growths, with the wild cherry and the cedar, take their place, as better fitted for the higher altitude and for the mighty mountain winds. White marigolds grow by the little tributary streams (not yellow as we know them in the swamps!), and there are yellow paint-brush and the wild, white poppy. Great crows, far more beautiful than those of the lowlands, move heavily above your head, and at times you see the startled flight of a grouse.

From the first you know that changes are taking place, changes that come gradually, imperceptibly, but which, as you mount, you are constantly realizing as having occurred. And as you mount there comes a quickening of the spirit, a foretaste of the finer quickening that is to come.

After going up for hours through such a cañon, ever getting nearer to those heights, ever entering a world that is grimmer, harder, more severe, you come unexpectedly into a place which sets at defiance all ordinary laws and all the impressions that you have been forming of a constantly-increasing sternness. For you come into one of those great natural parks, the glory of the Rockies—great upland meadows, miles in length and in width, set far up in the heart of the mountains and inclosed among still, uptowering peaks.

The great meadows are spangled with flowers. There is infinite number. There is endless variety. There is every conceivable color. It is a lush and glorious beauty, and the more superb, the more striking, through coming when the mind has accustomed itself to austerity. The great blue columbine, superbly petaled, grows in regal beauty, and foremost in her train comes the Mariposa lily, shimmering in her glow of white.

The air is finer and more bracing; and such a spell do air and environment together exert that even transient visitors are thrilled and strengthened.

Pungent and delightful odors arise as you walk over the meadows or gallop for miles across their softly-rolling stretches, for these great parks are not only the home of the wild flowers, but of many an aromatic herb. Here are the marrow, the sweet cicely, the anise; here are the wormwoods; here is the hemlock, cousin to the hemlock of Socrates; here, too, is many another, and most of them, as with aromatic herbs elsewhere in the world, are in colors of dull green and silver gray. And one realizes that if among these mighty mountains, as among mountains of the Old World, there dwelt monkish orders of men, they would be makers of cordials and liqueurs of rare quality.

Mountain Game

Here, too, is the loco, one variety of which is the subject of claims and counter-claims regarding its supposed quality of maddening horses—the explanation being that it intoxicates them only when it grows in soil containing certain chemical constituents; and one need not believe the amusing fable that the unhappy horse, the intoxicant habit once acquired, forever seeks for loco till it finds its way to a drunkard's grave.

The prevailing grass here is short and drab-colored, but is liked by cattle far more than the richer-looking grass of the riversides. Here and there is some scanty farming, where patient men strive to force a living from the soil during the brief, frost-rounded season. Many trees clothem these flower-spangled meadows and sweep away from them in green and glimmering glory. There is the hemlock, there is the Alpine fir that loves the banks of lofty mountain streams, there is the Colorado spruce, famous for its unique blue, there is the tender aspen in groves; most of all, in quantity and dignity, there are the slim lodge-pole pine and the slender-pointed Engelmann spruce.

In these haunts the beaver is still to be found. Here is the wildcat. Here is still the "frettul porpentine." At night the coyotes wail for hours in melancholy and discordant unison. Here is the wild turkey. The great, parti-colored magpie flits across the meadows near the water-courses. There are the grouse and the mallard duck, and the orange tanager (not the scarlet, familiar to the East) brightens the forest darkness.

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Chorus: "No wonder it tastes good," say they, as they

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For indooring or outdooring—great!

To your grocer *to-day* for a can. Spread thin on thin slices of crustless bread. Listen to the chorus.

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Ask your grocer for a book that tells a taste New Englanders know—the taste of Underwood's New England Sea Foods—delicious Fried Sardines in Oil, Souse, Mustard or Tomato Sauce; Clams in their own juice; Clam Chowder; Fish Chowder; Lobsters, etc. Booklet free.

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UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

Branded with the Little Red Devil

Delicate hummingbirds match the delicacy of the flowers.

As to the forest trees, you will notice that their trunks are very thick for the diameter of branches and greenery, they being thus stronger, sturdier, better able to resist the mighty tempests of these altitudes.

The Few Trees at the Timber-Line are Shriveled and Gnarled

At times great fires sweep through these forests, and in their path springs up the tall fireweed, with its flame-colored blossoms.

Looking down from a height you may see the river, on its way to the cañon down which it is to descend, coiling its way through the meadows like a monstrous, marvelous, glistening snake.

Again you mount, leaving the great, parklike meadows behind. There are rude trails up the mountainsides, or one may pick out, if he prefers, a way of his own. Exultantly one feels the sense of exhilaration growing; there is a glow and a broadening of the spirit. Pettiness disappears, and the feeling of that ancient writer is appreciated who exclaimed, as a scornful example of littleness: "As when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains." We are now in a region where the shy deer may, perhaps, be seen flitting across some mountain glade, and where the wolf makes his prowling presence known.

The Birds and Flowers Seen

The air is cooler. The trees dwindle in height. Closer and closer do the flowers shorten their stems and hug the earth. Wonderful black ravens slowly wing their way above the woodland.

The keener vitality of men and women gives outward display in eagerness to ride and climb and in warmth of cordiality toward one another. There is a constant era of good feeling. In the most loftily perched inns, and in the camps whose fires glow among the pines, there are friendliness and jollity and a universal digging back into the past to keep up a succession of stories and songs. The years drop away and all are young again.

No one leaves these lofty regions without many a pleasant human memory as well as memories of rocks and peaks. How warmly we remember the genial professor who, better acquainted with Kipling than with barrooms, joined with a will in a song of highballs and gin rickies, and, horrified on disillusionment, stoutly maintained: "Well, I *said* 'jin rickshaws!'"

There are snowbirds and kinglets, now and then, among these sturdy pines and spruce with their ever-decreasing height. Still higher we mount, and, if fortunate, may win a glimpse of ptarmigan.

Your trail may lead to some glorious mountain lake, with water of deepest blue, shaded by dark-massed fir and frowned upon by heights that austerely rise. Beside such a lake you may come upon the trail of the cinnamon bear or the silver-tip, you may find the home of the mountain lion, you may see the frightened water ouzel wing its solitary flight.

Now comes a region above even the highest of inns, and to camp here all night requires sturdiness and bravery, for the night falls bitter and chill, and even in the summertime a roaring fire is a necessity. The pungent odor of the camp coffee on the air, the sudden storms, with thunder echoing tremendously from cliff to cliff, the mist sweeping dismally across the mountain, weirdly distorting near-by objects and making the form of your companion loom suddenly like that of a giant, the piping birds, the plumping rain, the full moon rising and giving to cliff and tree a glorified distinctness—such are among the things that are remembered.

Among the changes that come in this upward progress none is more curious than that in the temper. Up to ten or eleven thousand feet there is, with the augmenting exhilaration, a steadily augmenting friendliness; but above that, although the exhilaration continues to increase, there comes with it an almost unconquerable tendency toward irritability, from the increasing nervous strain.

As timber-line, eleven thousand feet, is approached, the surroundings grow wilder and more stern; but, at the same time, the flowers, those which grow at such a height, put forth renewed efforts, and there are wide and open stretches which are gleamingly carpeted in purple and gold. Bluebells, whose stalks are three feet high at the mountain's base, here rise but an inch and a half. Goldenrod, tall below, grows here in tiny replica.

And at these heights, lifted far above the lower slopes, there come into view not only superb views of other mountaintops, but views of the great plains, stretching away in infinite vastness, with here and there a blurred patch which you know is a city, here and there a bit of shimmering brightness that you know is a lake or a stream.

Ever wilder and more twisted and more stunted are the trees. Ever more grim are the rocks. Ever more delicate are the flowers. Never was blue of a deeper blueness, never was yellow of a richer yellowness, than in these flowers, at once so sturdy and so delicately small.

The Trees at Timber-Line

The few trees that attain to timber-line dare to raise their tops but a few feet above the level of the rocky soil, or, giving up entirely the effort to stand, lie prone and extended, shriveled and gnarled. Pine trees may lie stretched out for from twenty to forty feet, close-hugging the rock for all that distance.

There is an awesomeness about these trees, many of them so very old, which have struggled long and fiercely for very life against cold and snow and wind. The live branches of the pines all point away from the prevailing wind. On the windward side the trunks are bare of bark and the branches are dry and dead. Frequently the tops of them are somatted and thick-woven that they may be walked upon freely, tree after tree.

And a curious thing is noticed, that along with the sturdy pine there grows in some places, right up to very timber-line, the seemingly fragile aspen the tree that is to quake forever because it was of its wood that the Cross was made. On the high

One of the Great Natural Parks, the Glory of the Rockies

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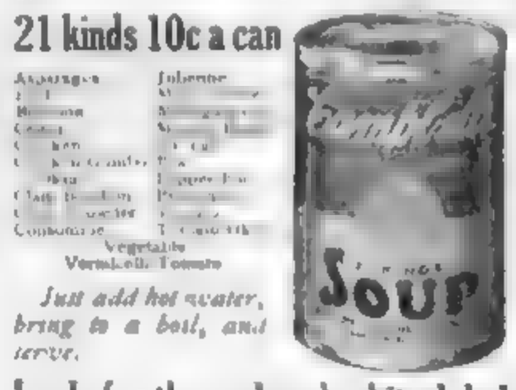

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slope of majestic Long's Peak this strange sight is seen.

Above the line where timber ceases there come mighty stretches of solid rock and of slopes that are covered with boulders of every conceivable size. Yet there is not absolute bareness. Flowers grow here, for dust has been blown into hollows to form a soil, and rock has disintegrated, and swarms of grasshoppers and flies have been seized by mighty winds and cast to their death in fissures and interstices to make the richest of earth for these small and brilliant growths. There is the Alpine primrose. There is the diminutive forget-me-not. Tinier and tinier have the flowers of blue, of yellow, of purple become, and many are now altogether without stems, and clung mosslike. Small, by degrees they have become not only less, but beautifully less, and as their size has decreased they have become of a rarer and finer daintiness. I do not know of any contrast more striking than that of the tender glory of these flowers with the majesty of the rocky slopes.

Here the golden eagle may be seen in slow and regal flight. Here is the home of the shy lemming mouse, which burrows among the moss. Here, too, is the brown marmot. Here the Rocky Mountain goat flees, leaping, and little gray conies make their homes among the clefts. "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies."

Far up here you seek in vain for a shelter when sudden storm comes up. You cower against the rock until the great wind, with its snow or its rain, has passed away. You are "wet with the showers of the mountains, and embrace the rock for want of a shelter." It is almost uncanny to think of mountain climbers, thousands of years ago, writing of experiences precisely like our own

You go eagerly, pantingly, with swifter heart-beats and ever-quickening, ever-shortening breath toward the summit, which now is near at hand. But it is a deceptive nearness, a nearness of precipitous and dangerous ascent. But it so gloriously repays the toil. You understand now why Ezekiel exclaimed that "the glory of the Lord went up from the midst of the city, and stood upon the mountain"

Historic Footprints

Flowers have ceased, but mosses and lichens still relieve the tremendous rocks from an absolute bareness. And just under the very topmost point I noticed a spider in his web and a near-by fly, as if to point out the eternal law of the survival of the most cunning and the strongest.

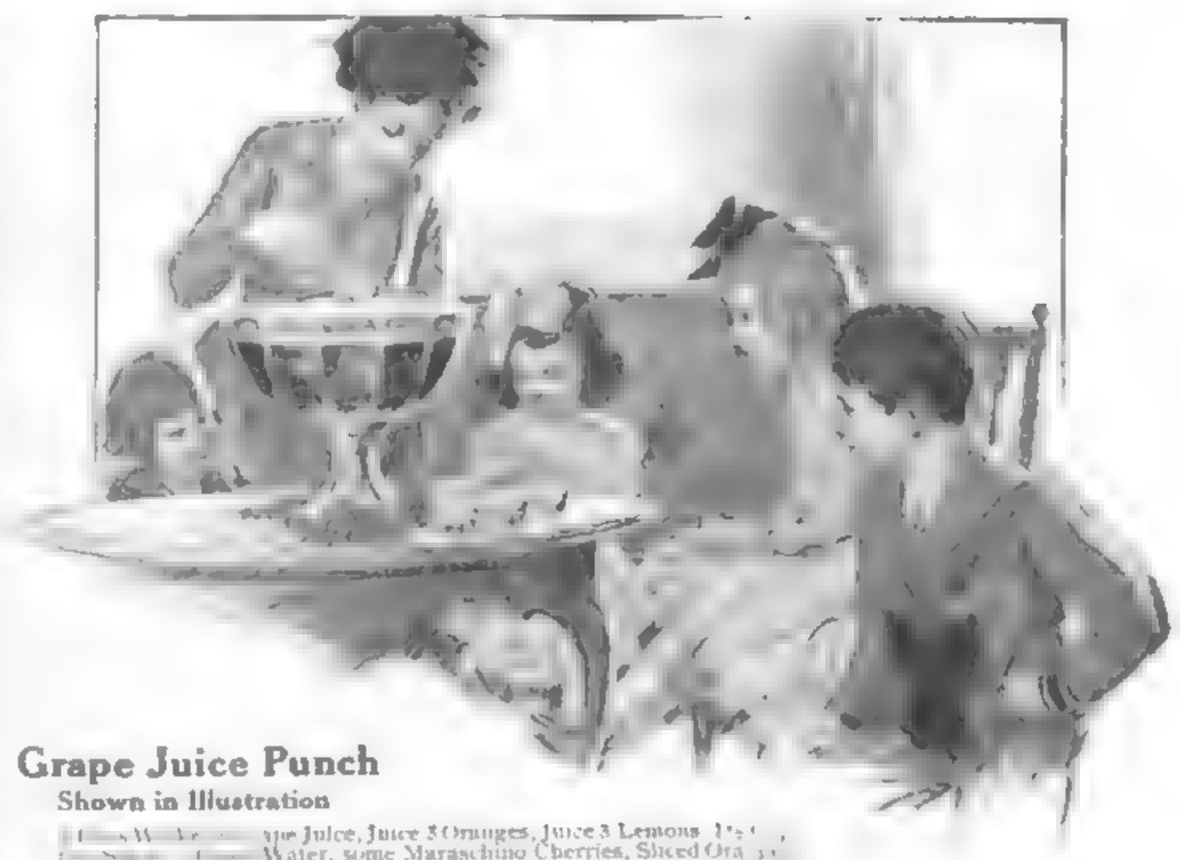
Here at length is the summit. All creation is spread out before you, east and west and north and south. You look off over illimitable glory and realize that you are almost three miles above sea-level

You will see misty mountain masses, peaks in crenulated complexity, gaunt precipices falling sheer and deep, opulence of beauty, sun-lighted splendor, clouds of glory, shadowy forest, silver-flashing water, vast and boundless stretches, and always there is the almost overpowering sense of the stupendous grandeur of it all. Your heart thrills. The world is yours.

Now, of course, the Rockies do not have the wealth of history and the wealth of legend of the Alps. And yet, these great mountains are associated with the achievements of Frémont and Lewis and Clarke, and with the life of many a heroic scout and trapper and chief. French and Spanish names, left on river and valley, charm with their suggestions of romance and heroism that must remain unknown. The life of the miners in these mountains was full of epic strength. The homesteaders in these mountain valleys have lived romances of fortitude and unselfishness and love. The other day, following a lonely mountain trail I came to a clearing where a little cabin had been erected. The young husband, a homesteader, was putting in a door. The pretty wife was nailing shingles In such lives, rightly considered, there is romance equal to that of feudal knights in their fastnesses.

Still, the layer of history and of legend and of known romance is but thin. And so much the better! The country has but the fewer trammeling traditions. And a region slender in history and traditions has open to it the opportunity to make history and traditions of the best.

Far better is it to do what one can to make his own country noble than to dream of the past nobleness of other lands!



Grape Juice Punch

Shown in Illustration

[illegible] pe Juice, Juice 3 Oranges, Juice 3 Lemons [illegible] Water, some Maraschino Cherries, Sliced Ora[illegible] ed Pineapple. Put the Grape Juice, sugar [illegible] into a punch bowl, add strained juice of oranges and lemons [illegible] very cold add Maraschino cherries, sliced oranges, bananas and pine[illegible] Serve with ice in the bow

A book of surprisingly good grape juice recipes sent free, if you w[illegible]s the names of your grocer and druggist

At the Children's Party

A child's constant desire for something to drink is natural. It is simply the normal demand of the body for fruit. Water or milk will not satisfy that craving. Soda water only aggravates it.

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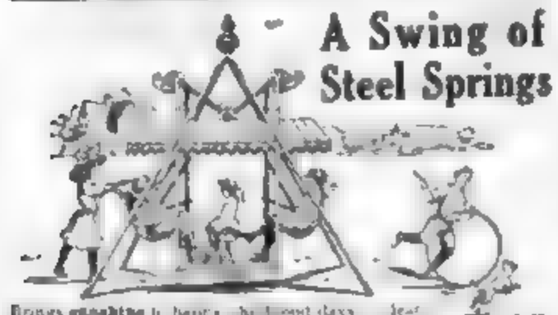

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Sense and Nonsense

A Pointer From the Past

From the Memoirs of John H. Reagan, Postmaster-General of the Confederate States of America

I HAVE before me a full set of my official reports. These reports were taken from me when I was made a prisoner of war, along with President Davis and others, on the tenth of May, 1865. I am indebted to the kindness of General Marcus J Wright and to the courtesy of the Postmaster-General of the United States for their recent return to me. These reports contain much valuable statistical information and data on subjects connected with the administration of that department which might interest the intelligent reader. However, I shall not make this chapter longer by calling attention to the estimates of receipts and expenditures of the department from year to year, but I will state generally that, while these expenditures and receipts were increased as a number of states were added to the Confederacy, these reports show that this service was from the start made self-sustaining, and from 1861 to 1865 there was annually a net increase of receipts over expenditures.

"A noteworthy fact in this connection is that the number of officers and clerks in this service was not as great by one-half as for a like amount of service in the United States Post-Office Department. It should also be observed that we did not have First, Second and Third Assistant Postmasters-General as in the United States. Our officers corresponding to these were the Chief of the Contract Bureau, the Chief of the Finance Bureau and the Chief of the Bureau of Appointments.

"I shall not forego the opportunity—and I trust that my motives will not be misunderstood—to observe that there is much in these reports to suggest economy in the Post-Office Department of the United States, and I dare say, from recent divulgences, that this is greatly needed. I am informed that a thorough overhauling and revision of mail routes has been made but twice in the United States, once by Doctor Franklin and once by Postmaster-General McLean. It would be a considerable undertaking, but if gone through with carefully and efficiently it would, no doubt, reduce the expenditures of the Post-Office Department millions of dollars annually."

The Water Mark

DURING one lively Congressional campaign the Democrats sent William M. Springer up through New York State to make political speeches at county fairs.

Springer was a tempestuous stump speaker. He was never at a loss for an authority to back up his statements, used the Bible for illustrations and made a great impression wherever he appeared. There were very few Republicans who wanted to cope with him.

After he had made several speeches word came from New York to the Republicans that somebody must be sent up to follow Springer or debate with him, for he was doing a lot of damage to the Republicans. It was decided to send a great stump speaker from Michigan. The Michigan man hurried to New York State and listened to one of Springer's speeches. In that speech Springer quoted liberally from the Bible and used the illustration of Dives and Lazarus, likening Andrew Carnegie to Dives when discussing the Protective system, and the consumer to Lazarus.

The man from Michigan followed. He took up Springer's Dives and Lazarus parable and discussed it, closing with these words: "I am reasonably familiar with the Bible also, and I admit that Mr. Springer was right when he said Dives was a Republican. I am sure he was not a Democrat, for I find, on studying this interesting and instructive story, that, on a certain occasion, Dives asked for a drink of water."

A Play Appreciated

FRED THOMPSON, the theatrical manager, read the manuscript of a play by an amateur author. He sent it back with this note:

"*My dear Sir:* I have read your play. Oh, my dear sir. Yours, Fred Thompson."

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are alive to the importance of correct dress—they are discriminating, too—are quick to recognize true style, exceptional tailoring and accurate fitting qualities.

Thousands of Young Men demand and will wear only

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because in them are combined all the essential features which go to make *really good clothes*—all wool fabrics of artful pattern—skillful designing—a keen instinct for correct style and a thoroughness and care in tailoring.

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Farming the Sponge

By RENÉ BACHE

Cuttings of Sponge Fastened to Concrete Disks, With Aluminum Wire in One Case, and Lead Spindle in the Other—Two Different Methods

SPONGE farming is destined to become an important commercial industry in Florida waters before very long, in the belief of the United States Fisheries Bureau, which has been engaged for a number of years past in a study of the question. In fact, it has satisfactorily solved the problem—as fully explained in a bulletin soon to be published from the pen of Dr. H. F. Moore, the Government's expert in sponge culture.

By the adoption of certain means presently to be described it is found practicable to grow from small clippings 4840 sponges on one acre of sea bottom—allowing one sponge to each square yard. These at the end of four years will be large enough to be marketable, and will fetch at ordinary prices $968, leaving a net profit, after all expenses are paid, of $800, or at the rate of $200 a year on each acre—a highly satisfactory return.

The method employed is extremely simple. Imagine a disk of concrete resembling in shape a gigantic coin a foot in diameter and weighing about seven and a half pounds. Bore two holes in the disk, six inches apart; pass through them a loop of aluminum wire, and thread upon the wire a piece cut from a living sponge, in size two inches cube. There you have the whole business. Sink the disk in the water, in a suitable place where it may lie flat on sandy bottom. The sponge clipping will quickly begin to grow and, taking fast hold upon the disk, will soon be able to dispense with the wire, which disappears of its own accord through corrosion. Four years later you have a sponge of marketable size, which you may gather at leisure with a hook or by diving for it.

Placing the Disk

Here, then, is the solution of the problem. It is a matter of exceeding importance because the sponges of Florida, as well as those produced by Nature in other parts of the world, are in imminent danger of extermination. Overfishing, of course, is the trouble, one very bad form of the mischief consisting in the taking of young and small sponges by the divers and the hookers—a wanton destruction of natural wealth, inasmuch as these little sponges are worth only a few cents apiece, whereas, if allowed to grow two years more they would multiply in value and would incidentally furnish myriads of larval sponges to replenish the depleted bottom. Every young sponge has a commercial potentiality both as an individual and as a parent, and in both respects its utility is vastly curtailed by premature destruction.

The demand for sponges is increasing so rapidly, however, that the natural sources of supply would be exhausted before very long, even were only legitimate methods of capture employed. Nothing will serve as a satisfactory substitute, and hence the urgent necessity of devising some practical method of culture. It has been found that sponges can be propagated from eggs or from cuttings. Of the former of these two methods something will be said later on. As for the latter, which seems best for the immediate future, enough has already been learned to render it entirely practicable to establish extensive and profitable sponge farms as soon as people can be persuaded to put money into such enterprises.

The disks already described are moulded from a mixture three-fourths sand and one-fourth Portland cement, and cost two cents apiece. So far as experiments have gone, however, it seems to be rather better to dispense with the aluminum wire and, instead of it, to provide a lead spindle thrust through the center of the disk and standing vertically above it a few inches, on which the sponge cutting may be impaled. Lead does not corrode in salt water, and so the spindle does no harm to the sponge, which takes hold on it and upon the disk as readily as a plant takes root.

The Cost of an Acre of Sponges

Disks with spindles cost two and a half cents apiece, so that 4840 of them—the number required for an acre, allowing one for each square yard—will amount to $121. An equal number of cuttings, at two cents apiece, will come to $96.80. There is a large saving of labor where disks of this kind are employed, the wiring being dispensed with, and the work of one man for six days, at $2 a day, should suffice to plant the acre of bottom. Reckoning this last item at $12, the total expense of establishing the plantation would be $229.80 an acre. These figures are based upon actual experiments made by Doctor Moore at Anclote Keys, in Florida.

It should be understood, however, that the disks and spindles are practically imperishable and can be used over and over again. Assuming that twenty per cent of the planted sponges die, and that the disks to which they were attached are lost by reason of inconspicuousness, the remaining eighty per cent of disks recovered would still be worth $96.80—thus reducing the actual cost of planting to $133. Four-fifths of the sponges 3872 in number—surviving and reaching the marketable size would sell, at twenty-five cents apiece, for $968. Accordingly, at the end of four years, the profit would be $835. From this sum $25 should be deducted for the expense of harvesting the crop, leaving a net return of about $800, or at the rate of $200 a year.

Four-year-old sponges, by the way, have an average weight of an ounce and a quarter, dry and ready for market, and in this condition sell for at least $4 a pound. In deep water the cost of harvesting a crop would be greater, but, as operations would be conducted on a larger scale, economies could be practiced which would reduce the total expense. Furthermore, divers could plant fresh cuttings by impaling the latter upon the spindles without removing the disks from the bottom. In shoal water, on the other hand, the disks and sponges might best be taken up with hooks into boats and immediately replanted with fresh cuttings. Ordinarily the disks, when dropped overboard carefully, land on the bottom in an upright position; but in

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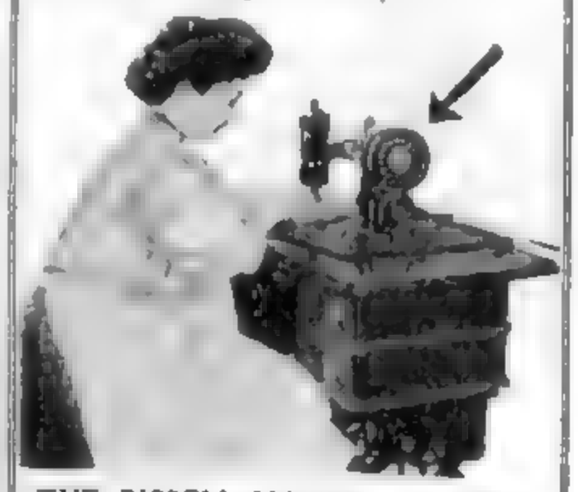

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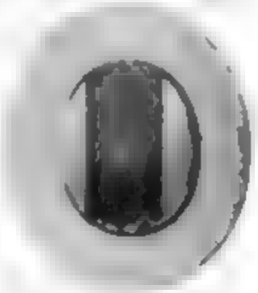
$3 for a Genuine Panama Hat

The "Stiffshape" Style No. 500 Crown [illegible] Brim, 2 in



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Don't wait for the **scorching** weather, order **Today**, giving style and head size.

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They get more power from the same coal.
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They make mechanical stokers effective.
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They are independent of wind or weather conditions.
They keep the steam production absolutely uniform.
They quickly pay for themselves in obvious economies.

These fans are always designed and installed to meet the special needs of individual plants.

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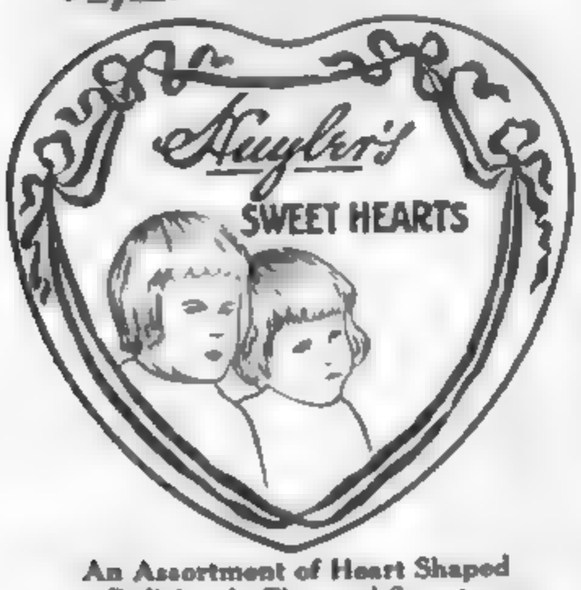

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shallow areas advantage should be taken of the first opportunity to inspect the results of the planting and to right any disks that may have failed to place themselves properly.

The living sponge is a soft and fleshy mass; only its skeleton, of course, comes to market. For planting, it is cut in slices with a large butcher-knife, like so much beef liver. The knife must be kept sharp by frequent whetting, but a rough and ragged edge is better than a smooth one. Thus divided into slices on a wet board, it is again subdivided into chunks of about two inches cube, which are promptly thrown into a tub of fresh sea water. If it is necessary to keep them over night before planting they are put into a bag of net and hung in the water. But it will not do to leave them thus more than a day or two, else they will grow together in a mass.

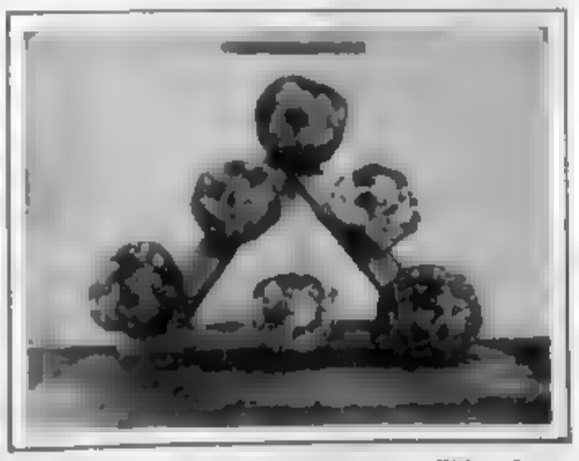
The chief problem of sponge culture has been to find a ready and economical means of attaching the cuttings to durable supports capable of resisting the chemical action of sea water and the ravages of the shipworm. It is important, also, that the supports in question shall have no injurious effect upon the animals. These conditions are satisfactorily and even perfectly met by the disks of concrete with aluminum wires or lead spindles already described

The Fisheries Bureau is still engaged, however, in trying to find a method whereby sponges may be grown on supports of some kind suspended above the bottom. If, for instance, the cuttings could be threaded on wires stretched between stakes in the water, they would develop more symmetrically, having no roots; and there would be the further advantage that it would be practicable to arrange them thus in a series of rows, one above another, so as to make a given area produce a multiplied crop. Unfortunately, experiments in this line up to date have not been successful. Wire corrodes and soon breaks unless made of lead, which lacks the requisite tensile strength. Asbestos cord is indestructible chemically, but becomes frayed. Lines of jute, hemp or cotton are quickly destroyed by salt water. Stakes and other wooden structures on the bottom are riddled by the shipworm and other boring animals.

An Experiment Station in Florida

All of these wires and lines have been used experimentally by driving stakes in the bottom in parallel rows, at intervals of twenty-five feet, and suspending the wires or lines between them in such a way as to form squares. But results have been very discouraging.

As for rearing sponges to marketable size from eggs, it is believed that such a thing is entirely practicable. Experiments have not gone far enough to make a final decision possible. There is no difficulty about collecting the eggs and hatching them; but the operations involved are delicate and demand a skill beyond that of persons who might engage in sponge culture for commercial purposes. The method may have a place in the sponge culture of the future, its development and practice being restricted to a few experts who may be able to breed sponges in this way from selected parents, thus improving the quality and supplying better seed sponges from which to make cuttings. It is even conceivable that some system of hybridization may be adopted along lines analogous to those which have already produced such astonishing results in the hands of experimental horticulturists. The matter will be taken up and thoroughly worked out when, as is expected before long, the Bureau of Fisheries has a properly equipped laboratory in the sponge region of Florida.



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And to induce a few gas consumers to make this test at once, we are making this great offer:

For the lids from twelve Lindsay Tungsten Mantle boxes and ten cents to cover packing and expressing, we will send free the handsome Lindsay Light illustrated above. The light retails regularly at $1.50.

Start saving the lids at once—or better still, get a dozen Lindsays. Mantles from any dealer and the price of the Lindsay Light will be sent you. All good dealers sell Lindsay Gas Mantles. Lindsay Mantles fit any burner upright or Inverted.

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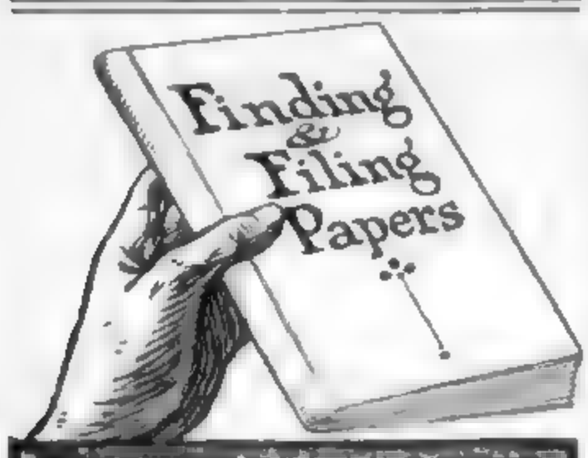
Be sure to look for the name Lindsay and the oxydized Tungsten mantles, or you may not get the genuine. The name Lindsay means the best in gas-lights and gas-mantles. (21)



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THE RUBBER BUBBLE

(Continued from Page 5)

centers—belonging to Government and not to individual capital. It may be questioned as to what acceptance a public proposition to plant a few thousand acres of land with small pine trees—because pine lumber is steadily increasing in price would receive. The chances are that if a promoter went to a capitalist with a proposition to underwrite such a company he would be locked up. Yet it would be perfectly proper for a state to take such action, and indeed many states are doing precisely that thing. It is not recognized as a fertile field for investment on Wall or Lombard Street, however. Yet the rubber situation, particularly on the London 'Change, is precisely of that character.

It has been argued, of course, that rubber from the Ceylon and Malayan plantations commands a higher price upon the market than does the natural product from the Congo and up the Amazon, and though this is to some extent true, due to closer supervision and care possible in "picking" the sap, it is a condition that is even now being remedied. In a warehouse at Manáos, in the interior of Brazil, a keen-eyed expert examined the *borrachas* of rubber as they came from the slicing-table.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "this 'picker,' he is not to be commended. Take note of the brand, and see to it that the *seringueiro* is notified that price will be lower unless his men cease to drink."

It is quite possible, also, for the examiner to determine what the weather was during the course of the preparation of this or that particular piece of rubber, and this possibility of determination is to be made use of to raise the grade. Each *borracha* of rubber is branded to show its source, and this identification is real value. It has been found that rubber gathered upon a rainy day is slightly lower in quality, curdled like coagulated buttermilk, because of the mixture of water with the milk; that gathered on a windy day is dirty, because of the bits of twig and leaf that have been blown into it. Then again, the picker is not as honest as he might be, for as rubber is sold by weight he not infrequently goes to extreme lengths to increase the weight.

A New Use for a Boa

At one warehouse in Manáos, when a *borracha* was cut open it was found to contain a young dead boa of six feet in length, carefully wrapped and coiled about the core. A snake of that size weighs some few pounds. While the reptile was in a state of perfect preservation up to the moment of his exposure, he made himself known to the warehouse shortly after, and caused trouble eventually at the *barraca* from whence he originally came. Stones, rope and bits of wood are all added by the careful picker, and he exhibits great astonishment when rebuked for his villainy.

Native labor in Brazil is improving, however, and the quality of the rubber is going up in proportion. It is this very question of labor that has been responsible for the higher quality of the plantation rubber, for the *overseer*, having his men under his direct supervision in a restricted territory, controls their movements absolutely, and so can regulate the collection and the preparation of the crude product. It is true that the price has risen from seventy-five cents to over two dollars and a half a pound in three years, but this has been from a variety of causes for which as many theories are cheerfully offered. The rapidly increasing field of rubber uses, from flooring to heavy automobile tires—and the great and growing output of the latter—probably give the most satisfactory solution, as against the theory involving the reaching of the limits of production. But one factor in Brazil acts as an automatic governor on the price of the Hevea, and that factor is analogous to the valorization of coffee invented and introduced by Brazil some years since.

Valorization is a process applied by the Government of Brazil to coffee, by which the outlet is governed and controlled in order that the price may be upheld. The coffee is placed in Government warehouses and federal receipts issued therefor, which pass current in payment of debts—in fact,

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Compare this with what you are now receiving. Write today.

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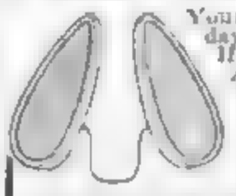
43

Dust Does Hurt You!



You may not realize it now, but some day it will impair your health. If you suffer from Hay fever or Asthma, are troubled by dust when autoing, traveling on trains and street cars, or live in a dusty climate, you need a

NASAL-FILTER

which fits snugly into the nostrils, as easily put on and off as glasses, filters every bit of air through the lungs.

Made of sterling silver, light weight, practically invisible, durable, sanitary, drop into boiling water or cleanse under faucet.

Price $2.00 If your druggist can't supply you, we will. Write for FREE BOOK.

UNIVERSAL SUPPLY COMPANY
428 Globe Building St. Paul, Minn.

Bungalows and American Homes

Design No. 2, Built in California and Iowa — Cost $2,500

Our handsome 112 page, 8x11 book of Bungalows, Mission, Colonial, Brick, Timbered and Concrete houses for 1910 shows interiors, exteriors, floor plans and actual cost to build, ranging from $1,000.00 to $10,000.00. These designs are products of struc-tures we have built throughout the country—not theoretical sketches, but made to suit any climate. Price of book $1.00 prepaid. Sample leaves free.

Brown Bros., Architects, 910 Security Bank Bldg., Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Cardinal Gibbons says:

I urge upon all Catholics the use of the

Manual of Prayers

Best Morocco Binding
$2.00, Post-Paid

At bookstores or write us.

JOHN MURPHY CO.
200 W. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md.

DR. STALL

STALL'S BOOKS

8 Pure Books on Avoided Subjects

What a Young Boy Ought to Know
What a Young Man Ought to Know
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What a Young Girl Ought to Know
What a Young Woman Ought to Know
What a Young Wife Ought to Know
What a Woman of 45 Ought to Know

8 Books, $1 each, post free Table of contents free

Vir Publishing Co. 780 Church Bldg., 12th and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

Reduced rates on household goods to all Western points. 441 Marquette Bldg., Chicago 1521 Wright Bldg., St. Louis 136 Oliver Bldg., Boston 306 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco 261 Century Bldg., Los Angeles

BANKING by MAIL at 4% INTEREST

You are cordially invited to write for our free booklet "M" which will explain to you in detail the advantages and safety of depositing your money by mail with the oldest and largest Trust Company in Ohio. Established in 1870. Capital and Surplus $2,500,000

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO. CLEVELAND, O.
ASSETS OVER FORTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS

The Peck Idea in Clothes

is individual tailoring and rigid adherence to Good-Form. No Peck-Clothed-Man ever inspires criticism —but *often* admiration.

Attractive Dress-Guide and Art Calendar sent to you upon request.

W. S. PECK & CO.

MAKERS OF FASHIONABLE CLOTHES

SYRACUSE, N. Y

Ask your dealer to show you

The Watkins

with the Slip-easy *Slanting* Buttonhole—a real collar improvement.

Barker Brand Collars

2 for 25c.

¼ or ⅜ sizes

Wear and launder better than others because they are linen. No collar is linen unless it is so stamped. Look for the Barker Trade Mark to make sure.

If your dealer cannot supply you send $1 to us & 8 collars, assorted, will be delivered post paid to you.

WM. BARKER CO., Makers, Troy, N.Y.

Pozzoni's Complexion POWDER

The Greatest of all Beautifiers

A luxurious toilette necessity—clearing, refreshing and [illegible] the skin. Pozzoni's Complexion Powder [illegible] is the only one put up in a Wooden Box—retaining all its delicate perfume until every grain is used up. Five Colors: Flesh, White, Brunette, Cream and Special Pink.

50c—Everywhere—50c

are equivalent to cash This same process has been unofficially applied to rubber by the extension of the functions of the Bank of Brazil, in Pará and Manáos.

This extension amounts in effect to an official valorization, for the bank is empowered to accept rubber as collateral for a loan, and by this means the rubber men may borrow the money to repay in cash the advances of the *comisionistas*, and still can market their rubber at profits corresponding to their luck or foresight.

It is the method of advances by the *comisionistas*, or big foreign and native commission houses at Pará and Manáos, that is responsible, in part at least, for this valorizing situation It is their habit, in effect, to contract for an entire season's supply of rubber from the *seringueiros*, by advancing the supplies necessary for its gathering In some instances this advance to a single individual may run as high as three hundred thousand dollars This stock of supplies is, of course, freighted up the rivers to the back country and there distributed among the various *barracas*, and from them to the laborers. This advance is to be repaid, with interest, when the season's crop has been gathered and brought in. As a natural and logical result of the law of supply and demand, in former years, when the rubber began to come down the rivers the price fell as the local markets were glutted, and the *seringueiros* found themselves in the position of having borrowed—supplies—when the price of rubber was high, and paying this debt when it had fallen to its very lowest point. The result was inevitable, and by degrees it dawned upon the rubber owners that the process the Government was following with coffee was quite good enough for them, and with the assistance of the bank they put it into operation. Though it cannot be said that this unofficial cold storage has particularly appealed to the commission houses, it has had the effect of leveling the price. Formerly these commission men reaped a double profit, for in addition to the profit upon the supplies they took rubber in on a fallen market and fed it out again at the top of the price wave.

According to the best evidence to be obtained, there is little chance of cultivated rubber finding immediate foothold as a large factor in the world's supply, because of the conditions under which the native rubber can be produced and by which price is maintained. There are no fixed charges for natural rubber, for labor and transportation are the only expenses, and both these are dependent proportionately upon the quantity gathered and shipped. It is true, however, that the *seringueiro* rubber *concesionario* has fixed expenses on a sort, though these usually take the form of advances to his laborers, and are in turn drawn as advances from the exporting house at either Pará or Manáos.

In the face of these facts, therefore, it behooves the American investor at least to consider carefully his rubber proposition; to inquire into the last details of the enterprise; and if he finds that the company in whose prosperity he is to share is to plant rubber, let him make up his mind to wait at least some years for his dividends. On the other hand, should the company plan to devote itself to the opening up of new territory with the intention of taking the output from existing trees of mature age, this plan, if solid and experienced men are behind it, offers an opportunity, to say the very least of it.

Brazil is enormous in its untouched wealth, of that there is little doubt; and the thousands upon thousands of miles of virgin forests hold within their tropical confines the wealth of many nations.

Concerning Culture

LOUIS A. COOLIDGE, former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and now holding a job with a manufacturing company of Boston, went to a new hotel in Boston to live.

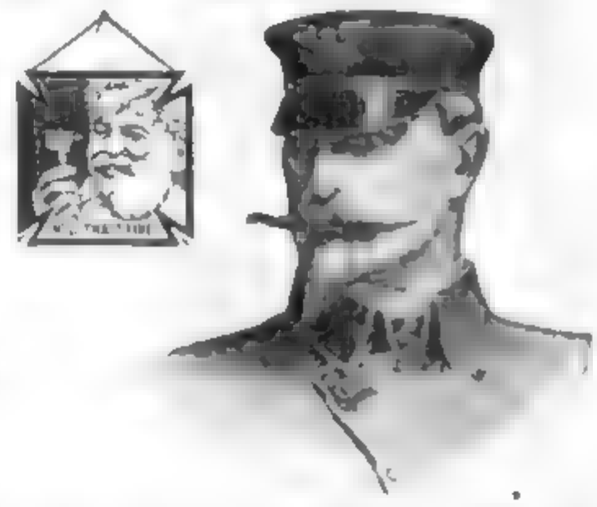
A few days after Coolidge arrived at the hotel they opened a news-stand and put a cultured Boston lady in charge of it.

Coolidge asked for a New York paper.

"I regret exceedingly, sir," the lady replied, "that the paper to which you refer has not yet arrived. However, this will soon be remedied. They will be in at eight-thirty each morning as soon as we are properly oriented."

Boston, Mr. Coolidge thinks, is an intelligent town.

"Every Man His Own Barber"



Brave Major Brown of war renown
Enjoys now times of peace,
His face so clean with razor keen
He shaves—but his caprice
Leads him to just one razor choice—
GEM JUNIOR does his heart rejoice.

THE man who has once shaved with the GEM JUNIOR Safety Razor will fight for his trusty blade to the last trench. It stands the fire of all criticism, overcomes all opposition and is easily the victor among an army of rivals. The razor that "Made Self-Shaving Popular."

The GEM JUNIOR wins on its merits only—two of which are, its superior, keen-cutting edge, and its Bar, which, preceding the blade, prepares the hair for the close cut which means a clean, comfortable, speedy shave, accomplished with ease and dexterity that any head barber might envy.

Blade Ready For Stropping — $1.00 Outfit Complete — Razor Ready For Shaving

GEM JUNIOR SET In tudestek kit offers [illegible] and seven selected blades in handsome case **$1.00**

Extra Blades, Set of Seven, No. G 7,—35 Cts.

SPECIAL For Extra Heavy Beards

Gem de Luxe Outfit with 12 wide heavy edge blades, of heavy Damascene steel especially constructed for men with heavy beards or tender skin who have difficulty in shaving prevent all irritation **$3.50**

Extra Set, 8 Blades, No. A1,—50 Cents

For any kind of a dull razor use **Gem Razor Strop Dressing.** *Best edge producer—a keen blade in a minute. 25c. by mail.*

GEM CUTLERY CO.

34 READE STREET NEW YORK

The Original Modern Safety Razor Makers

CANADIAN DISTRIBUTING COMPANY, KINGS HALL, MONTREAL, CANADA

W. K. Kellogg's Corner

Message No. 6

A Living Chance

CONSUMERS are fair minded. They know the grocer can't live without a profit and they expect to pay him one—a fair one.

Consumers know that when a grocer invariably offers goods at cut prices, there's generally something wrong with the goods or the grocer.

When price-cutters and imitators get busy with substitutes for advertised goods, there must be merit in the genuine.

When the original and genuine continues to sell at a legitimate price, in spite of cut-price substitutes, it isn't an accident.

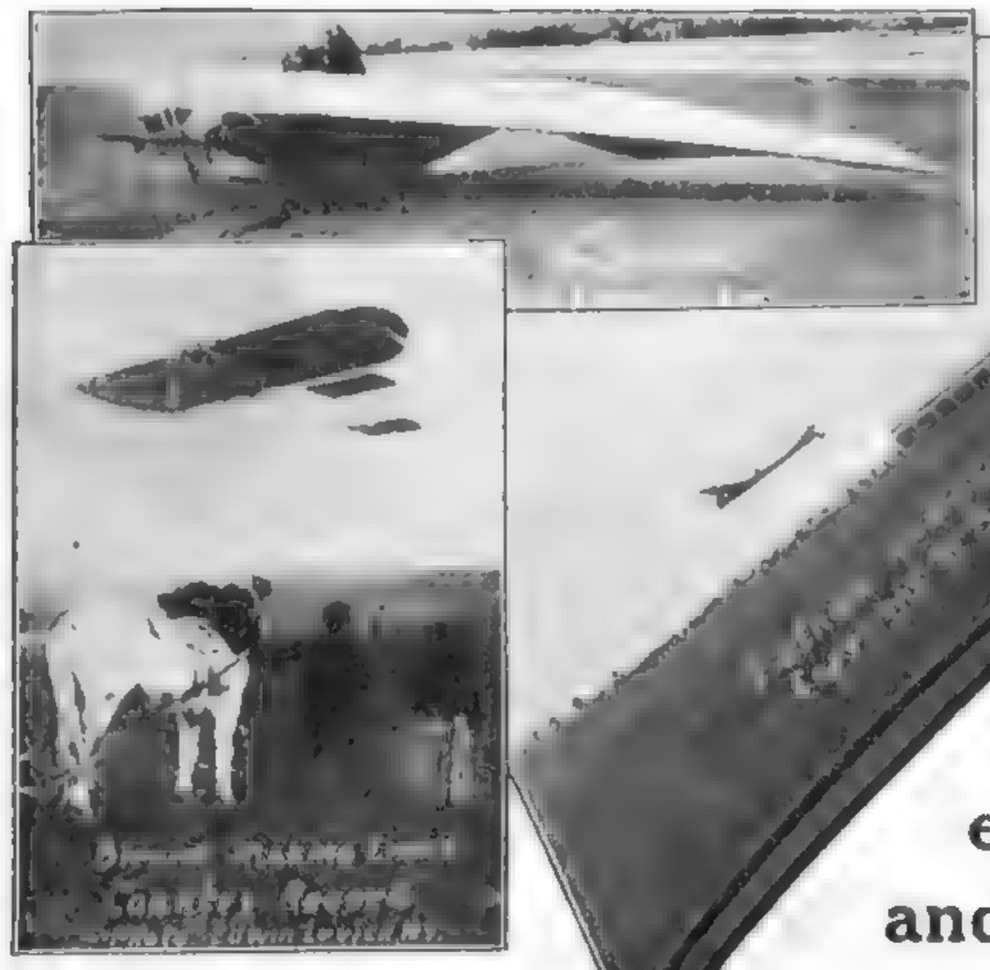
Consumers who appreciate quality and who are willing to give the grocer a living chance, buy only KELLOGG'S Toasted Corn Flakes.

It is sold to big and little grocers at exactly the same price and to all consumers on a "square deal" basis—plus *quality*.

The Genuine has this Signature

W. K. Kellogg

Made from Selected White Corn



Two Estimates of
they seem different, bui

Ask one motorist about the Warner Au
expensive speed-indicator made. Ask ano
and he'll tell you that the Warner Auto-M

They're both right—and this is why. It all depends on the point of view. You can buy speed-indicators for much less than the cost of the Warner Auto-Meter.

And the inexperienced motorist sometimes figures that a low-priced instrument may perhaps be "almost" as reliable as the Warner Auto-Meter. But there is no "almost" in speed-indication. You have either absolute accuracy or, practically, guess-work. And when you want to know how fast or how far you've gone—how many miles per tire or gallon of gasoline—or any one of the thousand things a speed-indicator is supposed to tell you—approximation will not help you much.

It's then the motorist the Warner Auto-Meter c the cheapest speed-indicat

For price has been abs construction. Accuracy, bility under any and all and wear—these are the o

A *perfect* speed-indicati low a price as is consiste that is the Warner Auto-M has given it the proud titl Speed-Indicators."

Model M

The Aristocrat of Speed-Indicators.
Ten Models, $50 to $145.

The Warner Au

We test out every Warner Auto-Meter thoroughly, under conditions harder than it is ever likely to meet in active service. And unless it passes the test with a perfect mark, it is not shipped out of the factory.

Of a speed-indicator, as of a man, it may be fairly said that it is known by the company it keeps. And by that standard we welcome a judgment of the Warner Auto-Meter.

For in every important test or race where accuracy of speed-indication is a necessity, you will find the Warner Auto-Meter in use.

Warner Instrum

Factory and General Offices 868 Wheeler A

BRANCH

ATLANTA, 118 Edgewood Avenue
BOSTON, 925 Boylston Street
BUFFALO, 720 Main Street
CHICAGO, 2430 Michigan Avenue
CINCINNATI, 807 Main Street
CLEVELAND, 2062 Euclid Avenue
DENVER, 1516 Broadway
DETROIT, 870 Woodward Avenue
INDIANAPOLIS, 330-331 N Illi
KANSAS CITY, 1613 Grand Ave
LOS ANGELES, 748 South Olive

a Speed-Indicator—
they're really the same

to-Meter and he'll tell you it's the most ther motorist, preferably one of experience, eter is the cheapest speed-indicator made.

realizes that although osts more, it is really ng instrument made.

olutely ignored in its reliability, dependa- conditions of service ly things aimed at.

ing device, sold at as nt with perfection— Meter. That is what e, "The Aristocrat of

This perfection is the result of two things—right principle and right construction.

The principle upon which the Warner Auto-Meter is based is that of magnetic induction, with annular magnet. This principle scientifically assures absolute accuracy of indication at any speed, no matter how long the instrument may be in use. And the annular form of the magnet retains the magnetism so completely as to enable us to guarantee it for ten years.

In the construction of the Warner Auto-Meter we use the same care, the same thoroughness, the same attention to detail, as is used in the construction of the finest watch.

to-Meter

On the cars of quality everywhere—the cars of the men who now—the Warner Auto-Meter holds the place of honor.

And as the Warner Auto-Meter is the only speed-indicator for those who are in a position to judge, isn't it safe to say that it's the only speed-indicator for every motorist—for you?

We should like to place in your hands a very interesting booklet on speed-indicators and their uses. We shall be glad to send it on request, or you can get it by calling at our nearest branch.

Write or call for it today. You'll appreciate it.

ent Company

venue, Beloit, Wis.

S:

e Street
ue
Street

NEW YORK, 1902 Broadway
PHILADELPHIA, 302 North Broad Street
PITTSBURG, 5940 Kirkwood Street

SAN FRANCISCO, 36-38 Van Ness Avenue
SEATTLE, 611 East Pike Street
ST. LOUIS, 3923 Olive Street

(45)

Aviation Note

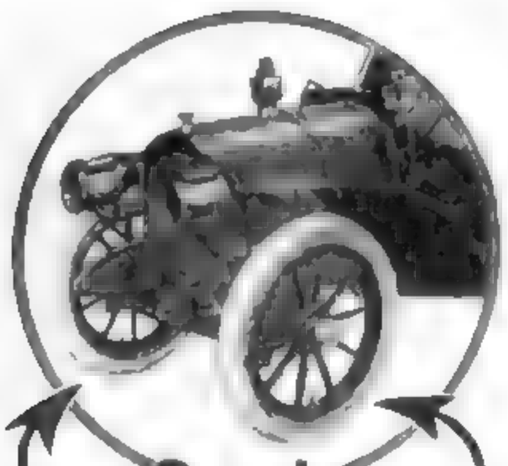
The aeroplane pictures in this week's advertisement show a wide diversity of interest.

The dividing line between the old and the new is well indicated in the picture of the old peasant couple watching the marvelous flying-man as he soars across their fields.

Then there are pictures of a couple of notable flights and of some recent variations in aeroplane construction which give promise of success.

That the great powers are not neglecting the aeroplane as an instrument of warfare is demonstrated in the two pictures showing respectively the latest British and French army aeroplanes. It would seem, however, that the greatest military effectiveness will be developed from some less cumbersome machine.

A. P. Warner



Genuine
Tire Protection

can only be obtained in one way. We discovered that fact a few years ago and the result was *Standard Tire Protectors.*

These protectors placed on your machine will allow you to travel for thousands of miles with absolutely no tire trouble.

As the ordinary tires have the full strain of the inner tubes, the tire exposed to roads is hard and rigid. Glass, nails or sharp stone, pierce instantly; therefore punctures and blowouts become unavoidable without *Standard* protection

Standard Tire Protectors

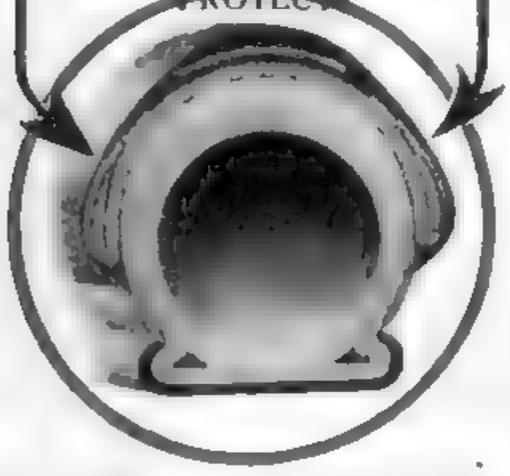
besides have the greatest practical amount of toughness, do *not* have the strain of the inner tubing and in coming in contact with sharp obstacles *force* them to glance off, thereby *avoiding all tire troubles.*

Punctures are an unknown trouble to motorists who use Standard protectors.

The protectors wrap over the tread surface of the tire and are held firmly in place by the natural inflation pressure. There are no nuts, fastenings. Sand, gravel or water cannot get in. It is impossible for them to work off and no creeping takes place. Made for any size tire or wheel base and sold at a standard price. Write today for our descriptive booklet and see why

"Standard Protectors do Protect"

STANDARD TIRE PROTECTOR CO.
807 South Water St. SAGINAW MICH.



"BOOT BLACKS"
who value their reputation always use

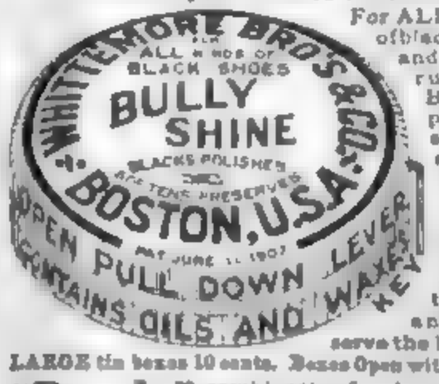
Whittemore's
Shoe Polishes

Because they are sure of a

Better Polish Without Injury to the Leather

Finest in Quality Largest in Variety

"BULLY SHINE"
A Waterproof Paste POLISH



For ALL kinds of black shoes and OLD rubbers. Blacks, polishes, softens and preserves.

Contains oil and waxes to polish and preserve the leather.

LARGE tin boxes 10 cents. Boxes Open with a Key.

"Dandy" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 25c. "Star" size, 10c.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want send us his address and the price in stamps for a full size package

Whittemore Bros. & Co., 20-26 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World

THE SON OF OLD BLOOD

(Continued from Page 15)

that, sometimes, at night, I'd wake with a start and think I heerd that awful screamin' again down there in the holler jest as I heerd it the night the hound run up on Bildad and leaped on him and held him with his teeth clamped in the skin of his throat till the men come. I found out afterward the sheriff didn't know who he was chasin'. No one knowed but Mary Major. She give the alarm. 'Lowed somebody had come upon her and Harman—Harman was the man's name—settin' together on the piazza of the hotel that night, drawed a knife and stabbed him. But she never let on till after he'd been caught that she knowed it was Bildad.

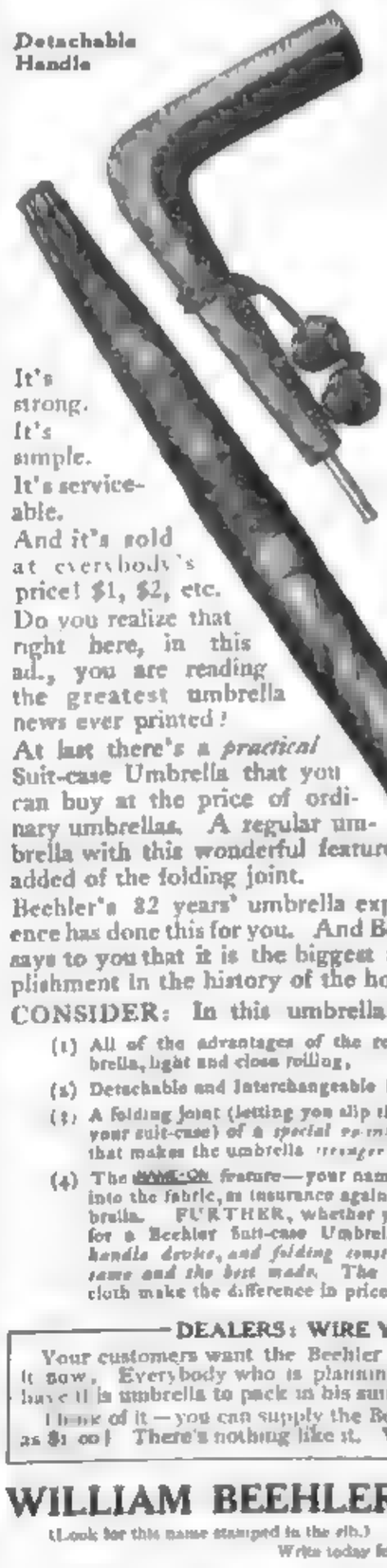
"Them was terrible days in this Valley. There wan't a sheep in the pastere that couldn't 'a' been suspected of murder quick as Bildad. Still, he'd done it, and now we knowed he was squattin' up there in a cell in the jail, starin' through the gratin' at folks that come to look at him, like a wild creature that had never before seen the terrible face of man. His old mother was plum distracted. Lord, I'll never forgit her, flyin' through Brasstown from house to house, her little hickernut face that had no more expression than a hickernut still set that way, but her hair combed out in the wind, her hands clasped over her head, and she rockin' herself to and fro and hollerin' for Bildad. Old man Elder never left his shop. All day and all night for two days and nights folks heard his hammer on the anvil, and Old Blood talkin' back to the echo. There wan't but one calm person in the settlement: that was Mary Major, settin' in her room at the hotel, makin' up her mournin' and prinkin' herself in it same as if it had been her weddin' gown. She sent Harman's body back East where he come from, and settled herself to wait for Bildad's trial. And that wan't long, for court come the first week in September, and all this happened about the middle of August."

Pappy Corn paused, drew a long breath and then continued reflectively:

"Mister, for more'n fifty years I been fringin' the hem of the garment of the Lord with my prayers and supplications, and my experience is that for every prayer He answers He shoves about ten thousand in His speritual waste basket, beca'se we air sech dern fools about prayin'. We generally asts for what we wants, not for what we needs. We air sech cowards about wantin' to be delivered from this or that little fiery furnace or this or that cup of gall and bitterness. But every now and then, when one gits his sight fixed on something in the order of things which he needs, he kin ast for it and git it. I ain't sayin' he wouldn't git it anyhow, but it feels mighty soothin' when it comes as if it was an answer to prayer.

"Well, sir, jest before Bildad's trial I laid myself out to pray for somethin'. I buckled down to it as close as Jacob ever helt his angel. I 'lowed I hadn't been one of them aggervatin' saints that can't ever eat his vittles without interruptin' the Lord to bless it—as if it wan't enough blessin' to have the vittles! But now I was in earnest. Seemed as if I felt sorter terrible about it; seemed as I sorter had the drap on God, if He was God, beca'se what I wanted was right and merciful accordin' to His righteousness and mercifulness. I ast Him night and mornin', Mister, to let me be one of the jurymen to set on Bildad's case. It seemed as if that was the only chance to save him ever from the gallows, beca'se Mary Major had got one of them slick-tongued Eastern lawyers down to help with the prosecutin', and she was settin' there at the hotel in her black gown snufflin' and workin' up sympathy for her helplessness. Told it that Harman had come to marry her. The women never let up on her, but the men—well, sir, you know how men air. The kind of legal morality they've got is no more'n a sentimental love-knot which most any yaller-haired female in distress kin ontie. And a heap of 'em began to show they was sorry for her; crowded around the hotel to tell her so. I don't know how she done it, dern her! but she had some of the best men in the Valley settin' on her do'step before the end of a week, jest waitin' on the sly for a glimpse of her or chance to send her a comfortin' message. So, I say, I got down on my

It folds and fits in the suit-case



BEEHLER Suit-Case Umbrella

AND YOUR NAME ON, TOO

Men's or Women's Handles

It's strong. It's simple. It's serviceable. And it's sold at everybody's price! $1, $2, etc. Do you realize that right here, in this ad., you are reading the greatest umbrella news ever printed! At last there's a *practical* Suit-case Umbrella that you can buy at the price of ordinary umbrellas. A regular umbrella with this wonderful feature added of the folding joint. Beehler's 32 years' umbrella experience has done this for you. And Beehler says to you that it is the biggest accomplishment in the history of the house.

CONSIDER: In this umbrella you get

(1) All of the advantages of the regular umbrella, light and close rolling,

(2) Detachable and Interchangeable Handles;

(3) A folding joint (letting you slip the umbrella into your suit-case) of a *special reinforced construction* that makes the umbrella *stronger* than ever, and

(4) The NAME-ON feature—your name and address worked into the fabric, as insurance against the loss of your umbrella. FURTHER, whether you pay $1, $2, $5 or $25 for a Beehler Suit-case Umbrella, *the frame, detachable handle device, and folding construction are identically the same and the best made.* The kind of handle and grade of cloth make the difference in price.

A well-finished, tape-edged American taffeta—virtually untearable, absolutely fast black, and guaranteed waterproof. This durable, dependable cover on the BEEHLER standard frame of flawless steel, with broad-backed ribs, rubber-enameled, brass-joined, and *rustless.* As strong, weather-resisting and long-lasting as any umbrella at *any* price. Yet this folding umbrella is yours for **$1**

A beautiful, high-luster, water-proofed gloria silk that won't crack or split. The BEEHLER standard frame that won't break, rust, come apart or turn inside out. Close-rolling and snappy. Made in folding style for slipping into your suit-case, for **$2**

For very fastidious dressers, a finely-spun, tightly-woven Milan silk. On the BEEHLER broad-backed, flat ribs, it rolls thin as a cane. Price **$5**

Any one of these Beehler Suit-case Umbrellas delivered from the factory on receipt of price and 25c for expressage. Your name and address worked in the fabric without extra charge. Order through your dealer; or by mail directly to the factory.

DEALERS: WIRE YOUR ORDERS

Your customers want the Beehler Suit-case Umbrella. They want it now. Everybody who is planning a summer vacation will wish to have it in his suit-case.

Think of it—you can supply the Beehler Suit-case Umbrella for as little as $1.00! There's nothing like it. Wire your orders.

WILLIAM BEEHLER, Dept. P, Baltimore, Md.

(Look for this name stamped in the rib.) Founded 1828. The Oldest Umbrella House in America.
Write today for The Beehler Umbrella Book.

Keepkool
TRADE MARK
UNDERWEAR

Keepkool is the Summer Underwear of *coolness*, of *comfort*, of *health*. Porous, sheer, light, soft. More than this—***Keepkool*** is

The Only Elastic Ribbed Porous Underwear

The patent elastic rib is the feature which adds *comfort* to the coolness of ***Keepkool***—makes it springy, responsive to every movement, gives it permanency of shape.

Insist upon *Keepkool*

Made in knee and ankle length drawers, short or long sleeves and athletic shirts.

FOR MEN 50c (Shirts or Drawers) FOR BOYS 25c

Men's Union Suits, $1.00—Boys' 50c

Write for catalog and sample of *Keepkool* fabric.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.,
Department P Albany, N.Y.

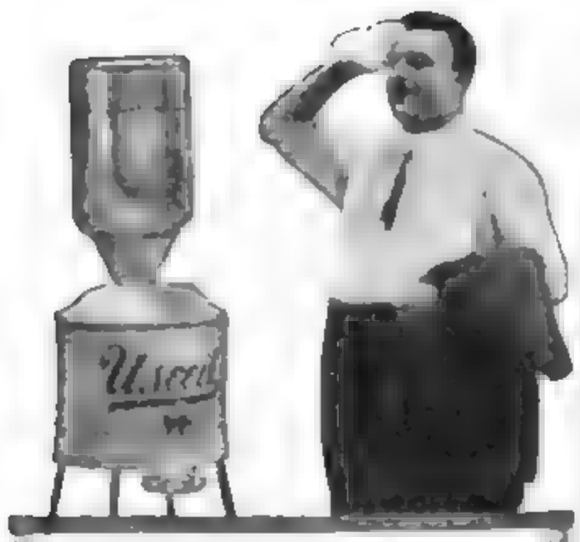
"INVENTIONS NEEDED"

"Hints to Inventors," "Why inventors fail" and much other valuable literature sent free. Send us rough sketch or model of your invention for opinion without charge. Local representatives in 800 cities and towns. Our Mr. Greeley was formerly Acting Commissioner of Patents and had entire charge of the U. S. Patent Office.
GREELEY & McINTIRE, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

PIPE REPAIRING

of every description by mail. Amber, Meerschaum and Briar. ARTIFICIAL COLORING. Emblems inlaid. Gold and Silver work. Charges very reasonable.

Estab 1899 DAVID ELLIS, The Pipe Man
Dept. F, 182-184 Main St. Buffalo, N. Y.



A Good Old Friend In Summer Time

Here is a friend who is a friend indeed, a kind who will not fail you, who will make every day this summer a more comfortable and beautiful day, the—

USEEIT
WATER COOLER

The *Useeit* Cooler gives you **pure** drinking water—just cool enough to be delicious and a real thirst quencher. The water does not touch the ice but passes from the sanitary glass bottle through a coiled pipe of pure block tin surrounded by ice; cools the water just as it's used, without waste

The *Useeit* Cooler uses less ice, protects your health and gives you pure drinking water at a cost of only a few cents a day. It is the one clean sanitary **economical** water cooler on the market

Used in more than 10,000 homes, offices and factories. Endorsed by doctors, nurses and hygienists and sold with a written guarantee of money back if you're not satisfied after 30 days trial

Every Useeit Cooler is sold with the understanding that the money will be refunded if you find it unsatisfactory after 30 days trial

Write today for the name of a man who will show you one.

Consumers Cooler Co.
Dept. D-85, Michigan City, Ind

DEALERS Write for our unique selling plan. It will make money for you.

A Special

TORREY RAZOR

Here's a real man's razor—"992," a Torrey Special—built to meet most exacting requirements and to make shaving a delight.

HIGHEST TYPE OF RAZOR MADE

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hocks and prayed, like I never had prayed even for my own salvation, to be allowed to set on that jury. I knowed my name was in the jury box, but there was two hundred others. Still, I 'lowed Providence could manage it if Providence was what I thought it was.

"Court convened, and you could hear a pin drap in Brasstown, so to speak, folks was so excited and in sech suspense. Every man that got drunk was drinkin' and carryin' his pistol. I don't know as you ever noticed it, Mister, but murder is a sort of infectious insanity. Let the crime be committed in the most peaceful community, and before you know it there'll be a taste for blood showin' in men's eyes, a challenge—somethin', I don't know what—that changes their natures and makes 'em dangerous. And this settlement was full of new-born savages when Bildad's trial begun. T'wan't Bildad that excited 'em. It was that soft, little, yaller-headed scarlet woman at the hotel.

"The courtroom was a terrible place the first day, crowded full of men, where the click of a gun would have started a riot. Old Jedge Pottle was settin' like a swelled-up turkey gobbler on its tail. He was so full his wattles was as red as fire. The only reason why he wan't drunk was that he couldn't git drunk. The lawyers was down in front. Bildad was settin' by his mother on one side and Mary Major was on the other. Old Misses Elder wore a black calico bonnet and never lifted her head. Mary was dressed fit to kill, in mournin', with a long crape veil over her face, and havin' to be fanned to keep her from faintin' every time she looked across at Bildad. The biggest change was in him. He'd calmed down, and all he done was to set there and look at her with a queer curiosity in his face like you've seen a man squat on the aidge of an abyss and strain his sight to find out what was in the black bottom of it—I say, that was the way things looked in the courtroom the first day, and eleven jurors qualified, but not me. I begun to be afeerd God wan't noticin' what was goin' on in our Valley, it was sech a little place and so far off. But I set and waited all day, watchin' the jedge and the lawyers and that little yaller-headed devil in mournin' givin' herself music-hall airs of grief. But I'd quit prayin'. There comes a time, Mister, when a man, if he is a man, gits up off of his knees and looks God in the face.

"Well, the next mornin' my name was the first called—the Lord don't pay no attention to what we expect of Him, Mister. He never shows off before us, jest takes His time, the right time, and when the hour of it strikes He lays His finger on us. So I was there before the jedge next mornin' with all the faces of my neighbors blurred into one before me, and the jury lookin' like a checkerboard with a man missin', and I heerd the clerk say:

"'Hold up your right hand,' and I helt it up, but my mind was sorter dim, as if I'd had a vision.

"'Do you solemnly swear that you will true answer make to sech questions as may be ast you concernin' your qualifications as a juror, so help you God?'

"That was puttin' it mighty strong. I 'lowed I'd been called to serve on that jury and I aimed to do it if I lied clean through the code of Georgia. The truth, Mister, is what you air after, and 'tain't always what you swear to. But I answered civil all the questions that was put to me, and I mighty nigh shouted when they let me into the jury box."

Pappy paused; his mind was off on another tangent.

"Was you ever on a jury to try a man for murder, Muster?"

"No, I never was."

"'Tain't a pleasant position to be in. Everything the jedge kin do, and all the lawyers kin say is done and said to befuddle you and worm up the straight nature of an honest man's moral sense. 'Tain't a question of right and wrong, but of the law, of precedents, of Blackstone and of the devil generally. Well, sir, as I set there, day after day, watchin' 'em wind in and out like two or three smart spiders tyin' up twelve simple, field-fly jurymen in a web, I shet my mind to it all. The witnesses testified. Mary Major talked like a lamb that had been sheared and kilt. Bildad didn't try to defend himself. 'Lowed he was sorry he'd killed Harman, 'lowed so quick the lawyers couldn't object; he thought when he done it Mary Major was a good woman. The lawyer made speeches, the jedge ruled this way

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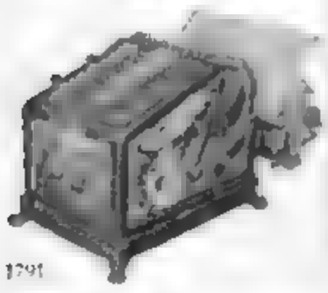

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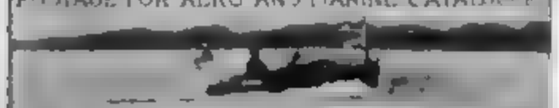

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and that. It didn't make no difference to me. I knowed what I was there for.

"The case went to the jury in four days, and it seemed that the other eleven jurymen took it for granted their verdict was to be murder in the first degree. They was plum scandalized when I 'lowed I wan't for no sech verdict.

"'Corn,' says Prim Mayberry, 'this ain't the time for sentiment. I'm sorry for Bildad and for his folks, but we got to do our duty, and the law is plain. This is a clear case of murder. We got to give in accordin'.'

"'I don't keer how plain the law is,' I says; 'the real criminal, Mary Major, is goin' scot-free, and I ain't goin' to vote to hang Bildad to satisfy neither her nor the law.'

"To make it short, we was hung for forty-eight hours before I could make 'em see it.

"At last, after I'd wore myself out clearin' their minds of the web them lawyers had spun over 'em, and made 'em see the same old-fashioned right and wrong we'd been used to lookin' at here in the Valley; after I'd showed 'em Mary Major with the mournin' veil off, and Bildad, not as the idle loafer the Eastern lawyer had painted him, but jest Bildad as we'd knowed him since he was a baby—I say, after chewin' up three plugs of tobacco and me spittin' mighty nigh all the juice out of me in the course of my arguments, we found for murder in the second degree, and sent word to the jedge that we was ready with the verdict. I was so wore out when we filed back into the jury box I didn't hear Jim Bledso, which was the foreman, when he read it out. I'd bar'ly come to myself when I seen the jedge look at Bildad wrinkled up in his cheer like something that had been blown down in a storm, and say:

"'Stand up before the bench!'

"The boy didn't hear him. He hadn't noticed that the jury had come back, he wan't afeerd, he wan't sick, he jest wan't there. The sheriff stepped for'ards and shoved him out of the cheer so that he stood lookin' at the jedge as if he was in a deep dream.

"'Bildad Elder, you have been tried by a jury of your choice, which has found you guilty of murder in the second degree. Accept your punishment of twenty years. It is, therefore, the judgment of this court that the sheriff of this county deliver you to the warden of the state penitentiary, and that you be safely confined there for the period of twenty years.'

"The sheriff led Bildad out—old Misses Elder follerin' 'long behind, not makin' a sound, her little black sunbonnet drawed down over her little hickernut face. A mountain woman don't holler and take on; she jest turns her face to her sorrow and keeps it there as if it was her altar. But them two wan't through the do' before that other hussy flung a fit under her fine mournin' veil and had to be took out, squallin' and kickin' like the thing she was.

"This here's a long tale, anyhow," sighed Pappy, "and I'm jest hittin' it in high places. I can't tell you how things went every year, all them years after Bildad went to serve his sentence.

"Then the years commenced whirlin' by. We had the seasons as usual. The snow was melted, the grass come green in the spring, the young lambs were born, the laurel bloomed same as always on Blood Mountain, and the alders down by the creek, but there was days like this one, when we were lonesome here in the Valley, when we missed Bildad as we shouldn't have missed him if he'd been jest dead. Old Misses Elder died, and old man Elder sorter lost his mind. He'd stand before his anvil, day after day, clangin' on it with his hammer. Him and Blood Mountain kept up that duet for two years, then he died. The roof on the shop fell in, and the do' of the house where Bildad was born swung on one hinge, and it seemed like we ought to begin to furgit him; but every time Blood Mountain riz from gray to green in the spring there wan't a man or woman in the Valley that didn't think of Bildad and them little flower and bee songs he made when he was jest a weed of a boy keepin' company with every blossomin' bush and singin' bird on it.

"Ten, twelve, fifteen years passed and we never heerd a word from him. We didn't really know if he was livin' or dead.

"Then it happened that I was summoned to Atlanta as a witness in a revenue case. Before I started back home I 'lowed I'd

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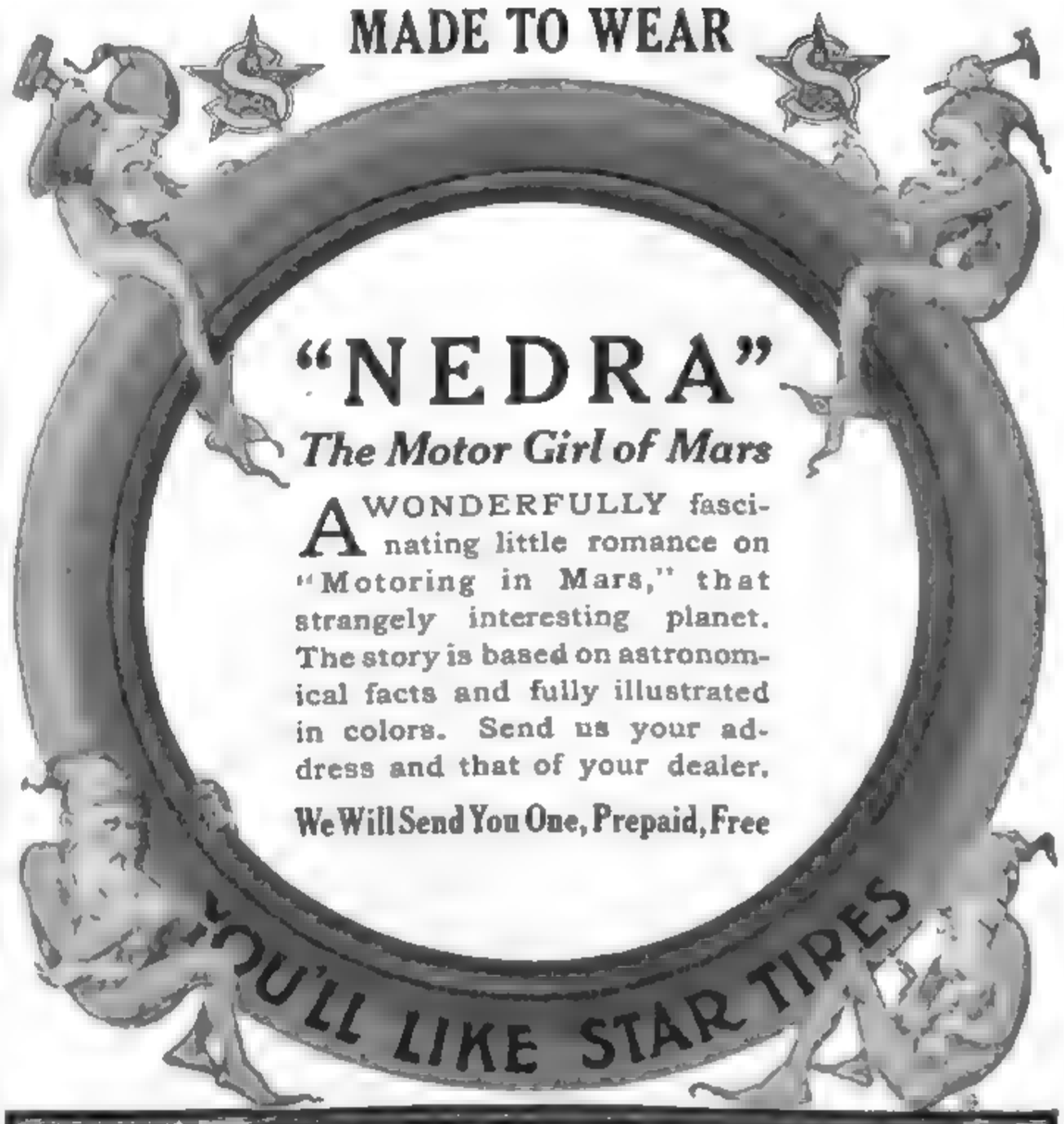

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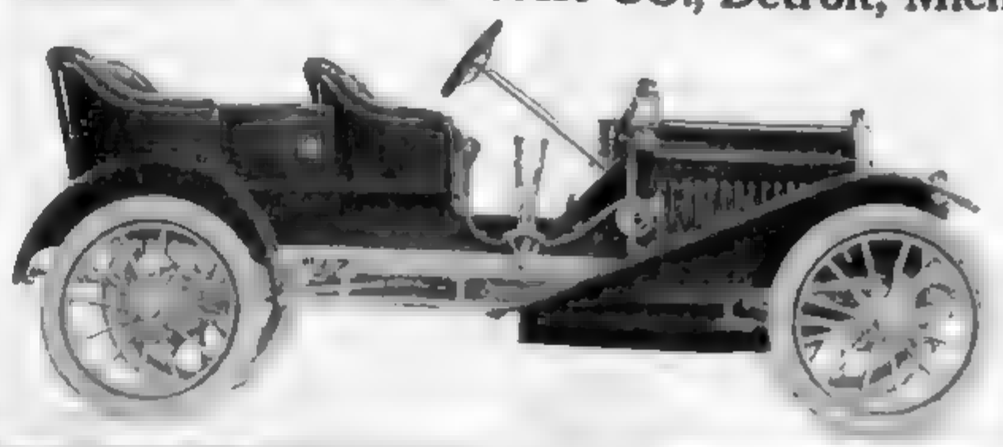

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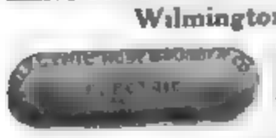

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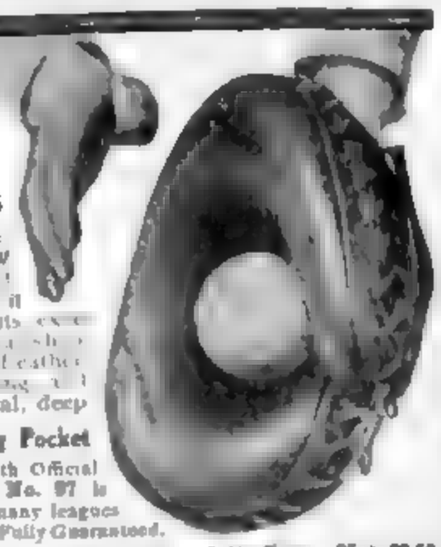

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try to find out what had become of Bildad. I went out to the federal prison and, after a right smart red tape, I got into the office, told the warden who I was and how I'd like to know if they had a prisoner by the name of Bildad Elder in there. It took him a while to find out; had to run through two or three books of names and numbers. At last he says:

"'Oh, yes! It's Old Ninety you are talkin' about! We've knowed him as Old Ninety so long we've forgot his other name.'

"He turned me over to a keeper, and we started through the prison together, him stoppin' to onlock and to lock doors at every turn. Mister, was you ever inside one of them places?" Pappy inquired.

"No, I never was."

"Well, sir, it wan't the bolts and bars that took holt of me the worst, nor the shaved heads, nor the convict stripes, nor all them dern, devilish ways we have of persecutin' a man beca'se we've got the drap on him through his crime. It was the silence! We passed great rooms full of men, all at work, and all of 'em silent. God, sir, it was like seein' ghosts, terrible, damned shades of sorrowful men in a quiet hell! Now, I don't say that it wouldn't take stronger bars and higher walls and more keepers to hold prisoners in if they was allowed to talk, but I do say it was the inspiration of what is fiendish in human nature that could lay such a cruelty upon any kind of a fellow-man, no matter how much of a criminal he is.

"But that's neither here nor there in this tale. We went on till we come to the cages. They all had bird-cage doors, so that a prisoner couldn't have hid his immortal soul in one of 'em, much less his face. The warden p'inted out one, and I went and stood in front of it, ketched holt of the bars. Seemed to me all at once I was fixin' to cry. I'd forgot them fifteen years. I was thinkin' of him as he looked then, and I says, sorter weak on account of the sobs somewhere in me:

"'Bildad!' jest that way.

"The man settin' inside on his cot sorter started as if he thought he'd been dreamin', and I says agin:

"'Bildad, it's me—Pappy!'

"Then he riz and come to the bars and looked at me, and I never had sech a shock in my life. He was old, older'n me, older'n any man in our valley, but it wan't that that startled me most. He was like the mountain—settled, calm, *there*. Seemed like he'd had long, unbroken peace; seemed like he'd measured up agin the mountain and growed to it. And, Mister, I don't know how to tell it, but when I looked into his eyes it was like lookin' into the blue hollers between the hills of Eternity.

"'Howdy, Bildad,' I says. But he jest kept on searchin' me, not sayin' a word.

"'Your pa and ma air dead,' I says, not knowin' what else to say, and knowin' I'd have to tell that. He ketched holt of the bars with his hands, and I seen him bury 'em. I seen him remember 'em from the beginnin' on till now. But I couldn't git the idea out of my head that he was like the earth that received 'em, peaceful and still, with no cryin' or mournin' in its breast, jest the little seeds of the next springtime. Then he says very low, as if the funeral was over and it was the day after:

"'Pappy, how's the mountain?'

"'It's there, Bildad.'

"'Tain't changed none?'

"'No, tain't changed. Them honeysuckles bloom over there on the ridge same as they used to do. The laurel is there, too, and the trailin' arbutus—everything jest as you left it.'

"'Do them little white blossoms come yet that used to stand like little sisters at prayer under all the trees in the spring?'

"'Yes!' I says, 'and the wild roses, they come, too.'

"'Do the mountain turn red like blood when the sun sets, same as ever?'

"'It do! God ain't changed nothin' since you been gone.'

"'Pappy,' he says, like a man in a vision seein' what he sees, not what you can see—'Pappy, do it look yet bowed and still in the moonlight like it was making a big prayer all night long for the folks in the valley?'

"Muster, I couldn't stand it. I squatted down before them bars and begun to cry. The keeper 'lowed time was up, and I riz.

"'Good-by, Bildad,' I says. 'We've missed you.'

"'Pappy,' he answers, 'when you git back home look at Old Blood for me.'

"He didn't ast me to git him a pardon, or to send him some money, or to tell the

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.....

folks howdy, but to do the one thing I couldn't do—look at Old Blood for him the way he'd look at it. Lord, sir, I felt as if I could never face that mountain again without Bildad.

"Now, it so happened as I was comin' on back to town I seen an advertisement on the billboards along the car track which told how the celebrated Mary Major would appear that night in some sort of opera at the Grand and that she was to sing in the course of it two of her famous 'lark songs.' I 'lowed I'd go. Back of the thought some feller was workin' mischief in my mind, but all I said to myself was that I'd go. And when the curtain riz at eight o'clock I was settin' in the peanut gallery finishin' my snack. There was a big crowd, and a row of candy-box people, besides, half-way around the house. In one of these I seen the Governor of the state and his wife. I knowed it was him by the way folks cheered when he come in. But the grandest thing was the stage itself. You looked through a grove of hills on to the sea, the water wavin' as natural as you please. Up on the cliffs was a castle, and directly after the curtain was drawed up there come a woman down the path lookin' like she'd been drapped out of some archangel's wallet, she was that fair and white and pure-lookin'. Seemed like she was in a right smart trouble, but was bearin' it with tearful Christian fortitude. As nigh as I could make it out she was a faithful wife watchin' and waitin' for her husband, who was away from home on business, or war, or something 'nother that made her terrible anxious and concerned about his return.

"After she'd wandered around a right smart and listened to the sad sea mourn, and got everybody sorry for her, she turned, helt her face up, lifted her arms above her head and lit in to singin' as if she was callin' the angels to witness how good and faithful she'd been.

"Well, sir, you could have knocked me down with a feather. I knowed the words of that song as well as I knowed the flowers' faces in Blood Mountain. But at first I jest couldn't realize that it was Mary Major singin' it. When I did my dander begun to rise. Seemed as if I seen Bildad, that wrote the song, asleep like a man in his grave in that cell of the federal prison where I'd left him just two hours before.

"She drawed tears from the admirin' audience. Mister, I couldn't stand it! Seemed to me if I set there another minute I'd bust. In about three shakes of a sheep's tail I was in the main flo', skeetin' down the aisle. Nobody noticed me, I reckon, on account of its bein' so dark, till my head was buttin' the footlights on the stage. Then she seen me, Mary Major, jest as she was turnin' her neck like a bird fixin' to tuck its head under its wing after singin' its prayers, and she knowed who I was. Lord, yes! she knowed. She drawed back, put her hands out as if she was pushin' me back out of sight. Her eyes stretched like she'd saw a ghost, and her po' little painted mouth come loose and drapped open.

"'That's Bildad's song!' I says, waggin' my finger at her, but before I could git out another word to upbraid her she fell down in a dead faint.

"It all happened so quick, nobody understood what was the matter. The curtain went down, and I slipped out in the confusion. But the show was ended. The papers next mornin' had some tale about the celebrated artist havin' been took suddenly ill, and so forth.

"The next day I didn't go home as I expected. Seein' the Governor in his box at the theater the night before put an idea into my head. I 'lowed I'd go and see him about Bildad. I was in right smart of a sweat when a person let me into the office where he was settin' up, chawin' the end of a cigar and readin' a newspaper same as any common man would be doin' between acts, so to speak. He treated me civil, 'lowed for me to take a cheer and state my business. I say, it put me in a sweat bea'se I didn't have no petition signed by the folks at home astin' for Bildad's pardon. I wan't even a relative, jest a fellow-man. But I drawed my hankerchief out of my hat, wiped my face, looked the Governor square in his'n and begun. I told him about Bildad from Genesis to Revelation, didn't leave nothin' out, nor what had happened the night before. I had what a preacher calls 'liberty' and I lay back on my dew-claws and let it come. I ast him to pardon Bildad, not bea'se Bildad needed or wanted it, but bea'se the folks in the valley needed him. I could see that he was tetched, his face worked same as if he was griped somewhere. And jest as I was takin' my second wind for two more hours' pleadin' he surprised me by shettin' me off with a wave of his hand, whirlin' around to his desk, writin' something, bangin' the seal of the state on it and then handin' it to me.

"'There it is,' he says. 'Remember me to Bildad and to the folks in the valley,' jest the same as if we'd been neighbors all our lives.

"'God bless you,' I says; 'take a chaw,' and I offered him my plug, for I wan't goin' to let the Governor outdo me in politeness. He took a good-size quid and walked with me to the do'.

"It's gittin' dark fast, and I must hurry to finish my tale. Tain't no use to go into particulars about bringin' Bildad home. I was for havin' a grand welcome for him down in Brasstown, but as we come along the road past the house where he'd been born and past the knees of Blood Mountain that reached out around it, he 'lowed to me:

"'Pappy, I'll get out here.'

"'But the folks air waitin' for you at Stallins' store,' I says, 'and there ain't nothin' to eat in the house.'

"'Me and Old Blood kin make out till mornin',' he says, and when I looked in his face I driv on and left him. It was like a great man's prayer that had been answered.

"There ain't much now to tell, but I reckon it's the best. Mister, God don't keer nothin' about our little talents and gifts. What He keers about is makin' a man in some great likeness even if He burns every gift out of him. I reckon you've took notice how many young geniuses don't pan out. It's best; this world ain't no place for a man with an intellectual aurora borealis or a passion for doin' somethin' out of the common order. What we need is a heap of ordinary human material, and mighty little of the other kind. Mighty nigh every other young gal you meet has a high treble talent for singin', but what does God do with 'em? Do He turn half of the female sect into sweet caterwaulin' prima donnas? No, sir; they gits married, quits singin' and bears children, which is a much more immortal business to be engaged in. Well, sir, He'd done something greater to Bildad. After he'd got settled at the cobbler's trade there in the old house in the cove—he'd learned that trade in prison—and the folks had all went to see him and acted friendly so he'd feel comfortable, we set back and waited for him to spout poetry same as he'd done when he was young. But nary a line did he say. He'd set all day half-solin' shoes, and if anybody come in he'd look pleased and good. But seemed as if he'd got out of the habit of speech. Maybe he'd say he seen a squirrel that day, like you'd speak of seein' a dear friend after years of absence, or he'd tell about some old path he'd found again on Blood Mountain, but nary rhyme. One day I 'lows to him, while I was waitin' in his shop to have my shoe patched:

"'Bildad, ain't you never goin' to write no more poetry?'

"'Pappy,' he answers, lookin' down at his work so long I thought he wan't goin' to answer at all—'Pappy, that night I killed Harman the thing that made poetry died in me. I can't think it no more.'

"Mister, I reckon we are obliged to do it, but the punishment we puts on one another for crimes and sins is extra. When you do wrong, I don't keer who you air, even if you air as innocent as Bildad was when he done his, you pay. There ain't no credit system in morality. You can't owe and pay hereafter. You have to credit your own account and pay then, and it's best not to try to cheat. We all knowed that Bildad was the biggest man in the valley, bea'se he'd paid all he had and all he was. There wan't a man among us that had a trouble or burden that didn't feel it shrivel up, git little and crawl off of him if he went and set before the cobbler in the cove. He had so much glory and silence and peace about him, like Old Blood on a still day. He never said he loved anybody, but if you needed him it was his nature to be there. If there was a man sick in the valley Bildad nursed him; if there was a lamb lost on the mountain Bildad found it. The only queer thing about him was he wouldn't talk. Seemed like he'd quit on account of its bein' useless to do so. The silence of the rocks was in him and the peace of ancient hills."

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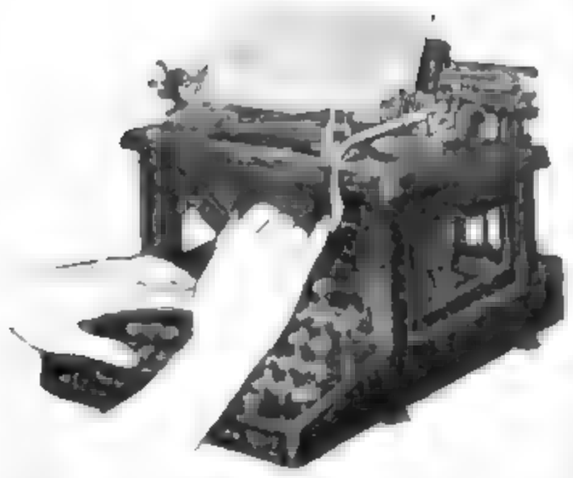

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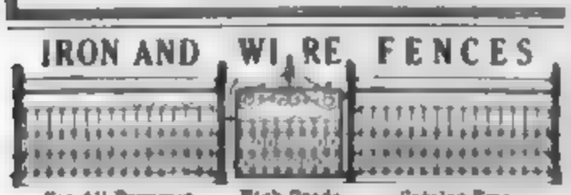

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THRIFT

Good Points of Mortgages

AS AN incentive to thrift and a general all-round safeguard against extravagance there is nothing to beat a mortgage. Everybody who is anybody and hopes to get on in life ought to tie up to a judiciously-selected mortgage, not as the mortgagee, but as the mortgagor who gives the pledge and pays the interest and capital.

The mortgage holds too low a place in public esteem. Its excellent points have been misunderstood. It is one of the stock horrors of popular literature—a legal instrument that seldom appears except to an accompaniment of shaky music. In the newspapers one reads of it oppressing churches, and in the melodrama it is the chief weapon of the villain, only staved off in the last act by some such superhuman device as finding the missing will.

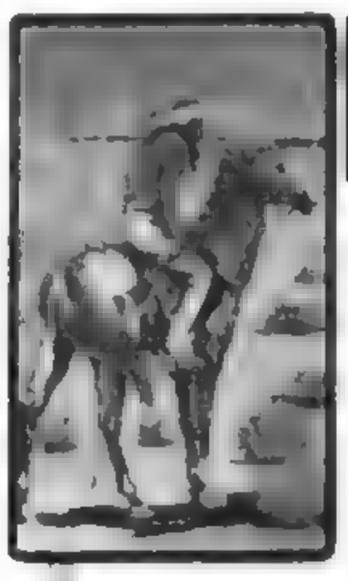
This misunderstanding ought to be corrected, for the mortgage in real life has many uses, takes many forms, and is not oppressive when properly selected and managed

Ten years ago two young fellows went to work for the same company, labored and chummed together, married about the same time, moved to the same suburb, rose in responsibilities and salary neck and neck, and have run life's race on an even basis in all respects except one—the financial item Today one of them owns a fine home, while the other lives in a rented house. The first man has had a mortgage and the other man hasn't. Both make a practice of saving money. When the first man had five hundred dollars in the bank he bought a lot and built a three-thousand-dollar house upon it with the aid of a building society. Then it was only necessary to take care of the mortgage and the mortgage took care of him. Its payments amounted to thirty dollars a month and were not burdensome. But they made it necessary to figure, and to forego certain pleasures that the other chap enjoyed. The other chap could take a flier in margins when he had a few hundred dollars spare cash, and did, sometimes winning, but always losing in the long run. He could take a vacation, or invest a little money in some doubtful enterprise that promised to pay large profits if it paid at all—but it never did. He was a ready resource for the friend who wanted to borrow money, and there was absolutely nothing to stand between these temptations and himself. The man with the mortgage, however, had to go slow. He needed time to think such propositions over, and ultimately his mortgage decided for him. "No, we can't afford this," said the mortgage, and that always settled it. So, while the man without a mortgage has spent ten years' surplus in playing long gambling chances for big stakes that have never been won, the other, with his mortgage as a sheet anchor, has become well-to-do upon small, regular, certain savings He has won, because no man with a mortgage can afford to lose.

A St. Louis Fortune

Another instance where mortgages have played a still more useful purpose is in the life of a St. Louis publisher, whose business has been making money for him for many years. The first cash surplus he ever got from it was put into a piece of business property in his home city, paying about one-fourth its value, the rest being carried on a mortgage. Since that time he has always had some sort of mortgage to meet and, by assuming such obligations, has worked at his business under an incentive and has had a definite place in which to invest its profits. From time to time, like all business men, he has been tempted to put spare cash into some outside enterprise about which he knew little, or to expand his own business in unsafe directions. But his mortgages have kept him in the straight path of sound management through a long life, and now, an old man, he has one of the largest fortunes that have been made in the publishing business.

Picking out the proper mortgage is an easy process. In the first place, of course, the mortgage must cover newly-acquired property; to put a lien on something one already owns is to get the sort of mortgage that makes all the trouble that can ever come from such an instrument. Then, the



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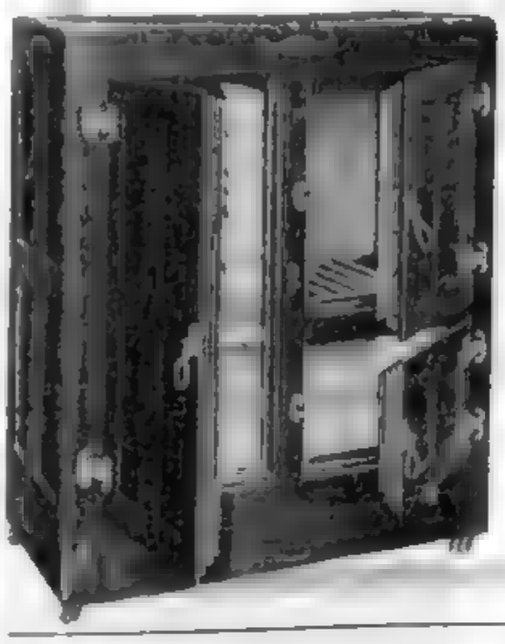

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amount of the obligation should be settled carefully. There is an excellent working rule for this. Set down the amount of rent paid, plus as much more money as can be comfortably saved each month. For every ten dollars it is possible to come immediately into possession and enjoyment of one thousand dollars' worth of real estate. Thus, the man who is paying twenty-five dollars a month to his landlord and can save fifteen more without hardship may buy or build a house worth, with land, four thousand dollars. This is the ratio commonly followed in determining building society loans. More than half of each monthly payment goes to clear off principal, and such a debt can be wiped out in an average of less than twelve years.

To make a transaction of this kind, though, it is necessary for the borrower to have some cash besides, because a bank or building society can only lend about sixty per cent of the total value of the property. A New York accountant lived in a rented house in a suburb, but was saving money toward a home. When he had sixteen hundred dollars in the bank he began to look around for a suitable site, and finally bought a half acre of ground for twenty-five hundred dollars, selling part of it immediately for a thousand dollars, leaving a piece of land worth fifteen hundred dollars. Then he went to a building society for advice as to building and had good counsel in getting the plans for a house, going over the contractors' bids and putting up the building. The building society loaned him the cost of the building on mortgage, some thirty-five hundred dollars, and paid the contractors as different stages were finished. An inspector of the building society, well versed in construction, came to see the place several times while it was going up and made a number of very good suggestions. Eight months after the accountant bought his site he moved into a fine new house of his own and, by substituting a mortgage for his landlord, is paying for the property at the rate of thirty-five dollars a month, where formerly he paid twenty-five dollars rent. This man's mortgage was made upon the diminishing interest plan, whereby the interest charge on remaining debt becomes less and less each month as payments are made, so that less of each succeeding payment goes for interest and more and more to extinguish the principal.

A New Wrinkle in Mortgages

A new form of mortgage now being introduced by some building societies in the East is known as the divided mortgage, its object being to enable the borrower to acquire a more valuable property, taking a longer period to pay off the debt.

Really, under this plan, two separate mortgages are issued. The accountant mentioned above, for example, who pays thirty-five dollars a month on a house worth thirty-five hundred dollars, might have got a house worth forty-five hundred dollars for the same payment under the divided mortgage plan. In that case the building society would have drawn up one mortgage for twenty-five hundred dollars, on which he would have paid twenty-five dollars a month, and more than half of each payment would have gone to extinguish the principal, under the diminishing interest plan. Then a second mortgage for two thousand dollars would have been drawn, and upon this he would pay ten dollars a month simple interest, carrying it until the first mortgage had been cleared off. In actual interest, of course, this divided mortgage would cost more in the long run. But against the greater cost would be set the years of actual possession of a better house.

A shoe-worker near Boston married, and his father gave him three lots on the outskirts of a suburb. They were worth about five hundred dollars. The shoe-worker had about two hundred and fifty dollars in the savings-bank, not enough to put up a house, but he applied to a building society for advice. The secretary, after learning that the man's wages were steady and averaged about sixty dollars a month, sent a committee to appraise the lots, drew a mortgage for fifteen hundred dollars and supervised the erection of a cottage costing that amount. The society made payments to the contractor, and the shoemaker began paying fifteen dollars a month, a sum no greater than he would have paid in rent for a less comfortable home.

Building societies cannot do much directly for the man seeking a mortgage

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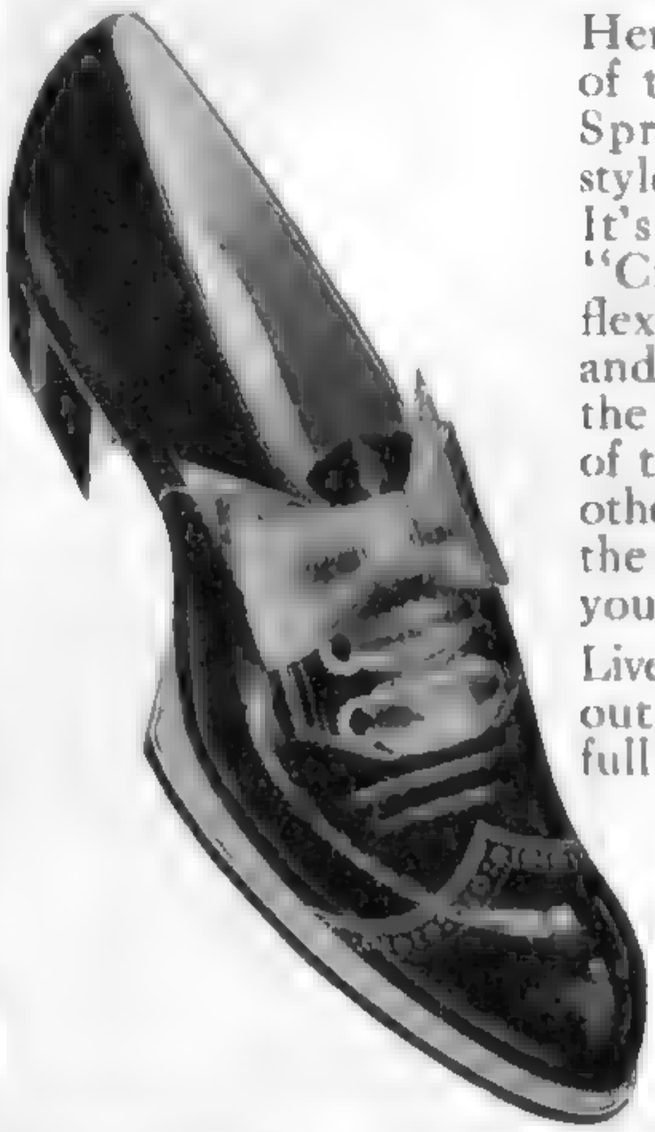

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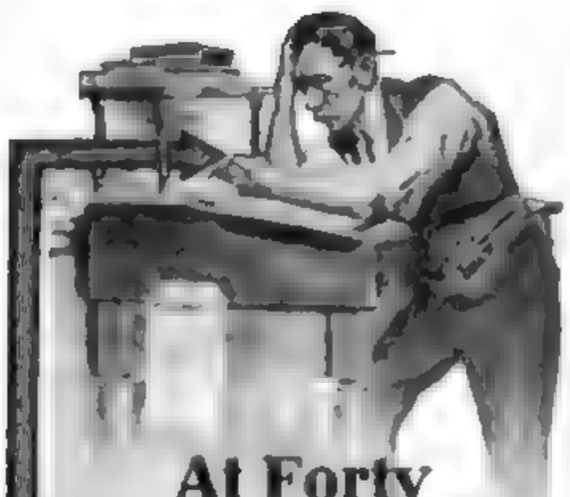

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Accountant	Civil Engineer
Cost Accountant	Automobile Engineer
Systematizer	Electrical Engineer
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Name
Address
Occupation

PROVE BEFORE YOU PAY—

Keenoh
Trade Mark

AUTOMATIC RAZOR SHARPENER

Before a man pays a cent for the "KEENOH" it must satisfy him absolutely that it is in actual fact the most wonderful razor sharpener in the world.

It must convince him that, in half a minute, it will give him every morning an edge so sharp and keen and smooth—a shave so easy and delightful—that he cannot do without it.

No matter whether the razor be safety or old style—the "KEENOH" sharpens both.

We are putting out 100,000 "KEENOHS" on these terms—making the "KEENOH" itself prove its case before the customer pays.

Write us, giving your dealer's name, and we will arrange with him to give you a "KEENOH" for the ten day trial, you to return the sharpener within that time or pay him $3.50 for it.

If you will do this, we say to you now that you will not return the "KEENOH" once you have used it.

We have a booklet—"Are You Edgewise?"—full of interesting information which we will be glad to send free if you request it.

The "KEENOH" Co.
4 W Fort Street
Detroit, Mich.

unless the latter has at least twenty-five per cent of the value of the property he wants to acquire, in cash or real estate. But the secretary of a New Jersey building society has devised a plan for helping even the man who has saved next to nothing.

As an example, a young couple just married had put their surplus cash into furniture. They found a house that could be bought for twenty-five hundred dollars. It was distinctly a bargain. The building society could lend only two thousand dollars on mortgage, however—it was against the state laws to take a greater risk. But a capitalist in that town had placed some money at the disposal of the secretary to meet such emergencies, and five hundred dollars of this was borrowed on second mortgage at four per cent, the money being paid to the building society, added to the two thousand dollars lent on first mortgage, and the whole paid for the house, into which the couple immediately moved as owners. This second mortgage, of course, is not a lien on the property until the first has been satisfied. But the couple begin paying twenty-five dollars a month into the society, and when the accumulations over and above interest on both mortgages—amounting to a total of ten dollars a month—have reached five hundred dollars the society pays off the second mortgage. This plan is one well worth the attention of employers. In the New Jersey society where it originated not a dollar of money loaned on such a second mortgage has ever been lost.

A Pocket Schemer

The man who fancies that he has become thrifty when he begins to supervise the odd change he spends out of his pocket from day to day, yet neglects to figure out and put aside a profit of at least ten per cent on his whole income, will hardly become rich on his savings. For he is contenting himself with the management of only a minor item of his finances.

At the same time, pocket schemes of thrift are worth a good deal more than they are likely to pay in actual savings, for they help the economist in his accounting. It is an accounting that every stockholder in a corporation clamors for when its affairs go wrong.

So, a simple, accurate scheme for keeping track of the change in one's pocket is the right start toward better personal finance, while such a scheme, once established, will be maintained even by the most thrifty.

A city salesman carried loose change in his pocket, spending money for the house as well as himself. Every item that was chargeable against the house was noted down on the expense account. But he kept no track of his own personal outgoes.

One day somebody gave him an ingenious little pocket cash-register, made like a watch, with hands that kept track of sums from one cent up to a hundred dollars, automatically adding them. He began to use this on his own expenditures, largely as an amusement. But at the end of a month he was astonished to find that he was dribbling away as much money for trifles as he paid for rent.

The pocket contrivance wouldn't tell him what this money had been spent for. It was concerned only with the total. So he began jotting down items, and at the end of the month had some valuable information. His first purchase in the morning, usually, was a quarter's worth of cigars. Through the month he had averaged forty cents a day for smoking, some of the cigars being given away. By purchasing wholesale and filling his pocket in the morning he could cut that item about sixty dollars a year. Then, he was spending money in saloons at the rate of two hundred dollars a year. Not that he drank himself, but because he assumed that treating was indispensable to business. He concluded it was time to stop—that if he couldn't sell goods without such help he had bettter stop drawing commissions.

In a few months the savings shown by this accounting of his own loose change led him to find out what could be done with the expense money he was spending for the house. He learned that the chief item was carfare. This amounted to enough to keep up a small automobile. He persuaded the house to buy one. In a year the car not only showed a saving in carfare, but doubled his sales, because he had more time to work, could get about easier, and made many small merchants in side streets accessible as customers.

O'Sullivanize Your Walk

And Gain a Little Every Step

The More You Walk The More You Gain

(See Diagram of the Normal and Abnormal Walk Herewith.)

The Proper Walk

In the proper walk the feet should be carried parallel with one another so that a line from the center of the knee would pass through the second toe.

If this line hits the inner side of the great toe the walk is abnormal.

In the proper walk you strike the heel first, bear your weight on the outer edge of the foot, using the ball of the foot as the fulcrum by the aid of the calf muscles to lift the body.

O'Sullivan Heels of Live Rubber encourage the proper walk. It is easy, graceful, natural—the live rubber energizes your step. With the same effort you can walk brisker and farther on the Live Rubber Heels.

There is so much difference between Live Rubber and junk rubber that we must repeat our warning to refuse substitutes for O'Sullivan's.

Diagram Showing Difference Between Correct and Incorrect Methods of Walking

When Live Rubber is so essential to restore nature's resiliency to your walk and junk rubber is so worthless for the purpose, it seems criminal that some unscrupulous dealers for the sake of the little extra profit foist the inferior article on you—unless you insist on O'Sullivan's.

The price of crude rubber has advanced, but the O'Sullivan Rubber Co. will not advance their price—50c. always. Shoe dealers everywhere.

O'Sullivan Rubber Co., Lowell, Mass.

Velvet
THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

Taste—Richness—Sweetness

Adjectives can't describe the pleasant flavor of Velvet.

It is made of the choicest Burley leaf, carefully mellowed and cured by a slow process. An expensive one too, but one that brings out every atom of exquisiteness. Its mild, nut-like flavor will make it your favorite. One trial will convince you.

For Pipe and Other Smokers

At All Dealers

10 Cents

In a neat metal case that just fits the hip pocket. Also in 8 and 16 oz. canisters, with humidor tops that keep it in the finest condition.

SPAULDING & MERRICK
CHICAGO, ILL.

782 Jigs used in our factory enable us to build

THE "EVERITT 30" for $1350

(A Jig is a frame used to hold the different parts while they are being finished. It guides the tools used in finishing any part so as to insure absolute uniformity. Each part has its own specially designed Jig—there are 782 different patterns of Jigs. By the use of the Jigs holes are drilled alike—always in the same place—always the same depth. So with the work on milling machines—cutters—grinders. Each part is always finished exactly like every similar part in any "Everitt 30"—to one one-thousandth of an inch)

Touring Car—Fitted with Finest Mohair Top and Brass-Framed Windshield, $100 Extra

Complete with Splitdorf Magneto, Horn, Generator, Gas and Oil Lamps, f. o. b. Detroit.

Specifications

COLOR—Royal blue, with mahogany and wood brass trim
SEATS—Four or five passengers. Rear seat 52 in. wide.
WHEEL BASE—[illegible]
CAPACITY—[illegible]
TIRES—[illegible]
BRAKES—[illegible] contracting on rear wheels
HORSE POWER—30
CYLINDERS—Four [illegible] Block
BORE—Four [illegible]
STROKE—4½ inches
COOLING—Water. Gear driven pump on same shaft as [illegible]
RADIATOR—[illegible] nickel trimmed pressed steel shell
IGNITION—Jump spark dry battery, Splitdorf magneto
CLUTCH—[illegible] faced with [illegible] inserts
DRIVE—[illegible]
TRANSMISSION—Selective sliding gear on rear axle [illegible] makes [illegible] and slip gears
SPRINGS—[illegible] and [illegible] Vanadium
LOCK—Gear shifting lever can be secured with an ordinary padlock, protecting owner against unauthorized use of car.

Licensed under Selden patent.

ANY car as well built, by hand or with ordinary machinery, with all the features of the "Everitt 30" could not be sold for less than $3,000. But here is a car beautiful, strong, simple, fast and safe, a good $3,000 worth of automobile that we offer you for $1,350. Those 782 jigs explain how this price is possible for the "Everitt 30."

It's a very simple explanation, but it's a big thing to the "Everitt 30" buyer in two ways. First—reduction in the cost of the car; second—reduction of the cost of repairs.

If you have a little part broken, you can count on getting a new part that will go in to take its place without expensive fitting and adjustment. The absence of expensive fitting together of the parts explains the reduction of first cost, too. The 782 jigs insure every part being always alike and always interchangeable. The jigs turn out the parts faster. Parts so made can be put together faster. Saving a little time saves money.

Multiply those savings by 782 and the result is most of the difference between $3,000 and $1,350.

The rest of the difference is in the wonderful saving due to our simplified design.

There are no complicated parts to the "Everitt 30." Our designers have simplified, combined and eliminated so that we have the car of greatest simplicity with the utmost efficiency.

We have an engine smooth running, powerful, dependable and always under absolute control, that contains 156 less parts than our nearest competitor.

Just think what that means in saving cost and reducing upkeep.

This car is the latest creation of Byron F. Everitt, William E. Metzger and William Kelly. Their ten years' experience in automobile building is checked by the experience of twelve of the largest automobile sales agents in the country who are members of the Company.

This combination of building experience and selling experience produces a car that almost sells itself, because so many people find it just the car they want.

In order to better show you how we can produce the equal of a $3,000 car for $1,350, we have prepared a booklet. It is entitled "Let us take you through the factory and show you how the 'Everitt 30' is built."

We want to send it to every one contemplating the purchase of an automobile.

Will you give us your address?

Write the factory or the nearest of these direct factory representatives.

Direct Factory Representatives.

BOSTON—The J. W. Bowman Co
NEW YORK—H. J. Kircher Co
PHILADELPHIA—W. Wayne Davis Co
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INDIANAPOLIS—Motor Car Sales Co.
DETROIT—Security Auto Co

METZGER MOTOR CAR Co.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

Direct Factory Representatives:

CHICAGO—Cotheus Brothers Co
MINNEAPOLIS—The McArthur Zollars Motor Co
KANSAS CITY—Bond Motor Car Co
DENVER—The Johnston Motor Car Sales Co
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The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN SHOE

Style A 1614

The Modoc

Style with comfort. A moderately broad, high toe "Choral" Patent Colt

You — with hard-to-fit feet, will save time, trouble and money by investigating the Florsheim Shoe "Hogtie" Oxfords, that hug the heel, ankle and instep. "Natural Shape" lasts that fit the feet as nature intended.

The Modoc is a perfect combination of style and good taste, and one of the season's leaders.

"The Shoeman," our Spring and Summer booklet, illustrates a number of "Natural Shape" lasts, one of which is sure to please you. Mailed free on request.

Ask your dealer about the Florsheim Shoe or send us $5.25 to cover cost of shoe and express charges, and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

The Florsheim Shoe Company

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

The Senator's Secretary

THERE have been some strange doings at the White House lately, strange doings for this placid and verecund Administration, with its well-known disposition to keep hands off Congress, to abide the event with calm faith that all will be well, to wait and see

The President of the United States, Mr William Howard Taft, has been using the Big Stick. Moreover, he has not only been using it once, but he has been using it sixty or more times, and he has hammered a lot of Congressional heads with it, thereby attaining the desired results, or, more properly speaking, his desired results

The President wanted the naval bill, as passed by the House of Representatives, to include an appropriation for two new battleships. Although he had insisted on economy, he did not desire to be bigoted about it and thought it might be well to loosen up a bit when it came to laying out a few millions for Dreadnoughts. He worked the House Naval Committee, which was predisposed to his idea, anyhow, and the bill was reported with provision in it for the two new battleships, some submarines, some colliers and a repair ship.

There are certain people in the House of Representatives who think the naval expansion of this Government is all bosh. One of these is a most important person, namely, James A. Tawney, chairman of the Appropriations Committee. Now, while the Naval Committee makes its own bill and fixes its own appropriations, subject to the approval of the House, the opposition of Tawney is a serious matter, because Tawney, although he is only general supervisor of the naval appropriations, is the last word on many of the other big money bills, and the members of the House look to him to help get through the appropriations for their districts.

There are other influential people in the House who think that our navy is big enough and that, while on the subject of economy, it might be well to economize on Dreadnoughts. Indeed, this sentiment was strong. The Naval Committee fussed along with its bill, counting noses and making canvasses, and, finally, when the bill was ready to report, had definite information that there were sixty votes lacking for a majority for two battleships

Bjinks Sees the President

This word was carried to the President Chairman Foss, of the House Naval Committee, went to the White House and explained the situation. "Report it out," the President told him, "and let me help to get you the votes." He had a list of the Republicans against the two-battleship project, and in a short time certain members of the House thought the old Roosevelt days had returned

In order to give the President time to use the Big Stick effectively the general debate on the naval bill was not limited The House was told to go ahead and talk itself out of breath. It talked for two weeks or more. Meantime, Republican after Republican Representative opposed to two battleships, in favor of one or not in favor of any, was summoned to the White House and shown in to see the President. The conversation was pleasant—at the beginning. It ran somewhat like this:

"Good-morning, Mr. Bjinks."

"Good-morning, Mr. President."

"Pleasant weather we are having."

"Very."

"You desired to see me?"

"I did."

"I am at your service. Is there anything I can do?"

All this time the President had been looking out of the window or at the ceiling. He was smiling and serene. Usually, there was a little pause after this last remark, and the President, calling in his smile, pulled his chair out a little from his desk and turned, facing his visitor squarely At that moment the visitor observed that when the smile left the Presidental lips it also left the Presidential eyes. It was a very grave, a very earnest, a very emphatic President who looked at the Congressional visitor.

"Now, Bjinks," the President said, "I sent for you for one reason, and for one

Columbia

Columbia Automobiles, for touring purposes, are geared moderately low, which gives good hill-climbing ability rather than excessive speed.

THE COLUMBIA MOTOR CAR COMPANY

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Silver BRAND Collars

"The Style can be copied but not the Buttonholes."

Quarter Sizes—Two for 25 cents In Canada Three for 50 cents.

Linocord Endless Eyelet Buttonholes

A Popular Silver Style—

Halley

Two Heights

Halley 2¼ in. Comet 2 in.

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5% Interest Paid

on six months' Certificates of Deposit. The man who deposits at 3% loses two-thirds of his income. Write for information.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Established 1883

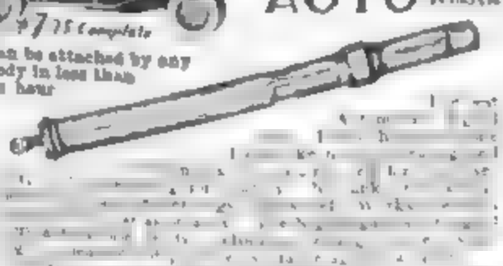
BILLINGS, MONTANA

One of the [illegible] largest banks in the State

NIGHTINGALE AUTO Whistle

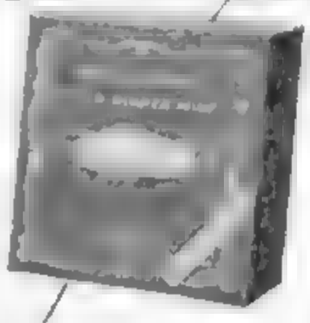
$7.75 Complete

Can be attached by any body in less than an hour



Price complete $7.75

The Nightingale Whistle Mfg Co., 783 Broadway, N.Y.C.



The Charm of Cream Mint

is in its freshness, flavor, purity and delicacy of texture [illegible] found in

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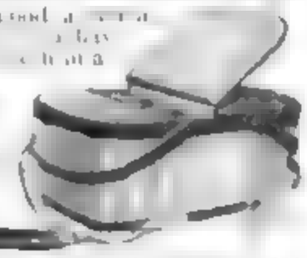
AFTER DINNER MINT

Famous everywhere as a delicious confection for any occasion.

MANUFACTURING CO. OF AMERICA, 449 N. 12th St., Philadelphia

Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket



Very little ice will keep the contents of a Hawkeye cool for twenty-four hours —ideal for auto, fishing, hunting trip [illegible] If your dealer [illegible] supply you We will [illegible] satisfactory we will refund [illegible] Made in three styles and seven sizes. Outside of tough rattan lined with nickel plated or enameled metal —easily kept sweet and clean. Prices from $3.50 to $15. Write for booklet of dainty recipes

Auto style—two sizes, $10 and $15, delivered East of Rockies

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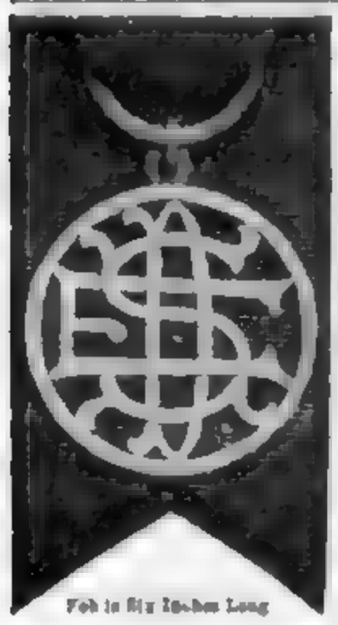

"Dolorie" Fob

Patented

[illegible] Actual Size

Monogram and Fob Complete

Only $1.00

[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

LeMar Cravats

A CRAVAT of high *caste* need not be a cravat of high *cost*. "*LeMar CRAVATS*" are sold for Half-a-Dollar, but they are "*dollarish*" in fineness of silk and fullness of cut.

Just rub your thumb over the surface of a "*LeMar CRAVAT*." You'll find it has a "nap" of velvety softness. Spread out the folds of a "*LeMar CRAVAT*." It's cut *generously full*, always the mark of the upper-class scarf.

Don't take *any* cravat from the *many* your haberdasher shows you. Pick out the *best* from the *rest* by this label:

LeMar Cravats

Every Shape—Every Shade
Half-A-Dollar.

Our fascinating *all-about-scarfs* booklet B, "THE WELL-CRAVATTED MAN," (Spring Edition) will come to you for a *postcard*.

Levy & Marcus
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Toes won't poke through stockings

when Togards are worn. They fit snugly over the forepart of the bare feet underneath the stocking, and prevent the toes from wearing through even the thinnest stockings.

Togards make darning a thing of the past, give longer life to stockings, and insure foot comfort at all times. They absorb perspiration, protect tender feet and make walking easier. They are light, soft, and elastic, take up little space, and are sanitary and washable.

Natural color—not dyed—in sizes for men, women and children

Lisle—10c a pair, 12 pairs $1
Silk—25c a pair, 12 pairs $2.75

Every pair in a sealed wax envelope bearing the Togard trademark.

Sold by over 5000 dealers. If yours should not happen to have Togards, send them prepaid on receipt of price—be sure to state size of stockings.

H. L. NELKE & CO., Nelke Bldg., Philadelphia

Mr. Automobilist, here is an Individual Wind Shield you have been looking for.

If you have a Sebring Wind Shield on your car when touring, or riding about town, you don't have to wear goggles to keep the wind, dust and bugs out of your eyes. And the Sebring Individual Wind Shield does not hold back the car by its resistance against the wind. It can be attached to any steering wheel and can be adjusted to sit in any position.

The Wind Shield is 15 inches in diameter, mounted in aluminum or brass, with 3-16 inch glass. Price $20.00. Send to-day for a descriptive folder.

Sebring Wind Shield Co., Sebring, O.

A Genuine Flying Machine
Miniature Model. Flies by its own power. Great fun! $1 Express paid. Catalog free.
KING BUSHNELL CO., 7 NE 54th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

reason only. I understand you are opposed to the plan for two battleships this year."

"I am, Mr. President."

"Well, then, I want you to understand one thing. I want two battleships. I want the House naval bill to include appropriations for two new ships of our new type, and these are my reasons ——"

Whereupon, the President went in detail over his reasons for increasing the navy systematically, and especially at the present juncture. He talked slowly, emphasizing his points by patting his left hand with his right. After he had finished he said: "Now, how does that strike you?"

If the Congressional visitor had anything to say he said it then. The President listened carefully, watching the visitor closely. Then, after the visitor had finished he said:

"Very good, but I do not think those reasons sufficient for opposing my program for two new battleships. The thing I want to impress on you is that I want those ships, and I want you to help me get them. You understand that. And I want you to understand, further, that I am in earnest in this thing. I am going to have those battleships and I am looking to you to help me get them."

Now, of course, that is not, nor does it purport to be, a report of any conversation the President had with any Representative. It is printed merely as an indication of the way the President talked to those who were fighting against his battleship plans, and to give a general idea of his manner of using the Big Stick, instead of pretending to show how he did use it on any occasion whatsoever.

The fact is, that when he found he was opposed by a large number of men in the House, the President, for the first time since he went into the White House, used some active and effective measures to get what he wanted. He did not scruple to call Representatives on the carpet and lay down the law to them in so many words. He pounded his desk and told them to skip along back and get to work for him. He reminded them that he was President of the United States and would be for three years more, at any rate, and that his mind was made up to this thing. He was more emphatic with some than with others, but he was emphatic enough with them all to change sufficient votes to pass the bill in the House with the two-battleship provision in it. All of which is a new Taft slant.

Just to be Independent

One economical lawmaker knocked out an appropriation for increasing the size of certain drydocks in order to accommodate the new and bigger ships that are coming along. He got a sudden call to the White House that night and he was on the carpet in the President's office for half an hour. When he came back to the House he had the appropriation for increasing the size of the docks put back in the bill, and he was very humble about it. Still, they did effect one economy. They knocked out a million dollars or so for a repair ship, just to show they are their own masters and not to be coerced by any President. It was a magnificent display of independence.

You see, a repair ship is a ship that goes with a fleet and is a floating machine shop. When the fleet went around the world a repair ship went along, maybe two or three. However, that part of it is immaterial. The point is that all the money spent for repairs by the fleet that went around the world, outside of those made on the ships themselves and on the repair ship, was two dollars. Just that much and no more. That proves high military efficiency, for, in time of war, the ships cannot go into port for repairs, except in certain circumstances, and cannot stay long at that. Still, as a protest against the President's using the Big Stick on them, the economical Representatives who were opposed to any new battleships at all voted for two new ones and got even by cutting out the repair ship, which will promptly be put back by the Senate. And Congress is supposed to be made up of grown men!

There is active opposition to the two-battleship idea in the Senate. Hale, of Maine, long chairman of the Naval Committee, is opposed to the plan, but Senator Perkins, now chairman of the Naval Committee, thinks he can get it through. Another opportunity to use the Big Stick will come if the Senate is unruly. Taft had some practice with the House. When he gets to swinging it on the Senate he will

STEARNS & FOSTER MATTRESS

Four Grades of Superiority

Anchor Grade	Windsor Grade	Lenox Grade	Style "A"
$10.50	$13.50	$16.00	$22.50

STEARNS & FOSTER Mattresses are the most comfortable, durable and sanitary; not only because of the way they are made, but because of the material in them. No "patented process" of mattress-making will produce a quality mattress out of poor cotton or cotton improperly handled.

The Stearns & Foster leads all in quality because the cotton used is the best at the price and our 60 years of experience in the manufacture of cotton products enables us to get most value in purchasing materials and developing them. Besides, the greater volume of business we do, compared with all others in this line, enables us to sell at a closer figure.

See What You Are Buying

You know that the inside of many mattresses, sold as "Felt" or "Cotton Felt," is a dark secret. Neither you nor your dealer knows what is in them. You both must "trust" that it is the same as you see in the clean, pretty, open-end sample. Not so with a Stearns & Foster. We do not ask you to buy on faith.

Every Stearns & Foster Mattress has our "Laced-Opening," (patent applied for) in the end, so you can see the *quality* of cotton in the very mattress you get; and, further, it is an easy matter for you to open a seam of the mattress at any point, and if the quality of cotton is not the same as shown at the opening, your money will be promptly refunded. This we guarantee absolutely. For self-protection, you owe it to yourself to open any mattress you purchase and assure yourself that the *inside* is as good as represented, or that it is *even*, pure, clean and sanitary.

60-Night Free Trial You not only see just what you get when buying a Stearns & Foster, but you are allowed to try it in your home for 60 nights. If, after this trial, you wish to part with this most comfortable of all mattresses, you may send it back and get your money from your dealer or from us.

Sold by leading furniture and department stores everywhere. If not at your dealer's, don't accept a substitute—write us, and your mattress will be sent same day your order and remittance are received. We guarantee safe delivery.

Caution: Our name and grade on silk label at end of every mattress—don't accept unless on mattress you *get*.

Let us send you, Free, beautifully illustrated Bedroom Book, Tick Samples, etc. This Book is illustrated by photographs of real bedrooms. We will also send you samples of cotton felt and tickings.

The Stearns & Foster Company
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Largest Builders of Cotton-Felt Mattresses in the World

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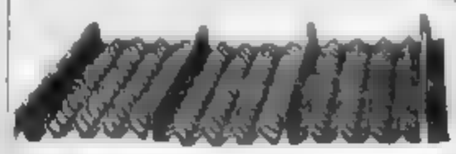
and learn the advantages of a building that cannot burn down or wear out; that is proof against fire and decay; that saves insurance and is most sanitary. The building itself is our strongest argument to you and is the real reason for our record of over 4000 important buildings.



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A steel sheathing extensively used for Roofs, Sidings, Floors, Partitions, Ceilings, Furring, etc., in buildings of all kinds. Your own men, or local contractor can apply it. Simply set up the HY-RIB sheets, apply the cement mortar and the slab is complete. No centering or studs required. Write us before you build. HY-RIB catalog free.

Trussed Concrete Steel Co., 501 Trussed Concrete Bldg., Detroit

Outdoor Sports

All Campers, Fishermen, Hunters, Golfers, and other sportsmen *who know*, wear Cooper's "Spring Needle" Knit Underwear. Its rebounding elasticity insures perfect freedom of the muscles, and conduces to an active outdoor life. The best warm weather underwear made

COOPER'S Underwear

is made in Union and Two-piece suits in all the various sizes and in the most popular weights and colors. The garment illustrated is a knee length, no sleeve Union Suit of *silk lisle*, better known perhaps as an "athletic" suit. You can have this in half or quarter sleeve if you wish, also in the regular full length Union Suit at prices which will please you.

For sale by best dealers. Write us for booklet and liberal samples of the wonderful "Spring Needle" fabric.

Cooper Mfg. Company
Bennington Vermont

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

Superior to all other powders in softness, smoothness and delicacy. Protects the skin from wind and sun. Prevents chafing and skin irritations. The most comforting and healing of all toilet powders.

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder is as necessary for Mother's baby as for Baby's mother.

It contains no starch, rice powder or other irritants found in ordinary toilet powders. Dealers make a larger profit by selling substitutes. Insist on Mennen's. Sample Box for 2c Stamp. Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

2 to 4½ H. P. for all boats

Complete outfits ready to Bolt on $5 Sawed Oak Transom. LACKAWANNA TWIN CYLINDER MOTORS for all boats. Write for new "MARINE BOOK," a liberal education and free.

LACKAWANNA MFG. CO., 15 Caldwell St., Newburgh, N. Y.

be more proficient than he was at the start. Thus, some interesting quarters of hours may be expected, for a clash over two battleships with the Senate would not mean an insurgent clash, but a row with the ruling forces, the men who have combined with Taft and are supposed to be his friends.

This, really, is the first time the Administration has displayed any virility. Take that Taft railroad bill that is pending before the Senate as this is written. It is a most important measure, embracing many drastic railroad restrictions. Still, it has aroused no more interest in the country than would a bill granting an increase of two dollars a month pension money to John Smith, of Columbus, Ohio. The public is absolutely not interested. The debate is spiritless and perfunctory. The leaders, wanting to please Taft, are for the bill, but they are not giving it any attention, and hope to get it through some time, in some sort of shape.

Taft No Publicity Expert

If that bill were pending and Roosevelt were President it would be the leading topic of conversation in the country. You all remember how much space the newspapers gave to the Hepburn bill when it was up, and it was no more important than the present railroad bill. The reason for that was that President Roosevelt determined to have it pass in as good shape as he could manage, and he saw to it that there was sufficient publicity to keep the people stirred up and watching it, thereby gaining some of his points, but not all. Taft threw his railroad bill into the Senate, waved it a fond farewell, bade it a pleasant good-by and told it to go out in the bitter, crool, crool world and shift for itself. He would be glad, of course, to see it come back, one day, to the White House for signature, but he had no idea of easing its pathway. He never did get stirred up about anything, except some newspaper criticism, until those battleships came along, and then he was stirred to a fare-you-well.

But, speaking about the railroad bill, the fundamental fault with our legislative scheme is that in most big measures of this kind the men who originate and pass them are not friends of the legislation they propose, but merely legislators who have the task to perform and do it with as little harm to what they are friendly to as possible. Nobody ever claimed that Colonel Pete Hepburn was infatuated with what he proposed in his railroad bill, and nobody ever claimed, not even the Senator himself, that Senator Elkins was red-hot for the Elkins bill. Something had to be done along these lines and these men did it.

The way to get the real kind of legislation is to let the men handle, propose and study that legislation who are friendly to the idea, not men who are opposed to it. However, that rarely happens in our scheme of things, and the result is that much of our legislation is ineffective, open to varied construction, many times unconstitutional and never far-reaching enough.

When one goes into the Senate gallery and observes some of our statesmen managing bills that are supposed, in intent, at least, to put various restrictions on the cupidities, crimes and combinations of scheming capitalists, one would laugh if it were not that the rules prevent any demonstration of approval or disapproval or any show of mirth in the galleries. However, there is a big, broad plaza in front of the Capitol where one can laugh undisturbed, and many people go out there and use that plaza for that purpose after making that observation.

The Life of Trade

IN THE old days in the West conductors who collected cash fares on the railroads sometimes split them with the paying passenger, and the company got what it received for tickets sold at the ticket offices and no more.

One day a passenger, who knew this wrinkle, paid a conductor a cash fare of four dollars and a half. The conductor handed him back two dollars.

"Here," protested the passenger, "the conductor who runs opposite to you on this train gave me back two dollars and a half the other day."

"If that is the case," replied the conductor, handing the passenger fifty cents, "here is the extra half. I always meet all honorable competition."

The Vital Importance of the "Standard" Guarantee

"Standard"
GUARANTEED BATHS

It is vitally important that your bathroom equipment be of the best quality obtainable. The health and comfort of the family depend upon it — your own good sense demands it. Besides, it is economical for dependable fixtures will last and hold their quality for a lifetime of service.

The cost of installation is the same for good fixtures or bad — but the first cost of good fixtures is the last cost — once in they stay — there is no question of renewal — no tearing out because of imperfections unnoticed at the time of purchase.

"Standard" guaranteed fixtures have been the standard for thirty years. The best that could be made for sanitation, comfort and beauty. In the last ten years, they have gone into nearly two million bathrooms — and stayed.

There are two classes of "Standard" Guaranteed Baths—the "Standard" Green and Gold Label Bath, and the "Standard" Red and Black Label Bath. The "Standard" Green and Gold Label Bath is triple enameled. It is guaranteed for five years. The "Standard" Red and Black Label Bath is double enameled. It is guaranteed for two years. If you would avoid dissatisfaction and expense, install a guaranteed fixture—either the "Standard" Green and Gold Label Bath, or the "Standard" Red and Black Label Bath, according to the price you wish to pay. Guard against substitutes trading on our name and reputation. They must have the "Standard" guarantee label to be "Standard" made. All fixtures purporting to be "Standard" are spurious, *unless they bear our guarantee label.*

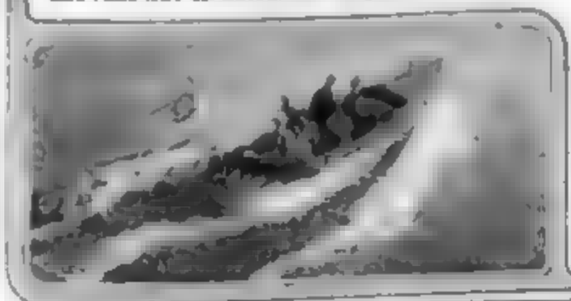
Send for your copy of our beautiful new book "Modern Bathrooms." It will prove of invaluable assistance in the planning of your bathroom. Many model rooms are illustrated, costing from $75.00 to $600.00. This valuable 100-page book is sent for six cents postage.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. B. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Offices and Showrooms: New York, 35-37 W. 31st St. Chicago, 415 Ashland Block. Toronto, 59 Richmond St. E. Pittsburgh: 949 Penn Avenue. Boston, John Hancock Building. London, 36 Holborn Viaduct.

MULLINS STEEL BOATS *Are Safest And Fastest*

They **keep afloat** in the heaviest weather because the hull is made of pressed plates with air compartments like a lifeboat. They **keep ahead** of all other boats of equal horse power, because the smooth steel hull offers little resistance to the water, and they are equipped with the new **MULLINS ENGINE** that is absolutely reliable under all conditions. Can't back fire; will not stall at any speed. Starts and runs like an automobile engine.



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which describes our seven unequalled models and their exclusive improvements, such as One-Man Control, Silent Underwater Exhaust, Inside Steering, Rear Starting Device, Covered Reversing Gear, Double Gasoline Intake, etc. We also have a complete line of Steel Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats, Marine Engines.

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The Largest Boat Builders in the World

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Just like a 30-Footer only smaller

Do not think of Buying a Launch or Engine until you see our Handsome Book WHICH EXPLAINS FOUR WONDERFUL LAUNCH BARGAINS

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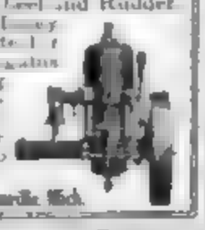

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GET THERE FIRST
EQUIP YOUR BOAT WITH A THRALL REFINED MOTOR

LEAD the way—like other Thrall owners are doing. Let the others follow you. With a Thrall you can easily catch up and keep ahead—and the way out and back. But speed isn't the only Thrall advantage. It is the most

Reliable, Simple, Economical

3 H. P. engine made. Weighs only 60 pounds but develops as much power as other makers of 4 H. P. and even larger. Refinement of design makes it easier to start than others. Write for all the interesting facts and our beautiful book. Don't decide till you read all about the Thrall 2 to 12 H. P. Motor—one is to your boat.

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One box ball alley costing $180 cleared $913 the first 60 days one lives at Sulphur Springs. Two other alleys costing $465 took in $1,475.95 in five months. Four large alleys costing $880 took in $3,885.5 in fifty-nine days more than $300 a month. Two alleys in a town of 600 people cleared $800 the first month. Start this wonderful business in your own town now. Both men and women go wild with enthusiasm, bring their friends, form clubs and play for hours at a time. Pinsetters set pins with lever—no pin boys to employ. Alleys can be set up or taken down quickly. We sell only one customer in town of moderate size. Secure this monopoly for your city. Write today for illustrated booklet explaining EASY PAYMENT PLAN.

American Box Ball Co., 200 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Clothes that Real Men Wear are Tailored-to-Order

One year ago we brought into the magazines a new style of clothes advertising. We pictured our clothes as they look,

not on idealized fashion plates but on living human beings; not on callow idlers but on the typical American business man—the best dressed type in the world. And we backed these pictures up with a written agreement to *make true* on your *back* all that we claimed on paper—all that the pictures showed—or to pay in full cash, the cost of your disappointment. ¶That advertising has been more widely imitated, perhaps, than any in years. But only in the things that type and pictures supply. There has been no effort to duplicate our solid Satisfaction-Insurance Policy. There has been no attempt to follow our All Pure Wool guarantee, our unvarying six-day schedule deliveries.

Proof—Not Platitudes

In picture making the imitations have been many; in features of *value-assurance*, none. For nowhere else, in all the realm of clothes making is there another service that suggests these features of service that puts on your back a genuine, made-to-measure merchant tailor garment, and guarantees it, in workmanship and style-holding qualities, until completely WORN OUT—a service that makes it economical as well as fashionable for every man to have a Broadway Tailor behind his wardrobe the year around—a service that tailors on an unvarying time schedule and gets your garment to you on the day it is promised or pays you $1 a day forfeit for each day's delay.

SIX BIG FEATURES
of ROYAL TAILOR CLOTHES
1 Made to Your Measure
2 All Pure Wool
3 A Legal Guarantee With Each Garment
4 100% Process Shrunk
5 Cost No More Than Ready Made
6 Six Day Schedule Deliveries

Some day you will decide to put an end to all clothes-aggravations. Some day you will say to yourself, "I will do my figure the simple justice it deserves, of having my clothes made to fit it." But there is no reason why that "some day" should not be *this* day. Give your personal appearance the square deal of calling on the Royal dealer in your town and looking into this unique clothes service. If you are extra particular or hard to fit, all the better reason why you should call to-day. For this is the one service that frees you from risk.

Satisfaction is the only thing you pay for from us or our dealers. We guarantee to please—or to pay for our failure.

At the local dealer's store there is a feast of beautiful cloth novelties and exclusive weaves to delight your eyes—full half a thousand shades and designs in the latest grays, browns, blues, mixture, silk-intersperses, plaids, checks, staples and worsteds—the pick of the season's rich cloth creations.

It is well, when you go to seek Royal Tailor clothes, that you keep alert for a genuine Royal dealer. The usual unscrupulous substitutor is trying to sell inferior quality under the Royal Reputation. Do not be misled. For your protection we put our tiger head trade mark on all our woolen samples. See that it is on the samples you are shown.

"The Well Dressed Man is the Tailor Blessed Man"

The Royal Tailors

Chicago — New York

Joseph Nathan
President

Over 5,000 Royal Dealers

140 Royal Stores

DON'T say, "I want Summer Underwear," but say, "Give me B.V.D." It's the *best-known* mark on the *best-made* and coolest Summer Underwear.

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

must be on a garment, if it's a genuine B.V.D. We make no garments without it. Sold at shops that aim to give their customers quality, and underwear satisfaction. *Accept* only the B.V.D. red woven label on Loose Fitting

Coat Cut Undershirts,

and

Knee Length Drawers.

$.50; $1.00; and $1.50 a garment.

THE B.V.D. COMPANY,
65 Worth Street,
New York.

REMEMBER THE NAME

Shur-on

EYE GLASSES

"Grace the Face"

You will never know eye-glass comfort, convenience or lens efficiency until you wear Shur-ons.

Always ask for a Shur-on; be sure you get one.

Properly adjusted they will not droop, tilt or fall off.

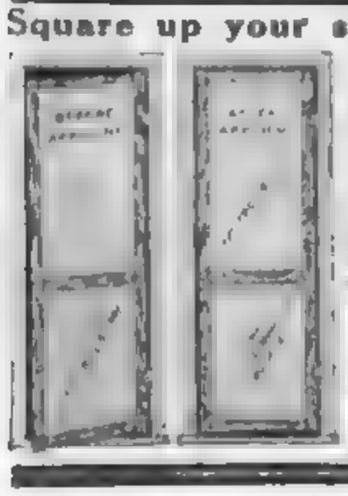
Send for information that will instruct and protect you.

$3 and $5 without Lenses.

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO.

Dept B Rochester, N. Y.

Square up your screen doors



Don't let them sag open for flies and mosquitoes. Attach

ANTI-SAG

SCREEN DOOR BRACE

Straightens

F. EDW. SNYDER
61 Erie St. Massillon O.

HEAD ON

(Continued from Page 22)

At all events, the operator heard only "bust it," and then taking a blank form he filled it out so that it read:

"No orders for Number One," dated, signed it and passed it to the conductor, who was saying in a stage whisper:

"Hurry up—boss is on board"

The eager driver was rubbering back, and the second the conductor gave him the "highball" he opened her up on sand and dashed down in the teeth of the gale.

That was the last order ever "killed" in that way. The awful mistake of that night showed the risk they had been running. Now, in order to "bust" an order, you must issue another order canceling the dead one. This must be numbered, repeated, corrected and O. K.'d the same as the original order.

Three minutes had been lost slowing, stopping and starting again. The big engine had been boiling hot when she stopped, but they kept the blower on in order that her fire might not cool or clinker. The injector had been kept open, so that now she was as full of water as she could work, with all the steam she could carry. In a few minutes she was burrowing into the bleak at a forty clip.

Another hour, thought the driver, and we'll all be home toasting our toes and drinking hot coffee.

But would they?

. . . . . .

All night the driver of the fast freight engine had been hammering her for all she was worth. He had a vague feeling of impending calamity. When he succeeded in getting away from Meadows he kept glancing back as if he had forgotten something, but as often as he tried to look back the blizzard blinded him. Finally he shook off the dread, cut her back to three notches, opened her up and went to it with the wind on the tail lights. Save in the cuts, the wind drove the snow along so that he had a clean rail and, by the help of the howling blasts, soon had them going at a good twenty-mile gait.

When he had her holding the steel he crawled out along the footboard and brushed the snow from the headlight.

The injector sang steadily, for the fierce fire inside made the big freighter thirsty. The door swung with clocklike regularity as the black diamonds were slammed into the white throat of the hungry furnace. A solid stream of sparks, spat from the short stack, made a red rift in the night. Arching and falling forward, the black smoke became the wind-blown mane of the iron horse, shot full of fire, studded with red cinders like gold dust in a woman's hair. The exhaust told him they were making fair time and yet it seemed ages between mileposts. As a matter of fact, he did not catch all of them in the wild night. With a time order against the Limited he wanted to make good, for by his work is the driver known to the dispatcher. He wanted to be in to clear with five full minutes to the good, for he knew the man and the machine in front of the mail. He could no longer sit down. He could hear the "pop" sputtering and knew she was hot, and yet he gazed uneasily at the steam gauge. The fireman marked his anxiety and marveled at it, for this driver was a cool head.

"Got your switch key?" he asked of the head brakeman.

"Sure," came back to him.

He tried the water, ignoring the glass.

The wind screamed past his window.

"Get ready there," he shouted, and the head brakeman got up from the waste-box in the corner of the cab, yawned and examined his white light. The driver pulled the sand lever out and slammed it back again. She was not slipping, but it seemed to the tortured driver that she was going back. Now he listened for her heartbeats and they came short and sharp. To fill in he began repeating the song of the stack:

Mark the mighty, massive mogul's measured music on the hill,
Hear the hooka chooka chooka in the starry night and still.
Get you ready, get you ready—Casey, beat her on the back.
"Check your baggage, check your baggage," seems to stutter from her stack.

The driver of this fast freight heard this music, yet it did not satisfy.

He seemed to be talking telepathically to the man in front of the Limited, who

YOU can do it yourself—that's the secret of the wonderful success of Jap-a-lac. With a can of Jap-a-lac and a brush, you can make your porch chairs look like new and have them any color you wish; Jap-a-lac comes in seventeen beautiful colors, and Natural or clear. Look at your chairs to-day, don't they need refinishing? Why not do it yourself? There are articles about every home that the housewife can

RENEW WITH JAP-A-LAC

REG U S PAT OFF

Jap-a-lac can be used on everything of wood or metal from cellar to garret.

"THE JAP CHAP"

The Jap-a-lac Model Floor Graining Process solves the problem of "What shall I do with my old carpeted floor to make it sanitary and refined?" Your painter can do it at little expense or you can do it yourself. Insist on Jap-a-lac. For sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug Dealers.

Write for illustrated booklet containing interesting information and beautiful color card. Free on request. If your dealer does not keep Jap-a-lac, send us 10c to cover cost of mailing, and we will send a free sample, quarter-pint can of any color (except Gold which is 25c) to any point in the United States.

Our Green Label Line of clear varnishes is the highest quality manufactured. Its use Insures perfect results. Ask your paint dealer.

The Glidden Varnish Company

5589 Glidden Bldg., Cleveland, O.

The quality of Jap-a-lac has no substitute. It has never been equaled.

"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, **the antiseptic powder for the feet.** It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. **It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age.** Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for ingrowing nails, perspiring, callous and tired, aching feet. It is always in demand for use in Patent Leather Shoes and for Breaking in New Shoes. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold everywhere, 25c. **Do not accept any Substitute.** Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

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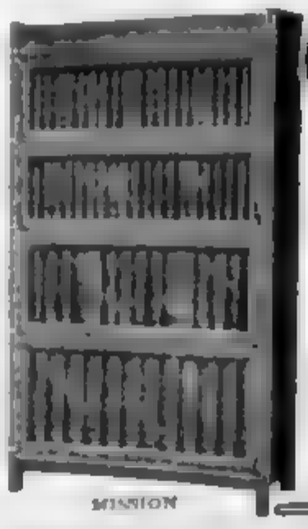

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GUNN Sectional Bookcases

have many features that will interest you. Handsome and solid in appearance with no disfiguring iron bands to hold the sections together; glass doors (roller bearing, non-binding) easily removable for cleaning without taking down the entire stack.

The prices are lower than others

Our free catalogue M proves this and will please you. It quotes our attractive low prices, shows latest Sanitary Clawfoot, Mission and Standard styles—all high-grade Grand Rapids quality in finish and workmanship.

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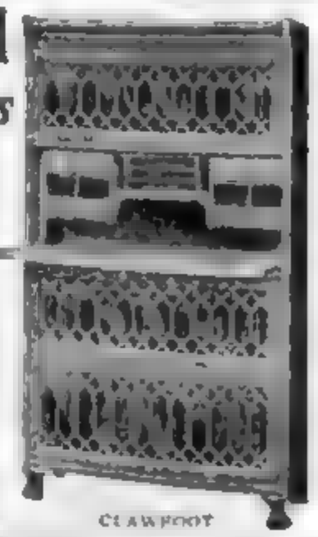
GUNN FURNITURE CO., 3 Victoria St., Grand Rapids, Mich.



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Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

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Announcements, etc., engraved and printed. Latest styles, best quality, prepaid anywhere. Monogram Stationery 100 Visiting Cards 50c. Write for samples. THE RIVERSIDE PRESS, 131 A. Fremont St., Boston, Mass.

Be sure to get

Nufashond

Formed May 7, 1907

Oxford Laces

The narrow, tubular centers slide freely through the eyelets. The broad, flat ends tie in a handsome bow without crushing.

"Nufashond" stamped on every tip—

3 months' guarantee

Made from all pure silk. Retain their

25 cents per pair

Guaranteed 6 months

"N F" Silk Corset Laces, Shoestrings, most perfect made. In assorted

25 cents to $1.

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co., Dept. A, Reading Pa

Men's $3.00

Ladies' $2.75

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Real Indian Camp Shoes

Genuine BUCK-SKIN

Sent postpaid at above prices or money back if not satisfactory.

Toughest, yet most flexible shoe you ever wore. Finest Buckskin, Indian sewed, Rawhide Laces.

ORDER TODAY, stating size, or write for folder of 20 other styles, all guaranteed.

Ypsilanti Indian Shoe Co., 530 Cross St., Ypsilanti, Mich.

SCHOOL AT HOME

Educate Your Child

Under the direction of

Calvert School, Inc.

Established 1897

A unique system by means of which children from six to twelve years of age may be educated entire[ly] by [mail] under the guidance and supervision of a [staff] for training young children. If you live [where] at once and for the full term. Write for information.

V. M. Hillyer, Headmaster, 1 West Chase St., Baltimore, Md.

5½% to 6% INVESTMENTS

Write for our booklet "E" which explains fully our Mortgages secured by well located and productive farm land in North Dakota. 5½% and 6% per annum.

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Grand Forks, N. D.

Minneapolis Minnesota

"How to Tell True Turkish Tobacco"

If you have not received copy of this book, it is yours for the asking. My tobacco, Saffa Mixture, is raised on my own land in the Levant, the finest harvest, finest of Turkish leaf, imported by myself. $4 the pound; 50c. for 2-oz. sample.

Saffa Turkish Tobacco Company, 29 South Fourth Street, St. Louis, U. S. A.

PATENTS that PROTECT

Our 3 Books [of] inventors mailed on receipt [of] 6 cents stamps

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept 35, Washington, D. C., Estab. 1869

seemed to be urging him to get in to clear. Ye gods, would he ever reach Coalville? And oh, if he could have known that the mail was plowing down the one per cent grade through that blinding blizzard, her cab windows banked, her headlight blurred and blotted out! But this he could not know. And while the fast freight was hurrying to Coalville to meet the mail, the mail was falling down the hill to meet the freight at Meadows. The driver had placed his life in the hands of the dispatcher, the passengers their lives in his. Fearlessly he drove his thousand-ton train into the wind-swept night, leaving results to God and the dispatcher. There was no martial music to cheer him on, only a sense of duty, and he went to it with a cool head and a steady nerve. His hand was on the throttle, his ear alert to catch the first unfamiliar sound. He marked the spurs and passing tracks, and they told him where he was at all times.

The head brakeman was down on the steps of the freight ready to drop to the ground and open the switch. Suddenly, through the swirling storm, the headlight showed a switch target, the light blurred and blinded by the wet snow. The driver shut off, set the air and stopped in three car-lengths. This was the east switch. They had passed the west switch without knowing. Even now the men on the engine did not realize the awful mistake. The brakeman ran forward, fumbled, found the lock and opened it.

At that moment the Limited screamed out of the steam a few rods away. The driver had seen the clear headlight of the freight. With incredible swiftness the hands trained to outrun the brain closed the throttle and threw the air on full. In the first half of the third second he reversed and at the same time opened the throttle and the sand valves. As he did this the engine gave a lurch and his shoulder smashed the window.

The driver of the freight engine was frozen in the cab, but in the last quarter of the seventh second following the wild cry of the Black Flyer the engine of the Limited crashed past his window.

The brakeman, who, almost without knowing what he did, had thrown the switch under the very pilot of the white mail, sank in the snow, holding the switch stand, and sweat blood.

The Limited, on the wet rail, shot through the short siding like a paper wad through an air gun, forced the split and was out on the main line before the fireman and the startled crew knew what had happened. Passengers were in a panic. A traveling man reached for the bellrope, but a brakeman bore him down.

The driver on the Limited, thinking the extra had purposely held the main line, swore at her tail lights and opened the throttle for the home run.

. . . . . .

The white-faced dispatcher was still staring at the white-haired chief, still kneeling by his chair, when Meadows called, saying:

"Number One ——"

The dispatcher grabbed the key. "What's that?"

"Number One—ten-forty-seven."

The old chief did not hear. The dispatcher rushed over, lifted him to his feet, hugged him and yelled:

"Good boy, Clancy! Did you hear? They're saved! Number One has just passed Meadows."

"Thank God!" said the chief, falling into his chair.

"That's right," said the dispatcher. "God did that—God and you."

"I'm afraid we don't deserve it," said Clancy. "Don't risk it again."

Expensive Dishonesty

"I RECKON," said a man who was long in the legislature, "that I have got the record in this bribe business. I refused a fifty-thousand-dollar bribe, and they brought the money, in bills, to me and put it on my desk."

"Huh," said a bystander, "that's nothing. Other men have refused fifty-thousand-dollar bribes."

"I know, but this was different. It was on a bill that the organization I belong to was against. They wanted to give me fifty thousand to vote right on the bill, for it was a good bill. I refused the fifty for voting right and voted wrong on the bill for nothing."

TO tell you that when your child washes its face and hands with the "family cake of soap" it really uses soap intermixed with the excretion and dirt from the family's hands, may shock you—but it is true. If you stop to think that the cake of soap which you pick up in a public place is laden with "unseeable" dirt and even germs from the hands of many previous users, you may properly wonder why the Boards of Health of our cities have not made the public soap cake—as it should be—a thing of an unsanitary past. Some very obvious truths escape us for a long while, but sooner or later Science and Decency have their way.

The burst of consciousness which is bringing the Soapator into use in homes, hotels, stores, office-buildings, manufacturing establishments—every place where soap is used—is just the working out of the natural law of progress.

The Soapator is revolutionizing the method of using soap for three chief reasons:

It furnishes individual, hygienically clean soap
It eliminates all loss and waste, and
It supplies the soap in a form most delightful for use.

Instead of the wet, soggy, and it may be, germ-laden cake, a turn of the handle shaves off light, flaky granules from a concealed cylinder of soap, which dissolve into lather instantly.

No mechanism to get out of order. Refilled in a few seconds—just drop the cylinder of soap in and "click" the cover on, and it is ready for use. Sightly and attached in a few moments to any washstand. Furnished complete ready to install.

Leading architects are specifying SOAPATORS in their new buildings.

Price of SOAPATOR, $3.50. With Box of Assorted Soaps, express paid anywhere, $5.00. In ordering specify whether Wall or Upright Bracket.

Recognition of the merits of the SOAPATOR—sanitary and economical—is shown by the following list of a few of the many concerns of national prominence, who have already installed it:

Columbia University	National Biscuit Company	Equitable Life Assurance Society	Thompson, Starrett Co.
Imperial Hotel	United States Mint	Y. M. C. A., 4 agencies	Edison Illuminating Co.
U. S. Treasury Dept.	Wellesley College	Plaza Hotel	Post Graduate Hospital
N. Y. Stock Exchange	Southern Railway Co.	Metropolitan Life Building	U. S. Agricultural Dept.

Reliable Agents Wanted Everywhere.

GRANULATOR SOAP COMPANY **3 West 29th Street, NEW YORK**

AS YOU change from heavy to light underwear in hot weather, so you should lay aside close, unventilated shoes and put on cool, comfortable, ventilated shoes. You will know what foot comfort is when you

Wear E. C. Ventilated Shoes in Summer

STYLE No. 1
Ventilated Oxford in TAN and BLACK.
Sizes and Prices
0-2 for girls and boys $2.00
2½-6 for women and youths $2.50
6-12 for men $3.00

STYLE No. 2
TAN GRAIN
Sizes and Prices
4-8 Infants' . $0.85
8½-2 Children's $1.00
2½-6 Girls and Boys $1.25
6½-12 Men's . . $1.50

Men, women and children find them of the greatest comfort. E. C. VENTILATED SHOES are the only [illegible] sense shoes for the whole family in hot weather. They will relieve many a foot ill caused by close shoes.

Made over the most up-to-date lasts, of the very best material and in the most careful manner. Look for the trade mark—E. C. VENTILATED SHOES—on the sole. Ask your dealer for E. C. VENTILATED SHOES. If he cannot supply you write us and we will ship them prepaid upon receipt of price. Send for circular.

ENGEL-CONE SHOE COMPANY, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

Bridge Whist candy and quickly mastered. Perfect your game and get greater enjoyment. Our book, "How to Play," covers every fundamental. 140 pp. daily hours of play postpaid. Teaching others to play is profitable. The book qualifies you. Order today. Money back if not satisfied. (6)

E. A. TINKHAM CO., 122 Manhattan Building, Duluth, Minn.

PRINT Your Own Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for [illegible] catalog, TYPE, paper, &c.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

We claim that the Thurman Electric Vacuum Cleaner sucks up every particle of dust, dirt, lint, thread, dampness, etc., from your carpets, rugs, upholstery, draperies, etc., without the use of brooms, dust pans, mops, pails, etc. Let the Thurman do the work. It's real name is Thurman Electric Suction Sweeper. Anyone can operate it.

THURMAN
Electric
Vacuum Cleaner

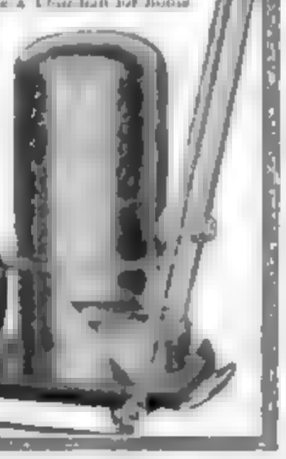
quickly, efficiently and with it do the thorough work expected of the highest priced vacuum cleaning outfits. We have the Thurman in a complete line of sizes and styles, and can install complete cleaning outfits, piping, inlets, etc., in any building, new or old, at reasonable prices, and on easy terms if desired. Write us for complete

We Want To Prove Our Claims To You

To demonstrate to you in the most effective way and to convince you positively of the Thurman's ability to do all we claim for it, we will send it to you on trial. Write us your name and address and we will see that you are given this opportunity.

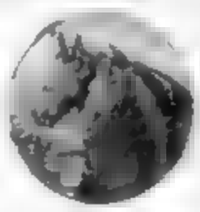
We Want To Show You How To Start A Profitable Business

No matter what your present occupation may be or how much you are making, if you are not entirely satisfied with it, if you want to be your own boss, if you want to make more money than you are making now, if you want to own a business that will make you independent for life, write us for the Thurman proposition. It means a big future for you. Whether you invest a Thurman or not, we want a Thurman man in your town to introduce the Thurman for others to buy. Write us today for our representative's name to call on you.



General Compressed Air & Vacuum Mch'y Co.
Established 1897
523 Taylor Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.

Reduce The Cost of Feeding



The Myrlene System of horse feeding consists in simply adding a small amount of

MYRLENE

Registered U. S. Patent Office

MOLASSES

once a day to the grain ration. Adds tone, keeps horses in prime condition, prevents indigestion, colic, etc. Makes the hard worked horse do more work on less feed. Makes the horse with poor appetite eat his feed with relish. Makes the horse with thin coat shed out and take on flesh. Makes the horse with rough coat glossy and sleek. Makes the horse with sore shoulders and galls heal quickly. Makes the horse with distemper, coughs, colds, heaves, etc., quickly throw off the disease. Makes the horse with worms get rid of them. Makes the horse with kidney trouble well. Makes the horse with sore throat, sore mouth, etc., well. Makes the horse with scratches, grease heel, etc., well. Makes the horse with thrush, quarter crack, etc., well. Makes the horse with sore eyes well. Makes the horse with sore feet well. Makes the horse with sore legs well. Makes the horse with sore back well. Makes the horse with sore neck well. Makes the horse with sore head well. 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You Take No Risk

Our Offer: We will send you a gallon of MYRLENE ON APPROVAL. If you are not entirely satisfied with it, return the can to us and we will refund your money. Price $1.25 per gallon, delivered.

WATTLES & COMPANY, Battle Creek, Michigan
Sole Distributors

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Please ship me 10 gallons Myrlene, on approval, as offered.

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Make Money Easy

AGENTS wanted in every town to sell Golden Rule Knives. Some agents make $5 to $10 a day. Some agents make $20 to $30 a day. We have other agents who make $50 to $100 a week. We have agents who make $200 to $300 a month. We have agents who make $500 to $1000 a month. We have agents who make $2000 to $3000 a month. We have agents who make $5000 to $10000 a month. We have agents who make $20000 to $30000 a month. We have agents who make $50000 to $100000 a month. We have agents who make $200000 to $300000 a month. We have agents who make $500000 to $1000000 a month. We have agents who make $2000000 to $3000000 a month. We have agents who make $5000000 to $10000000 a month. We have agents who make $20000000 to $30000000 a month. We have agents who make $50000000 to $100000000 a month. We have agents who make $200000000 to $300000000 a month. We have agents who make $500000000 to $1000000000 a month. We have agents who make $2000000000 to $3000000000 a month. 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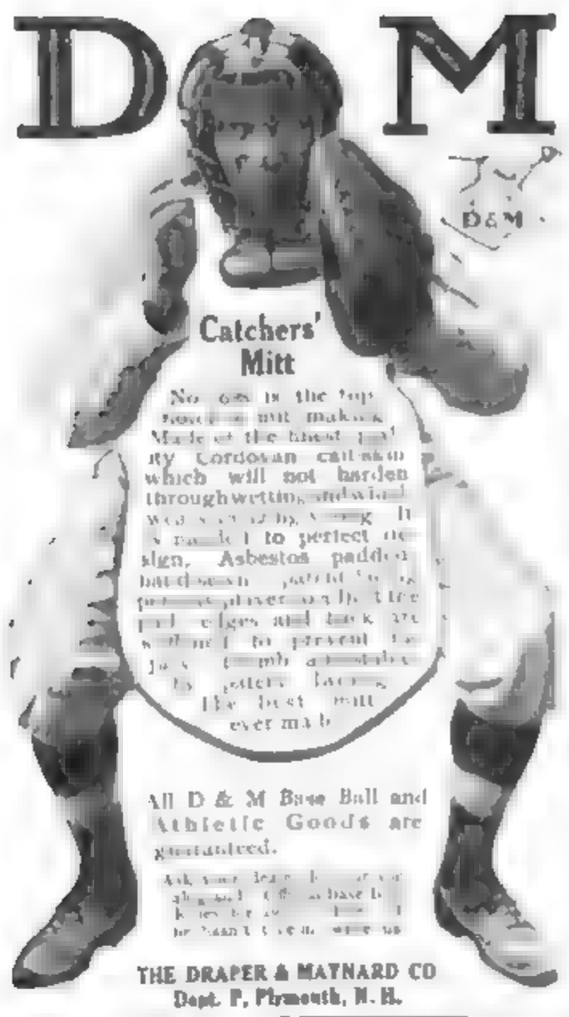
D & M



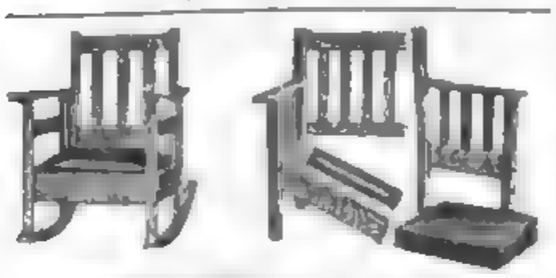
Catchers' Mitt

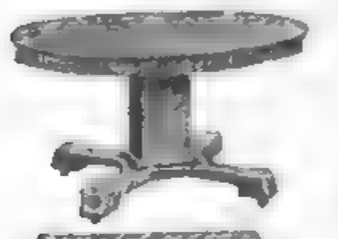
No one is the top notch mitt maker. Made of the finest quality Cordovan calfskin which will not harden throughwetting, and which [illegible] to perfect design. Asbestos padded [illegible] pocket [illegible] the best mitt ever made

All D & M Base Ball and Athletic Goods are guaranteed.

[illegible]

THE DRAPER & MAYNARD CO
Dept. P, Plymouth, N. H.





From Factory To Home At Factory Prices

OUR HOME BUILT ARTS AND CRAFTS FURNITURE, made in sections, in Grand Rapids, makes it possible for you to indulge your tastes in its many rich, luxurious and artistic designs, for half the usual expenditure.

So perfect anyone can set up and finish.

Send for catalog No. 23

Grand Rapids Furniture Mfg. Co.
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LEARN TO SWIM
BY ONE TRIAL
Ayvad's Water-Wings

Price 25c and 35c

GREAT SPORT IN THE WATER
With Them Anyone Can Swim or Float
Supports From 50 to 350 Pounds
Weighs Three Ounces
Takes Up No More Room Than A Pocket Handkerchief

Sold by Druggists, Stationers, Dry goods, Sporting goods, Hardware dealers, [illegible] etc. Ordering from us direct, enclose price to Dept. P.

AYVAD MANUFACTURING COMPANY Rebokon N J

[illegible] Water Wings [illegible] every where keep supply.

AGENTS WANTED

WHY NOT BE AN ARTIST?

Our graduates are filling High-Salaried Positions. Good Artists EARN $25 to $100 PER WEEK in easy, fascinating work. Practical, Individual Home Instruction. Superior equipment. Expert Instructors. Fifteen years successful teaching. Financial returns guaranteed with courses I and 15. FREE ARTIST'S OUTFIT of fine instruments and supplies to each student. Write for particulars and Handsome Art Book.

SCHOOL of APPLIED ART
(Founded 1899)
A 48 Fine Arts Building
Battle Creek, Mich.

CIVIL SERVICE, teachers' and college entrance examinations passed and positions secured. Rapid practical methods—Low rates. Write for catalogue.
BALFOUR, JOHNSTONE SCHOOL, 1017 Schiller Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

the bulletins really interesting. Even this did not in all cases arouse the desired interest, and so farmers' institutes were inaugurated.

At the college station a large area is devoted to wheat experiments. Hundreds of plots of ground are sown to wheat, more or less different in one respect or another, the teachers being careful to select for this purpose the most perfect grains of each sort. Tests showed that some heads produced 349 per cent more than others in the same plot, and 46 per cent more than the average. Seed from the high-producing heads have been sown, and such work and selection continued until there has been isolated seed that produces in the greatest prolificacy the largest, best-formed and hardest grains, such as make the best flour. The college is now producing and distributing considerable quantities of such seed. In the institutes the farmers are shown how they can select the best grain, what grains to reject, the importance of removing all inferior kernels, and how experience has proved that such selection of seed increased the yields from the same acreage from ten to forty per cent.

M. G. Hamm, of Jackson County, grew wheat in 1909 that yielded sixty-five bushels an acre, or five times the acre average of the state. This shows what can be done by right farming. The ground had been tilled continuously for forty-seven years. Seven years ago the field was sown to clover. In the succeeding fall it was manured and disked. In the following spring and each spring thereafter the field was planted to corn. Each fall manure was spread over it and worked into the ground with a disk harrow. In the spring of 1908 oats was sown, but heavy rains ruined the oats before harvest and the field was plowed up while the oats was green. The plowing was done early, to a depth of six inches, which was rather deep for Kansas. Later the field was disked once and after each succeeding rain was harrowed and dragged until October, when Mr. Hamm sowed carefully selected seed from the Agricultural College. Sheep, horses and cattle grazed on the field throughout the winter and in the spring more manure was spread.

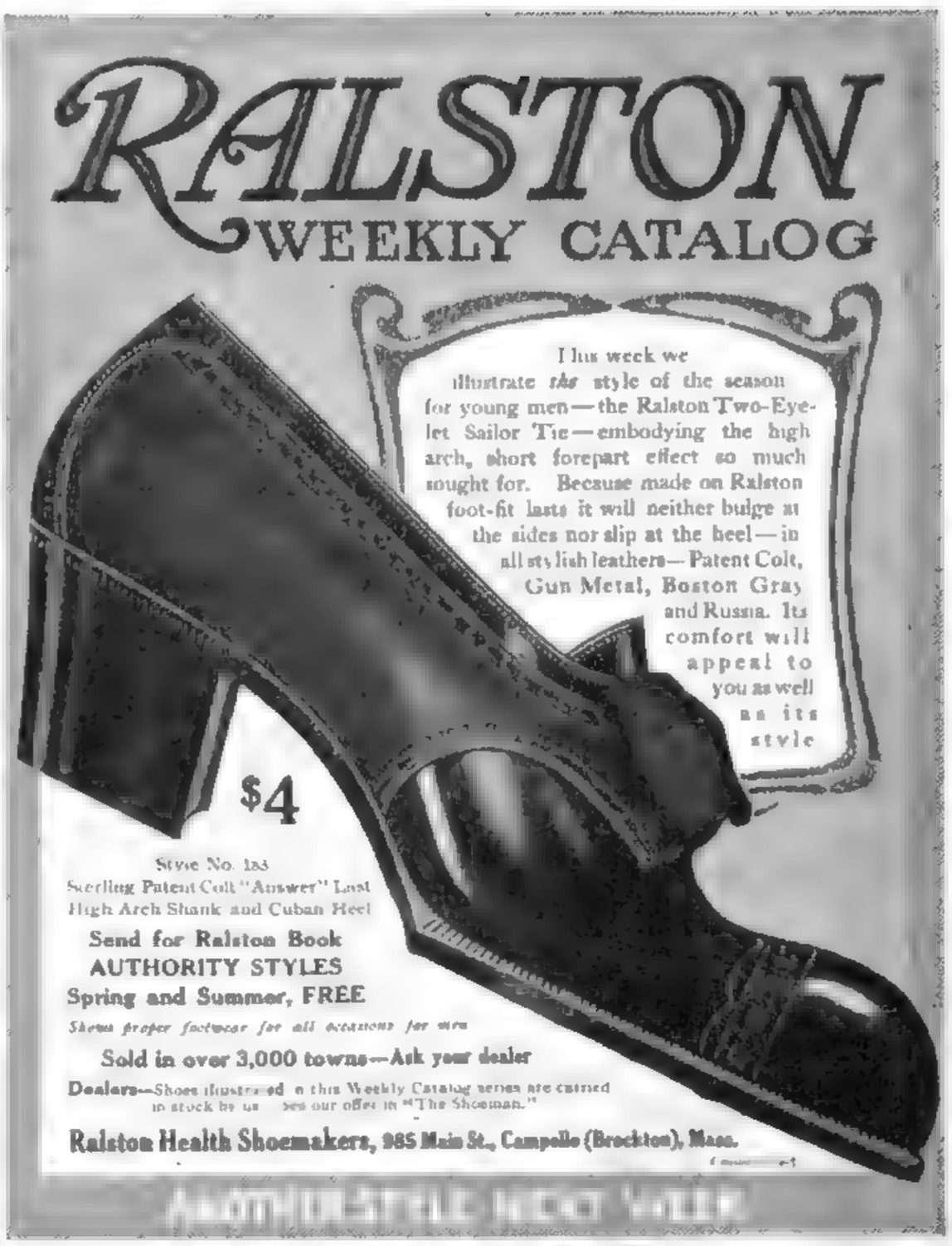
Gold Mines in Stable Yards

There is no farm fertilizer that excels barnyard manure. Many farmers have kept only enough livestock to do the farm work, and have sold the farm's products in the form of grain. Innumerable others, however, have hundreds of tons of rich manure that, accumulating in corrals, barnyards and pens, make of them malodorous quagmires. The owners, from shiftlessness or alleged lack of time, do not apply this manure to their fields, which suffer accordingly, but exact a full penalty. Those who are making the greatest success of farming keep sufficient animals to eat all their surplus grains, and conscientiously apply their manure to the land.

Plowing the land as soon as the crop is harvested, so that the summer rains soak deeply into the soil and are stored for future use, and disking and harrowing the ground thoroughly before seeding, are features of the most profitable system, and the farmer who scatters manure over his growing wheat in winter finds himself richly repaid by the increased yields. On account of the light and loose character of the soil in the western half of the state hundreds of thousands of acres of new land are seeded to wheat without plowing oftener than every two or three years, the only preparation being a scarifying of the stubble ground with disk harrows. This may raise the thirteen bushels for a time, but will not do so always.

The Agricultural College has made many experiments with different methods of cultivation. In Kansas the wheat yield is 13.9 bushels an acre, while in England it is 32.2 bushels and in Germany 26.1 bushels an acre. The soil of those countries is naturally no richer, if as rich, than that of Kansas, and the difference in the wheat yield can be attributed to the seed selection and the difference in methods of farming. In Kansas there is large territory, and Kansas farms much and poorly; while in England and Germany the area is much more limited and the farmer farms well. When the Kansas farmer farms well continuously his yield of wheat will be doubled and possibly trebled in a few years—we will get an increase from an average of 78 million bushels for ten years to an average of 175 million bushels for every year. This would

RALSTON WEEKLY CATALOG



This week we illustrate *the* style of the season for young men—the Ralston Two-Eyelet Sailor Tie—embodying the high arch, short forepart effect so much sought for. Because made on Ralston foot-fit lasts it will neither bulge at the sides nor slip at the heel—in all stylish leathers—Patent Colt, Gun Metal, Boston Gray and Russia. Its comfort will appeal to you as well as its style

$4

Style No. 183
Sterling Patent Colt "Answer" Last
High Arch Shank and Cuban Heel

Send for Ralston Book
AUTHORITY STYLES
Spring and Summer, FREE

Shows proper footwear for all occasions for men

Sold in over 3,000 towns—Ask your dealer

Dealers—Shoes illustrated in this Weekly Catalog series are carried in stock by us—see our offer in "The Shoeman."

Ralston Health Shoemakers, 985 Main St., Campello (Brockton), Mass.

The Motorist's Lighting Problems Are Solved in Solar Lamps

For every motor vehicle need there is a Solar—and it's the quality lamp for the purpose. Solar quality persists throughout the line. It is as strong in the smallest side and tail lamp as in the largest headlight.

Why take ordinary lamps when the manufacturer will furnish Solars if you insist? The manufacturer knows their value as well as you do, but they cost him a little more. They're built for *you*—not for him. Then there are special unique Solar Lamps for special needs of the Motorist.

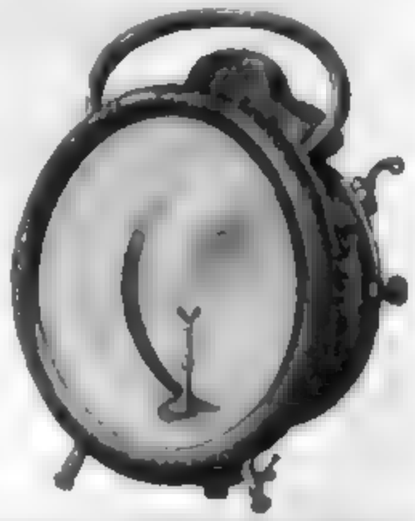
There's the Solar combination oil and electric side and tail lamp—the only satisfactory solution of that end of the lighting problem.

There's the Solarclipse, the two-ray light projector, giving you in one lamp a searchlight beam and a nearby illumination.

There's the Solar Raydeflector, rapidly driving single-focus headlights out of use.

There's—

But send for our full descriptive catalog. It's free, and it's one of the most interesting booklets the motorist can read.



Badger Brass Mfg. Co.
New York City Kenosha, Wis.
(58)

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25 years' experience in HOSIERY ONLY has qualified Peck & Peck as the leading Hosiery Specialists in America. Nowhere else can you buy hosiery of like quality at their prices.

¶ The following UNUSUAL VALUES are offered by mail as proof of the economy and satisfaction of buying Peck & Peck Hosiery

¶ Peck & Peck Spring and Summer

VACATION SOX FOR MEN

... 50c pr. ... $1.00

¶ Peck & Peck Special

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¶ Peck & Peck Special importations of

CHILDREN'S FRENCH AND ENGLISH SOX

In all the newest designs, 50c pr. and up. (4 pr. extra fine quality by mail postpaid, $1.00

¶ All the leading novelties in children's sox in excellent wearing qualities, 25c pr. (4 pr. ... postpaid, $1.00

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give as much care in selecting your mail order purchases of Peck & Peck Hosiery as you would give if here in person

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... know by experience the many unequaled ...

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PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. A, Statesville, N. C.

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Why Pay Extravagant Hotel Rates?

THE CLENDENING ... Absolutely Fireproof. Sisters of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath $1.50 daily and up. Write for booklet G with map of City

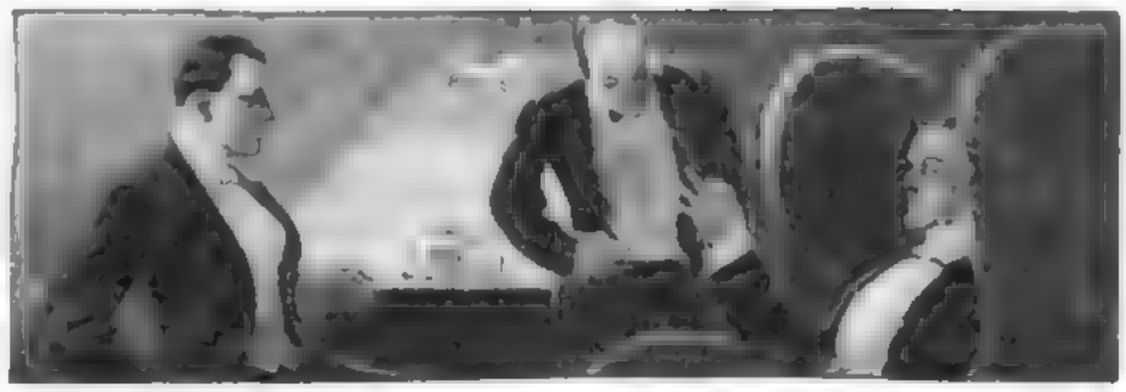
be one mighty stride toward solving the bread problem, and its like is possible in most of the agricultural territory of America.

There are thousands of acres of Kansas land that have grown wheat continuously for ten to twenty years. The Agricultural College has the proofs, from its own experiments, covering various periods, that this is hurtful; that continuous growing of one crop reduces the strength of the soil and also the vitality and quality of the grain itself. Rotation is one of the favorite teachings of the college. It points out that in a region where wheat is the important crop farmers may profitably leave a field unused for a year; that the application of manure will largely increase the crop; that rotation will build up the soil to the advantage of all crops; and that fields planted alternately in corn, wheat and the legumes produced much higher yields of all than when sown to one or to another continuously. The college has worked out these experiments and publishes frequent bulletins giving the results. Supplementing these the farmers' institutes have been introduced as the best method of imparting this useful information.

At the institutes members of the college faculty, the experiment-station staff and the advanced students who have assisted in the experiments talk to the farmers, telling what they have done. Sample products are shown for the practical demonstration of the value of proper tillage, of seed breeding and fertilization, and the results of the best methods of cultivation are discussed from every angle. The farmers ask questions and tell of their own work, so that all who attend are enabled to know what their college has done and what farmers who have tried its ways of doing have accomplished. The college and experiment station do not by any means confine their work to wheat, but take up corn, oats, alfalfa, other forage crops, the breeding and feeding of live-stock, dairying, fruit-growing, poultry, husbandry and entomology; and institutes are held covering all of these interests. They also send to the growing wheatfields experts who examine the fields, determine the purity and quality of the wheat for seed, instruct the farmers in its care as a seed crop, and coöperate with the elevator and mill men in giving this seed the widest distribution throughout the wheat belt.

Robbing the Soil by Fire

Almost millions of tons of straw are burned in Kansas every year. Beginning about August and continuing for weeks the sky is clouded with smoke from burning stacks. This is a soil robbery—a part of a blundering system that takes everything from the soil and gives nothing back. The soil has been able to endure this constant drain for twenty or thirty years, but such merciless depletion must in the end bring disaster. If the farmers realized the worth of such material turned back into the soil burning straw would seldom be seen. In Europe the leases require certain quantities of manure or other fertilizer to be applied to the land each year. Rotation of crops is also required. In Scotland, for instance, one can grow but three "green" crops, wheat, oats or barley, and two "white" crops, like turnips, in five years. Some crops take certain elements out of the soil and leave others. Study shows what crops are best to restore the elements of the soil required by given crops, and what crops should follow one another. Farmers of the Middle West, as a class, practice no regular system, but one is gradually coming into use, thanks to the agricultural college, the experiment station, the farmers' institutes and the millers. They are just beginning to realize that they are neglecting their opportunities and that they must progress if they are to do their share in providing bread for the hungry workers living where opportunities for growing breadstuffs are limited or do not exist. Five years ago, when the farmers' institutes were inaugurated, the total attendance for the year was scarcely worth mentioning. The past winter the attendance has been in excess of thirty thousand. The farmer who attends one of these goes home and begins practicing the methods he has heard discussed, which means larger yields and better quality. Neither is the work confined to the farmer who attends the institute. He tells his neighbors; they watch his work and follow his lead. Also, they will attend the institutes in years to come and learn of the new developments and their results.



What We Mean by "Advance Styles"

This brief statement of fact will illustrate just how far Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments are in advance of the "trend of the fashions." Last fall greys began to take. For 1910 greys will predominate.

Now look back a year. Last spring we offered greys in profusion, and preached the coming of the grey year.

And it is here.

The thousands who believed and bought Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments *then* are today in the height of fashion with suits bought a *year ago*. And which are as supremely stylish, good fitting and shapely as when bought, because they are

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments

in which every graceful line and curve of beauty is rendered fixed, permanent and there to stay by the exclusive Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Process which removes all the shrink tendency from choice woolen cloth *before* making. This means that there is no shrink left in the goods to cause humiliation and annoyance afterwards.

All clothes wearers know that ordinary clothes become so warped, twisted, puckered and pulled, after the first shower, that the greatest care is required to press them back into presentable form.

So in Kaufman Garments you can be certain not only of style in fabric and style in form, at least a season in advance of the times, but can also have the assurance that every iota of the style, refinement and elegance in design and fit which you observe as you stand before the clothier's mirror is there to stay.

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments are shown by the best dealers everywhere. Ask for Spring and Summer Style Book and become posted on what recognized style dictators have decreed for 1910.

Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago

UNITED STANDARD EQUIPMENT MANUFACTURERS

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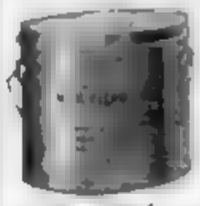
ANNOUNCE THE WINNING SLOGAN

MoToRoL

Soot-Proof Spark Plug

Jones Speedometer



Non-Fluid Oil

In THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of January 1st we advertised for a Slogan. We told the public that we were the co-operative Sales Force of five of the most successful automobile accessory manufacturers. We also explained the purpose of our organization. 1:—To reduce cost of our products to the consumer. 2:—To protect the honest dealer by seeing that he gets a profit that enables him to give the consumer the best service. 3:—To protect ourselves and the public against the shoddy substituter and infringer.

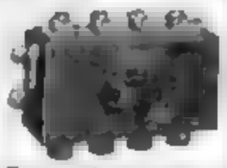
We asked *The Post* readers to enter our Slogan Contest. We offered a prize of $500 for the best. We wanted a concise sentence that would tell the story of ... and what the ... ers represented. We received 60,000 Slogans. This shows the enthusiastic interest created by our proposition.

The merits of each Slogan were carefully considered by the Judges. Many good Slogans were sent, but Mrs. E. B. Bickell of ..., Mass., was the only contestant to thoroughly grasp the purpose of our organization, our attitude toward the honest dealer and the advantages derived from using Standard Equipment.

"We protect the dealer, the owner and the car"

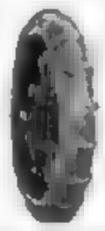
The winning Slogan and a portrait of the winner are published herewith. Mrs. Bickell received the prize of $500 and in reply to the notification of the Judges, she wrote "I do not own an automobile, but automobiles have always been of great interest to me. I had heard your accessories highly praised, I believed I understood what was wanted, so I entered the contest."

We desire to extend our sincere thanks to all who went to the trouble to prepare Slogans. Their efforts are greatly appreciated and our only regret is our inability to personally thank everyone who entered the contest.



Connecticut Ignition Specialties

Jones Yobel



Weed Anti-Skid Chains

Monger Automatic Windshield

United Manufacturers, 76th St. and B'way, N. Y.

New Idea Collapsible and Portable Couch Hammock

The Perfect Couch Hammock

Embodies every comfort and advantage of the Couch Hammock with the addition of the important feature of being easily transported. Taken apart and put together in a moment, without the aid of nuts, bolts or screws. So simple in construction a child can handle it.

When folded hammock can be packed in an ordinary trunk. Size of hammock which is 6 feet long by 2½ feet wide. When rolled up it measures 36 inches by 14 inches.

The supporting stand is very strong—made of fine quality steel. It also folds compactly.

The *New Idea* Couch Hammock

is guaranteed to give the maximum degree of comfort with the greatest ease in transporting or setting up and to be exceptionally strong and durable. It is the ideal hammock for the home or outing purposes.

The hammock is made of extra fine quality heavy duck. Can be had in White, Khaki, Green, Red or Fancy Striped Effects.

The *New Idea* Collapsible and Portable Couch Hammock was designed to be and *is* the highest achievement in the modern hammock, and your money will be cheerfully refunded if it is not as represented. It can be obtained from your dealer, or if he cannot supply you, write to us direct.

Upon request, we will gladly send you, free, our illustrated booklet and price list.

The *New Idea* Collapsible and Portable Couch Hammock

is also supplied with a specially designed awning as shown in illustration. This awning can be so adjusted that it will keep the hammock in the shade all day long.

D. W. SHOYER & CO., Dept. 16, 394 Broadway, New York
Makers of the "Acme" High Art Hammocks

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

The Boston Garter grasps the leg and your half hose in a way that feels good and safe.

See that BOSTON GARTER is stamped on the clasp.

WORN THE WORLD OVER BY WELL DRESSED MEN.

Sample Pair, Cotton, 25c., Silk, 50c
Mailed on Receipt of Price

George Frost Co., Makers
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

WANTED—Chauffeurs-Auto Salesmen
All Over U. S. at Good Salaries.

Robert L. Myers
Searcy, Ark. Mo.

Young men [illegible] Automobile experts [illegible] weeks [illegible] positions [illegible] Write for [illegible] Automobile College of Washington, Washington D. C. Largest school of Automobile engineering in U. S. A.

SILK GARTER GUARD HOSE

Would you wear real silk stockings [illegible]? Fashioned of finest silk, but toes and tops of indestructible lustre six ply cotton [illegible]

Women's, 2 pairs $5, in black, tan, white.

Mailed postpaid. Send size [illegible] and [illegible] address. Also Men's [illegible]

Garter Guard Hose Co. 106 W. 125th Street, New York

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co. Miamisburg, Ohio.

HONOR AMONG THIEVES

(Continued from Page 7)

the hidebound exponent of the old school of prison officials as taking too big a chance. Hoyle maintains that as yet no convict has tried to take advantage of any of them. He says that he intends to go further yet.

Of course, while he has been doing these things he has taken good care to rule. He has been warden; he has run the place, and autocratically, too. True, he has run it as though it were a big factory or a barracks, giving these men their chance to grow better instead of worse—the chance men demand instinctively, the chance which the law itself says a reformatory shall give. But always he has ruled. To the request born of desire for betterment he has given ear; he has, on the other hand, been deaf to the petition concerning his business. One such—it was presented soon after he took office—suggested a change which Hoyle himself had in mind, a change which would affect the men on his official force. He turned it down. And that change has not yet come.

The Fire in the Warehouse

There is *esprit de corps* among these men. These are the only words. There was a fire two years after Hoyle took charge. A row of warehouse buildings full of jute burst into flames one morning. They were outside the prison walls, on a wharf beneath the bluff on which the penitentiary stands.

From the beginning these buildings were doomed; at the start the prison itself was threatened. Picture the situation as it loomed before the eighteen hundred convicts and the sixty guards. The prisoners saw the walls that shut them from the world menaced by a lawless element; the guards beheld a terrible emergency. To make things worse, the warden was away.

At this juncture, officials say, the convicts were the coolest men about the place. Three hundred of them, including some of the hardest characters in the institution, were outside the walls at work on a new cell house. At once they asked permission to fight the flames. At the same time the prison fire department, through its stripes-clad chief, asked the same favor. Both requests were granted.

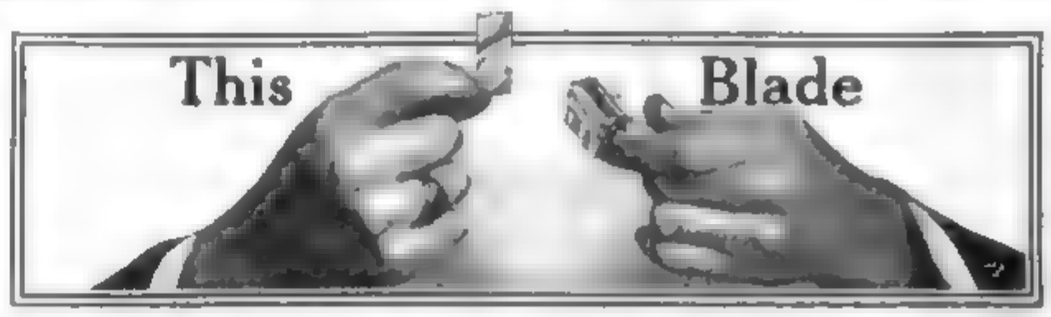
In all, six hundred prisoners went out through the gates that day. There were as many as four hundred at one time working side by side with thirty guards to check the fire.—Side by side with the guards is no figure of speech; espionage was gone, order was gone, in that vast confusion of battling among falling beams and smoke.

And there was no need of espionage. At the outset five of those convicts rushed to a watch tower that had just started to burn. It commanded the whole scene; it looked down upon the prison itself. It contained a gatling gun and two shotguns, all loaded. The five convicts reached it; they entered it; they stood beside the loaded gatling, with the shotguns at their hands. One of them took the two smaller weapons and ran back into the crowd. He hunted for some time until he found a guard, to whom he delivered them. The other four fell upon the gatling, unshipped it, and lowered it all the way to safety with ropes.

In this same way for hours the hundreds in that striped crowd endangered their lives and toiled madly to save the very things that held them prisoners. Striped felons stood at hose nozzles until smoke fumes overcame them and they dropped. As these were borne away to the prison hospital, other striped felons leaped to take the places that they had left. Old-timers in crime and notorious jail-breakers of other years raced to and fro upon that wharf, hidden from guards, unmenaced now by rifles; and if they took thought of the chance to slip away in all this noise and heat and smoke, they put by the idea. One convict fell from a flame-eaten girder to his death. Half a dozen others were seriously burned. None made a movement toward escape.

When newspaper men asked the prisoners afterward why they had done it the answer came from all quarters: "For Warden Hoyle—that's why"; and, as some put it: "D'ye think we'd throw Warden Hoyle down?"

There was a good deal of pride over that fire incident. It endures yet among the



Shaved Mr. Saunders Two Years

Mr. W. L. Saunders is President of the Ingersoll-Rand Company—largest drill manufacturers in the world. He permits us to publish the following:

"I have shaved myself for the past thirty years. Two years ago I was presented with an AutoStrop Safety Razor and have used it ever since, shaving daily. Have never changed the blade. This razor makes self-shaving a simple matter of one, two, three. It takes me five minutes to shave, and this includes lathering, shaving, stropping and cleaning."

It must have been good shaving or Mr. Saunders would not have stuck to the one blade for two years.

Try It Free
(Dealers Read This, Too)

No dealer can lose anything by selling AutoStrop Safety Razors on 30 days' free trial, for if he should have any razor returned, we exchange it or refund him his cost. Therefore, don't be timid about asking a dealer to sell you an AutoStrop Safety Razor on trial. He's glad to do it. It's profit in his cash register.

Quick Handy Great

Men who "do things" act—act quick. No delay. No procrastination. No "to-morrow" for theirs. Don't wait to call on your dealer. 'Phone or write him to send an AutoStrop Safety Razor on trial. And 'phone or write now.

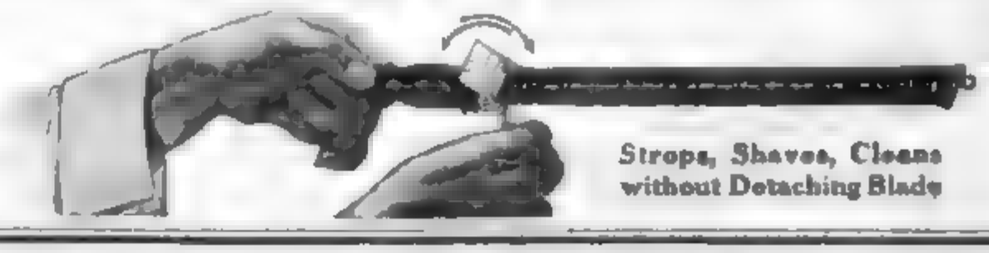
Consists of one self-stropping razor (heavily silver-plated), 12 fine blades and horsehide strop in small handsome case. Price $5.00, which is your total shaving expense for years, as one blade often lasts six months to one year.

"The Slaughter of the Innocents"

Hundreds of thousands of men have trouble with their shaving because they haven't read this book. Will you keep on having 100, 200, 365 shaving troubles per year, or will you send for "The Slaughter of the Innocents" now while you're thinking about it? Lively. Free.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 341 Fifth Ave., New York; 233 Corlaine Bldg., Montreal; 61 New Oxford St., London.

FAR QUICKER, HANDIER THAN A NO-STROPPING RAZOR



Strops, Shaves, Cleans without Detaching Blade

Why not get stockings of service as well as beauty—and pay less than others cost you?

Ipswich Hosiery is made for both long wear and fine appearance. It has the quality that can only be attained through the skill of nearly half a century of good stocking-making, and the resolute sticking to high standards.

We get first-choice cotton of the highest grade—long, strong staple for continued wear. We spin it in our own Mills, and knit it under the watchful eyes of experienced operators, on machines of latest type; and we dye the stockings by a process that cost us a lot of money, and produces intense rich fast color. This gives the beauty to Ipswich Hosiery.

We operate largely and economically, making millions of pairs of stockings every year. You get the advantage, and pay about half the cost of equal quality in other stockings.

12½c to 25c a pair
for men, women and children

Ask your dealer for Ipswich Hosiery. Look for the trademark on every pair. If your dealer hasn't Ipswich Hosiery write us, and we'll see that you get it. Don't fail to write us **for the handsomest hosiery booklet ever issued—free,** for your dealer's name.

IPSWICH MILLS
Ipswich, Mass.

convicts. The thing stands for itself. Loyalty? *Esprit de corps?* It ought to answer the question.

In these days when men are talking of the prison problem, discussing new laws and other means of changing penitentiaries from thug factories to something like real reformatories, that honorable showing made by six hundred odd convicts is interesting to observe.

Interesting also are the things behind it: baseball, music, drama, correspondence schools, fair trials, a feeling of common interest for order. And the other thing yet behind these—the simple theory that human nature is the same in stripes as out of them.

After all, it is not so much statutes as wardens that can do such things. Laws may come and go; but wardens must rule absolutely. Theirs is the power. This one—John E. Hoyle, of San Quentin, California—belongs to a type that we often see as railroad superintendents, for instance. Industry and business usually get such men. Only occasionally such a man comes, as he came, to the service of a state and shows how simple some of our problems really are.

THE NEW ENGLAND OLIGARCHY

(Concluded from Page 17)

politics now and then and to enlist others to play politics for him. For, strange as it may seem, Lodge—even Lodge—can get off his perch when he has to go before the people, and he alighted hurriedly on the morning after Mr. Foss was elected to Congress. From this time out he will be the busiest man in Massachusetts, not only because they have put a dent in his inherent right to represent the state in the Senate, but also because there are various persons moving about, here and there in Massachusetts, who have other dents to make and will make them.

There seems to be something wrong with a political system that will endanger the tenure of office of a man like Lodge, especially on grounds so foreign to his personal tastes and convictions as, for instance, the price of sirloin steak. It makes no difference to him personally what sirloin steak costs, but it does make a heap of difference to a large number of persons whom he expects to march gratefully up to the polls for him next November. Ridiculous, I admit, but true. And the size of the beanpots has been reduced one-quarter in the past two years. Wouldn't it jar you to think that the mere reduction in the size of beanpots could have an effect on the political fortunes of so distinguished and so cultured a man?

It certainly would, but it won't jar you half as much as it will jar the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge before he gets back to the Senate.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Samuel G. Blythe on the New England Oligarchy. The third will be published in an early number.

Not a Regular Pirate

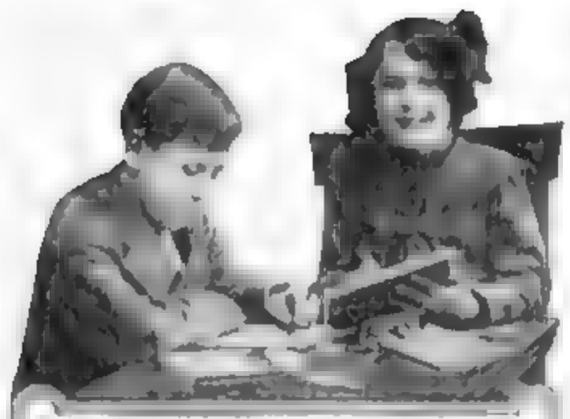
A COAST liner came into Portland, Maine, a time ago, afire. They ran her into a pier, took off her passengers and backed her out into the harbor. She was ablaze both fore and aft, and word soon went around the waterfront that she was richly laden with a general cargo. They beached the liner and soon there was a swarm of motor boats and rowboats around her and a good deal of looting was done.

Coming over from Cushing's Island a few days ago the boatman who owned the motor boat in which the trip was made talked about this event.

"A regular scandal, I call it. No less than piracy. I told them fellers they would git inter trouble and they did. A hull lot of them has been arrested. Nothin' but piracy. Why, they told me to go out and I did go out, but I wouldn't have done what they did no more than nuthin'. I told them they was regular pirates. No, sir, I ain't no pirate."

"But," was asked, "didn't you get anything?"

"Certainly not—that is, nuthin' to speak of," was the reply. "I only took a few bolts of silk and got enough tobacco to last me two years."



$500.00 In Gold and Prizes

Absolutely Free to School Girls and Boys in the

Great National Drawing Contest

Sample Crayons FREE

GIRLS AND BOYS, here is your chance to win cash in gold or one of hundreds of valuable prizes given in reward for the best drawings made with the wonderful new "Cray-O-Graph" school crayon. 500 prizes will be given away absolutely free. They are worth trying for. No matter what your age, or where your school is located, you will have a fair chance to secure one of these valuable rewards for your skill. The contest is divided into classes taking in all pupils in primary, grammar and high schools. Rural schools have an equal chance. Every girl and boy who can draw should enter this great contest

Also $250.00 For Schools

In large, beautiful pictures and busts given to ten schools submitting the best "Cray-O Graph" drawings. Unusual opportunity for Teachers to secure beautiful Art Decorations for their School Rooms Free

No Entrance Fee—Free For All Under 20 Years of Age

Contest Closes May 31, 1910

This Announcement Will Not Appear Again

Folder giving complete details, and a box containing three sample sticks (about one-half regular length) in the three primary colors, sent free on request. Regular 10c box of "Cray-O-Graph" sent post-paid for five 2-cent stamps, or a handsome booklet entitled "How to get the best results with Cray-O-Graph" for ten 2-cent stamps.

THE AMERICAN CRAYON CO.,
1200 Hayes Ave. Sandusky, O.

Fine-Form Maternity Skirt

of great interest to

Every Prospective Mother

Always drapes evenly in front and back

Can be worn the year round

Free Fine Illustrated Book Fine-Form Maternity Skirt

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HEALTH MERRY GO ROUND

MAKES HAPPY, HEALTHY CHILDREN

who prefer to stay at home and enjoy their

Not a toy a real Merry Go Round

HEALTH MERRY-GO-ROUND CO., Dept. N, QUINCY, ILL.

When—

appetite suggests something good—when health dictates something nourishing—when bodily strength demands something sustaining—in short, when you're hungry

Uneeda Biscuit

5¢ (Never Sold in Bulk)

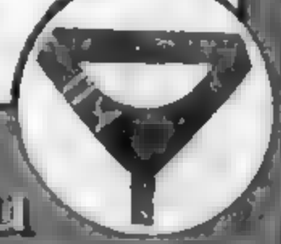
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

PARIS GARTERS

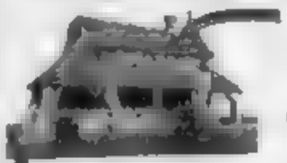
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

A Necessity with Knee Drawers

They fit so well you forget they're there. Twenty-five Cents, Fifty Cents and One Dollar from dealers or sample direct from A. Stein & Co., 506 Center Avenue, Chicago. Be sure the box says "*Paris Garters*—no metal can touch you."



NO METAL can touch you



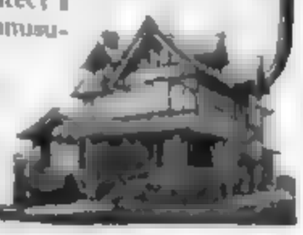
Save Money in Building

I have just published a new book, HOMES OF CHARACTER, containing 50 of my best plans of homes, ranging in cost from $1,000 to $10,000. This book will save you money if you intend to build—save you THREE-FOURTHS of the usual architect's fees—save you money in the actual building, because the plans are unusually complete, and are backed by 20 years' actual experience.

My book is beautifully illustrated and bound with heavy cover. It will be an addition to any library. Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Cost will be refunded if you are not satisfied with the book, or if you purchase a plan.

Send for FREE sample pages showing 3 plans.

JOHN HENRY NEWSON 1237 Williamson Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio



Present this coupon at any soda fountain and

Get a 10¢ bottle absolutely FREE!

TO DEALERS: Accept this coupon when **properly signed,** in pay[illegible] for a regular 10c bottle of Sheboygan Ginger Ale. Send coupons to us with [illegible] and we will pay you 10c on every one. Every coupon redeemed **must** be [illegible] by cap from [illegible]. We reserve the right to refuse [illegible] suspected fraud. This coupon must be returned for redemption on or before June 1, 1910.

I have never tried Sheboygan Ginger Ale and accept your test offer.

Name

Address

City

Note: You may not be able to secure Sheboygan Ginger Ale at every store. Try all those in your immediate neighborhood.

We'll pay your dealer for it!

We want you to know the great difference in ginger ales.

So we have arranged with a great many dealers to buy the first bottle of "Sheboygan" for you. Your dealer probably has it.

Every reader of The Saturday Evening Post is entitled to a bottle—and we want you to have one.

Once you taste sparkling "Sheboygan" you will agree that no other brands are half so good. You will agree that "Sheboygan" is even better than the "imported" at half their price.

And the next time you order this beneficial drink you won't say merely "ginger ale"—but

Sheboygan Ginger Ale

Sheboygan Ginger Ale is made from the best Jamaica ginger root.

The fruit flavors are made from the fruits themselves.

And we use only the best table sugar for sweetening.

The water used for Sheboygan Ginger Ale is the wonderful Sheboygan water—famous the world over as a health water.

By a skillful blend of all these we produce a most delicious gingery aroma.

The lack of that sweetish after-taste in "Sheboygan" is due to the absence of adulterants.

A Beneficial Drink

Sheboygan Ginger Ale is the one safe summer drink. It is thirst-quenching and healthful.

You can drink it ice cold yet not injure the stomach. There is enough warmth in the ginger to counteract the effect of the cold.

Everyone likes ginger ale. Have a few bottles of "Sheboygan" on ice so you can pass some around to your friends.

Try Sheboygan Ginger Ale at Our Expense

Make the comparison with any other ginger ale you ever drank.

Try them together. Drink one, then the other. Decide for yourself which is best.

Note the superior flavor of "Sheboygan"—that gingery smack, without that sweet after-taste.

Clip the coupon now—and get your free bottle. Make the test at your earliest convenience.

See what you have been missing in ginger ale.

The soda fountain at the corner has a bottle of Sheboygan Ginger Ale for you. (3)

Bottled by **SHEBOYGAN MINERAL WATER CO.** Sheboygan, Wis.

Add to the Pleasure of the Game

The certain knowledge that your appearance is trim and snappy in spite of heat, dust or bad weather. This season wear Challenge Collars and you'll be delighted with their smartness, convenience and economy.

CHALLENGE Brand WATERPROOF COLLARS & CUFFS

PAT. Dec. 7, 1909 PAT. Nov. 4, 1902

are totally different from the *ordinary* waterproof collars—never lose their smart, fashionable shape. Same dull finish. Same linen texture.

Our Challenge Brand has given an entirely new meaning to Waterproof Collars. Try them yourself and you'll understand it. You will appreciate the immediate correctness and good service.

Challenge Collars are made in the latest models—are absolutely waterproof—can be cleaned with a rub. They're money savers, too, because they cut out laundry bills.

Sold by dealers everywhere. If not with your dealer, write us, giving his name, and we will see that you are supplied. Send for booklet showing the latest styles.

THE ARLINGTON COMPANY, Dept. "A"

Established 1883

725-727 Broadway, New York.

Boston, 47 Bedford St. Philadelphia, 900 Chestnut St.
Chicago, [illegible] San Francisco, [illegible] Mission St.
St. Louis, 506 North 7th St. Detroit, 111 Jefferson Ave.
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Ask Your Coal Man to Give You a Taylor Medallion Thermometer

send us the name and address of the merchant you asked [illegible]

Taylor Brothers Company
Rochester N. Y.

Mr. Manufacturer, look into this proposition. You [illegible]

It [illegible] to ask for our catalogue [illegible] and samples [illegible] of our line as it [illegible] you, to a profitable advertising field [illegible]

Merchants Give Your Customers a Taylor Medallion Thermometer

The Great Middle Price—High-Grade

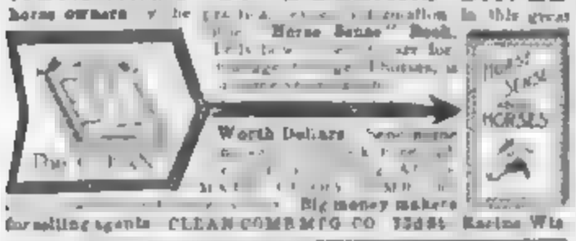
SYRACUSE 4 to 120 H. P. for Light and Heavy Duty and Speed Boats

Patented Combination Exhaust that gives you more power for weight than any other motor made. Write for free catalog and full particulars. LIVE AGENTS WANTED.

Syracuse Gas Engine Co., 1812 Park St., Syracuse, N. Y.

HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS SAVED

Horse owners [illegible] Horse Sense" Book. [illegible]



Big money makers for selling agents. CLEAN-COMB MFG. CO. 13884 Racine, Wis.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c. FRAMES 15c

Sheet Pictures 1c. Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. 30 Days' Credit. Samples and Catalog Free

CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT, Dept. 4014, 1627 W. Adams St., Chicago

THE ART OF MANAGING WOMEN

(Concluded from Page 19)

that has had no complaint charged against it in several months is vigilant to please subscribers and to keep the good record untarnished.

Here, too, cliques are formed among the operators when supervision is lax, and must be broken for the good of the service.

In a certain city the general manager of the telephone company found that, while the girls who worked on his day shifts were not given to such intrigue, the night force was fairly honeycombed with cliques. Investigation showed that the night force simply hadn't enough work to keep it busy, and so got into mischief. When a lot of compilation detail on the service records was turned over to the night force cliques and plots came to an end.

In another case cliques had been formed in a day force to such extent that some action had to be taken. Before stepping in over the authority of the woman chief operator and manager, however, the general manager transferred first one and then the other to distant exchanges, to determine whether the fault lay with them. He decided that it didn't, for the cliques were just as active under new management. So the chief operator and exchange manager were sent back, and the operating force split into half a dozen squads and scattered among other exchanges. That cured the disorder.

In still another case an exchange manager found one little clique of eight girls creating discord. They had formed an organization known as the "A" Board Social Club, and, after holding a number of meetings, proposed giving a dance in a hall that was not very respectable. Every operator in the exchange was on edge, some anxious to join the club, others scandalized by its project. This manager makes a point of calling together everybody affected by a new rule or order, and announcing it to all simultaneously, so that everybody understands it alike. In dealing with the social club he took just the opposite course, talking with each of the eight girls privately. Had he remonstrated with them as a body they would undoubtedly have resisted like the proverbial bundle of sticks. When, however, he told each girl that he was sorry to see so good an operator as herself identified with such an enterprise the sticks were broken singly and the club disbanded. Only two girls gave any trouble. They were sisters. He transferred them to another exchange.

Operators' wages are governed by quality of work and length of service. It is quite a common thing for a bright girl to advance in the wage scale to the maximum amount paid for the kind of work she is doing, and then, when she has reached the top, she is likely to grow somewhat lax in the belief that effort will not take her any higher. When an operator gets into this frame of mind it is bad for her and bad for the service. Telephone managers cure it by a very simple process—the operator's wages are cut a couple of dollars to show her that it is possible to go backward as well as forward, and she is not long in climbing back to her old level and working with fresh zeal toward a supervisor's job.

Hard Luck in Kansas

THEY hold the Kansas farmer to be a natural pessimist, no matter how favorable things are.

C. E. Denton, Secretary of State for that state, tells of a group of farmers he heard talking at the store in his town not long ago.

"By Jing," said one, "I am in a fix. Things is bad with me. My corn is growing so fast and is so heavy I'm afraid I can't get in to cultivate it the second time."

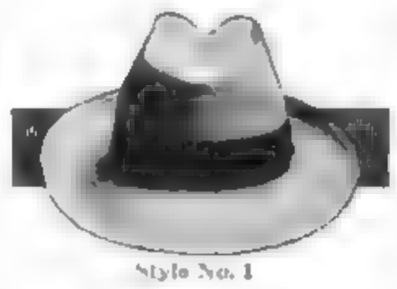
"Yes," said another, "and my wheat is so heavy that I am sure it will fall and bind, and I will have a job harvesting it. It is scandalous how heavy it is—a fearful crop."

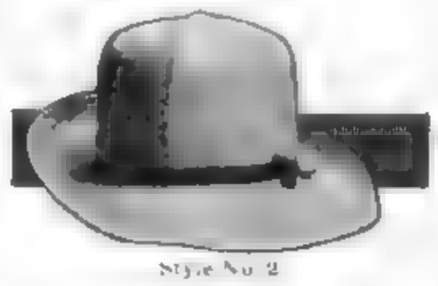
"Same with my oats," chimed in another. "I'll get eighty bushels to the acre, but it is so heavy it will be tough work cuttin' it."

"Well, boys," put in the fourth, "it ain't all what it's cracked up to be. I tell you," he continued mournfully, "these big bumper crops is terrible hard on the land."

A Genuine Panama Hat

that retails all over this country at $15.00 to $18.00, delivered to you, express paid for $6


Style No. 1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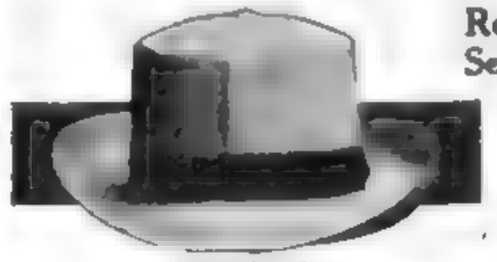
Style No. 3

Style No. 4

This hat is made of the *finest quality genuine Panama straw*, very closely woven and beautifully finished. It has a neat silk band and leather sweat band. It is featherweight, cool, dressy and adaptable to any shape desired.

The question you are asking yourself is, "How can they afford to sell a Panama Hat worth from $15.00 to $18.00 for $6.00?" We *import thousands* of them every year from South America, direct through the Port of Galveston. **We save you two profits.**

Every hat is sold with this positive guarantee—

Your Money Back if Not as Represented

Read What Mr. Frank E. Morrison, Secretary of Success Magazine, Says—

"When in Houston, recently, I visited the show rooms of the Houston Hat Co. and after carefully examining the hats offered in this advertisement, I am *fully satisfied* that the equal of these hats cannot be found in any retail hat store at less than from $15.00 to $18.00 each."

Send your order NOW and remember—Your Money Back if You're Not Satisfied. State size and style desired. Address,

HOUSTON HAT CO.

"Panama Hat Kings"

Dept. A Houston, Texas

STRAUSS Brothers' National Tailoring Service places at your very door all the advantages of metropolitan tailoring at stock-clothing prices.

Our High-Class Suits to Order, $20 to $40

are recognized everywhere as the "standard" for excellence of materials, workmanship and style. Our tremendous volume of business makes our low prices possible.

One of the prominent merchants in your own town or city (name on request) has on display our Spring and Summer line of 500 exclusive woolens. Let him skillfully measure you and we'll do the rest—*He's know how.*

Made To Order—of course

12 Portraits of Champion Athletes and Spring Fashion Magazine, Edition 8, sent FREE on request.

Strauss Brothers MASTER TAILORS CHICAGO

5,000 Representatives Throughout the U. S.

THE VARMINT

(Continued from Page 35)

"Of course the first part is a cinch," said Dennis. "A few extras, etcetera, etceteray. It's putting the ribbons in the lingerie, that's all."

"Exactly."

"You don't think it's selling goods under false pretenses?"

"Naw," said Macnooder. "Same principle as the patent medicine—the only wheel that goes round there is a nice, fat temperance measure of alcohol, isn't it? We'll have the first public demonstration tomorrow afternoon. I'll distribute a few more pearls tonight. Ta, ta."

The three sat quietly, listening to the fall of his departing steps.

"If we'd asked him in the first place," said the Tennessee Shad, gazing out the window, "we'd only given up twenty-five per cent—great business head, Doc; great mind for detail."

XIV

MACNOODER, that night, formed the Eureka Purchasing Company, incorporated himself, and secured, at jigger rates, every second-hand alarm clock that he could find—but more of that hereafter.

At five o'clock the next afternoon the combined Kennedy House packed itself into the Tennessee Shad's room, where Doc Macnooder rose and addressed them:

"Gentlemen of the Kennedy: I will only detain you an hour or so; I have only a few thousand words to say. We are gathered here on an auspicious occasion, a moment of history—the moment is historical. Your esteemed Housemate, Mr. Dink Stover, has completed, after years of endeavor, an invention that is destined to be a household word from the northernmost wilds of the Davis House to the sunkissed fragrance of the Green, from the Ethiopian banks of the fur-bearing canal to the Western Tins of Hot-dog Land! Gentlemen, I will be frank ——"

"Cheese it!" said a voice.

"I will be frank," repeated Macnooder, turning on them a countenance on which candor struggled with innocence. "I did not wish or encourage the present method of procedure. As a member of the Dickinson House I combated the proposition of Mr. Stover and his associates to make this invention a Kennedy House sinecure. I still combat it—but I yield. If they wish to give away their profits they can. Gentlemen, in a few moments I shall have the pleasure of placing before you an opportunity to become shareholders in one of the most epoch-making inventions the world has ever known."

"What's it called?" said a voice.

"It's called," said Macnooder slowly, secure now of the attention of his audience—"It's called The Complete Sleep Prolonger. The title itself is a promise and a hope. I will claim nothing for this wonderful little invention. It not only combats the cold, but it encourages the heat; it prolongs not only the sleep, but the existence; it will increase the stature, make fat men thin, thin men fat, clear the complexion, lighten the eye and make the hair long and curly."

"Let's have it," cried several voices.

"Gentlemen," he went on, seeing that delay was not possible, "our first demonstration will be entitled The Old Way."

Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan, in pajamas, appeared from a closet, went to the window, opened it, shut the register, yawned, went to his bed and drew the covers over his head. The faint sounds of a mandolin were heard from the expert hands of the Tennessee Shad.

"Scene," said Macnooder, fitting his accents to low music as is the custom of vaudeville—"Scene represents the young Lawrenceville boy, exhausted by the preparation of the next day's lessons, seeking to rest his too conscientious brain. The night passes, the wind rises. It grows cold. Hark the rising bell. He hears it not. What now? He rises in his bed, the room is bitter cold. He bounds to the window over the frozen ground. He springs to the register and back to his bed. He looks at his watch. Heavens! Not a moment to lose. The room is bitter cold, but he must up and dress!"

Finnegan, completing the pantomime, returned with thunders of applause.

"Gentlemen," cried Macnooder, "is this picture a true one?"

And the roar came back:

"You bet!"

"Our next instructive little demonstration is entitled The Scientific Way or The Sleep Prolonger Watches Over Them. Observe now the modest movements of the Dink, the Kennedy House Edison."

Dink, thus introduced, connected the hot-air register to the window sash, the window sash to the weight—specially covered with tin foil—and brought forth the table on which was the now completed Sleep Prolonger. Only the face of the clock appeared, the rest was buried under an arrangement of cardboard boxes and perfectly useless spools, that turned with the rope that took a thrice devious way to the alarm key. In front, two Kennedy House flags were prominently displayed.

"Is everything ready, Mr. Stover?" said Macnooder, while the crowd craned forth, amazed at the intricacy of the machine.

"Ready, Mr. President."

"Second demonstration," said Doc.

Finnegan again entered, fixed the register, lowered the window and, going to the clock, set the alarm.

"He sets the alarm for half past seven," said Macnooder in cadence. "One half-hour gained. The night passes. The wind rises. It grows cold. Hark the rising bell. He hears it not; he doesn't have to. The Sleep Prolonger is there."

The alarm shot off with a suddenness that brought responsive jumps from the audience, the weight fell, and to the amazement of all the window closed and the register opened.

"Watch him now, watch him!" cried Macnooder, hushing the tumult of applause. "Observe the comfort and the satisfaction in his look. He has not stirred, not a limb of his body has been exposed; and yet the room grows warm. His eye is on the clock; he will rise in time, and he will rise in comfort!

"Gentlemen, this great opportunity is now before you. This marvel of human ingenuity, this baffling example of mechanical intricacy is now within your reach. It can do anything. It is yours. It is yours at prices that would make a miner turn from picking up gold nuggets. It is yours for one dollar and twenty-five cents—twenty-five cents is our profit, gentlemen, and you get one profit-sharing bonus. And, furthermore, each of the first fifteen purchasers who will pay the sum of one-fifty will receive not one but three eight-per-cent accumulative preferred bonuses."

"Bonus for what?" said an excited voice.

"Twenty-five per cent of the net profits," cried Macnooder, thumping the table, "will be set aside for pro-rata distribution. The device itself remains for three days a secret, until the completion of the patents. Orders from the model set up and installed in twenty-four hours now acceptable, cash down. No crowding there, first fifteen get three bonuses—one at a time; keep back there—no crowding, no pushing—no pushing, boys. Here, stop! Owing to the extraordinary demand, have I the advisory board's consent to give every purchaser present who pays one-fifty three bonuses? I have? Let her go! Mr. Finnegan, take down the names. Cash, right over here!"

"I don't like this idea of bonuses," said Finnegan, when the rooms had returned to their quiet again.

"Twenty-five per cent, Doc!" said the Tennessee Shad reproachfully.

"Why, you chump," said Macnooder proudly, "that's what's called the profit-sharing system. It keeps 'em quiet, and it also keeps 'em from going out and giving the game away. Mark my words."

"We must get to work and round up some alarm clocks," said Stover.

"I've already thought of that," said Doc, as he took his leave. "Don't worry about that. Now I'll canvas the Dickinson."

"A slight feeling of uneasiness," said the Tennessee Shad solemnly, when Macnooder had departed—"A slight feeling of uneasiness is stealing over me, as the poet says."

"Let's have a look at the articles of incorporation," said Stover, who sat down with Dennis to study them.

"We're the advisory board," said Dennis stoutly.

By the next nightfall every room in the Kennedy was equipped with a Complete Sleep Prolonger. Their reception was exactly as Macnooder had foreseen. At

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Pickles

Everybody knows Heinz Pickles and their unrivalled goodness. But perhaps you do not know how many kinds of delicious pickles are made by Heinz nor the reasons for their superior quality.

Making a better pickle is no slight matter. It means the selection and growth of special varieties of vegetables that are thinner-skinned, richer in flavor, more tender and uniform in size.

It involves the procuring of finer, more pungent spices, the making of mellow, aromatic vinegars, the assembling of many elements that must be better than any produced before.

Heinz Sweet Pickles—Gherkins and Mixed Pickles—are preserved in a rich, spicy liquor made from granulated cane sugar, fine old malt vinegar and pure spices. They are thoroughly sweet, but delightfully piquant—not insipid like ordinary sweet pickles.

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Heinz Chow Chow is a delicious combination of selected, pickled vegetables with a spicy mustard dressing. Not hot with pepper—it has the genuine mustard flavor.

Heinz Dill Pickles, unlike ordinary salt or sour pickles, are naturally fermented in fine salt, without vinegar, and with only the Dill Flower and pure spices added for flavoring.

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The newest of the 57 varieties and the finest product of 40 years' experience in making better pickles. A combination of crisp, tender, Heinz-grown vegetables, preserved in a sweet liquor of especial richness. Delightfully seasoned and exquisite in flavor. Entirely new and different—quite out of the ordinary. A most charming relish for luncheons, teas, etc.

Other Heinz Pickles are: Sour Onions, Sweet Onions, India Relish, Stuffed Mangoes, East Indian Chutney. They are absolutely pure. The

57 Varieties

do not contain Benzoate of Soda, other drugs or artificial preservatives.

Heinz Pickles are sold in glass bottles and also from bulk packages by the measure or dozen—but when buying pickles in bulk, be sure they are the Heinz Brand.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY,

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first a roar went up as soon as the simplicity of the device was unearthed, but the thought of the precious bonuses soon quelled the revolt.

An obstacle arose to even the deep-laid plans of Macnooder himself. As the Third Triumvirate Manufacturing Company had bought its stock from the Eureka Purchasing Company—which had cornered the alarm-clock market—it followed that the alarm clocks were distinctly second rate.

The consequence was that, though all were set for half past seven, the first gun went off at about quarter past two in the morning, bringing Mr. Bundy, the assistant house master, to the middle of the floor in one terrified bound, and starting a giggle that ran through the darkened house like an epidemic.

At half past three another explosion took place, aggravated this time by the fact that, the window pulleys being worn, the sash flew up with enough force to shatter most of the glass.

From four o'clock on, the musketry continued intermittently until half past seven, when such a salvo went off that the walls of the house seemed jarred apart.

The Third Triumvirate went down to breakfast with small appetite.

The Roman looked haggard; Mr. Bundy haggard and aggressive.

"Northwester coming," said the Tennessee Shad under his breath. "I know the signs."

"It's all Macnooder," said Stover bitterly.

At first recitation The Roman flunked Stover on the review, on the gerund and gerundive, on the use of hendiadys—a most unfair exhibition of persecution—on several supines, and requested him to remain after class.

"Ahem, John," he said, bringing to bear the batteries of his eyes on the embattled Dink, "you were, I take it, at the bottom, so to speak, of last night's outrage. Yes? Speak up."

"May I ask, sir," said Dink, very much aggrieved—for masters should confine themselves to evidence and not draw deductions—"I should like to know by what right you pick on me?"

The Roman, knowing thoroughly the subject under hand, did not condescend to argue, but smiled a thin, wan smile.

"You were, John, weren't you?"

"I was—that is, I invented it."

"Invented it?" said The Roman, sending one eyebrow toward the ceiling. "Invented what?"

"The Sleep Prolonger," said Dink proudly.

"Prolonger!" said The Roman, with the jarring memories of the night upon him. "Explain, sir!"

Dink went minutely over the detailed construction of the invention of the age. By request, he repeated the same while The Roman followed, tracing a plan upon his pad.

"One question, John," The Roman said, without raising his eyes. "Was the Kennedy the only house thus favored?"

"No, sir. Macnooder installed them in the Dickinson and the Woodhull."

"Ah!" As though finding comfort in this last statement, The Roman raised his head and said slowly: "Dear me! I see, I see now. Quite a relief. It is evident from your recital, John, that at least there was no concerted effort to destroy the property of the school. I withdraw the term outrage, in so far as it may suggest outrages of pillage or anarchy. As to the continued usefulness of what you so felicitously term the Sleep Prolonger, that will have to be a subject of consultation with the Doctor, but—but, as your friend, I should advise you, for the present, not to risk any further capital in the venture. Don't do it, John, don't do it."

"Tyrant!" said Stover to himself. Aloud he asked: "Is that all, sir?"

"One moment—one moment, John. Are you contemplating any further inventions?"

"Why, no, sir."

"On your honor, John?"

"Why, yes, sir."

"Good—very good. You may go now."

At noon, by nature of an extraordinary order from headquarters, all alarm clocks were confiscated and ordered to be surrendered.

"It's all the Old Roman," said Stover doggedly. "He knew it was my invention. He's got it in for me, I tell you."

"Anyhow," said Finnegan, "since Doc planted a few Prolongers in the Dickinson and the Woodhull we ought to be able to stack up a few nice round plunks."

At this moment the Gutter Pup and P. Lentz, representing the profit-sharing stockholders, called to know when the surplus was to be divided.

"Macnooder is now at work on the books," said Dink. "We expect him over at any time."

But when at eight o'clock that evening no word had been received from the president, the Third Triumvirate held a meeting and sent the Tennessee Shad over to the Dickinson, with orders to return only with the bullion, for which purpose he was equipped with a small black satchel.

Just before lights the Tennessee Shad's dragging step was heard returning.

"I don't like the sound," said Dink, listening.

"He always shuffles his feet," said Dennis, clinging to hope.

The door opened and the Tennessee Shad, carrying the black satchel, solemnly entered. Dink flung himself on the bag, wrenched it open and let it drop, exclaiming

"Nothing!"

"Nothing?" said Dennis, rising.

"Nothing," said the Tennessee Shad, sitting down.

"But the profits?"

"The profits," said the Tennessee Shad, pointing sarcastically to the bag, "are in there."

"Do you mean to say ——" began Dink and stopped.

"I mean to say that the Third Triumvirate Manufacturing Company is insolvent, bankrupt, busted, up the spout."

"But then, who's got the coin?"

"Doc Macnooder," said the Tennessee Shad, "and it's all legal."

"Legal?"

"All legal. It's this way. Our profits depended upon the price we paid for alarm clocks. See? Well, when Doc Macnooder, as president of the Third Triumvirate Manufacturing Company, looked around for clocks, he found that Doc Macnooder, as president of the Eureka Purchasing Company, had cornered the market and could dictate the price."

"So that?" said Stover indignantly.

"So that each clock was charged up to us at a rate ranging from one dollar and forty cents to one dollar and fifty."

"By what right?" said Dennis.

"It's what is called a Subsidiary Company," said the Tennessee Shad. "It's quite popular nowadays."

"But where's the stock we subscribed?" said Dennis, thinking of his one dollar and fifty cents. "We get that back."

"No."

"What!" said the two in unison.

"It's this way. Owing to executive interference, the Third Triumvirate Manufacturing Company is liable to the Eureka Purchasing Company for ten alarm clocks which it has ordered and can't use."

"But then, out of the whole blooming mess," said Dennis, quite overcome, "where do I stand?"

The Tennessee Shad unfolded a paper and read:

"You owe the Eureka, as your share of the assessment, two dollars and forty cents."

"Owe!" said Finnegan with a scream.

"Just let him come," said Dink, doubling up his fists. "Let him come and assess us!"

The three sat in long silence. Finally the Tennessee Shad spoke:

"I'm afraid Doc was sore because we tried to freeze him out at first. It was a mistake."

No one noticed this.

"Great Willie Keeler!" said Dennis suddenly. "If this thing had been a success we'd have been ruined!"

"But what right," said Dink, unwilling to give up the fight, "had he to pay the Eureka such prices? Who authorized him?"

"A vote of fifty-one per cent of the stock," said the Tennessee Shad.

"But he never said anything to us—the forty-nine per cent. Has the minority no rights?"

"Sure, the right to indorse."

"I'll get even with him," said Dink, after a blank period.

"I suppose," said Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan, "that's what's called Finance."

And the Tennessee Shad nodded assent: "Higher Finance, Dennis."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

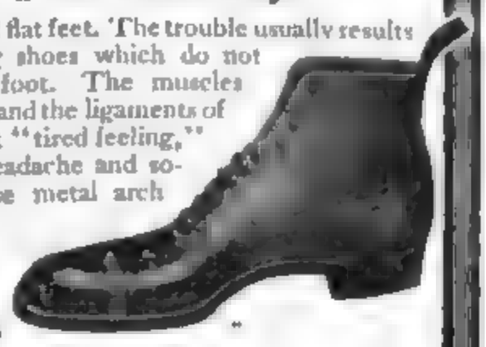
"Charlie Case Says:"

I Am the Best Friend Your Feet Ever Had

IF you haven't treated your feet right and they are now in an abnormal condition, let me show you how to gain real foot comfort.

You Hear a Lot These Days

about fallen arches and flat feet. The trouble usually results from wearing ill-fitting shoes which do not support the arch of the foot. The muscles become strained and swollen and the ligaments of the arch relaxed. Result—that "tired feeling," aching leg muscles, backache, headache and so-called "foot rheumatism." Loose metal arch supports inserted in ordinary shoes get out of place, cause pain and numbness, while affording little relief.



Case Arch Support Shoes Relieve Fallen Foot Arches

CASE Arch Supports add nothing to the bulk or weight of the shoes, and do not detract from their trim, stylish lines. The Arch Supports are not metal plates, but are highly elastic, being built into the shoes and made to spring forward with each movement of the feet. They do not numb the feet, but start a natural circulation of the blood, which is of great benefit in restoring the feet to their normal condition. Try one pair and be convinced of their ability to correct foot troubles.

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Ask for descriptive booklet on foot troubles by Charlie Case

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A storage battery expires without warning, leaving you stalled on the road, unless you have a reliable auxiliary.*

A magneto gives no intimation of coming trouble. It may suddenly be short-circuited at any time; while slipping of the magneto gear may cause premature explosion or back-firing and wreck your engine. If you wish to be perfectly free from dread of sudden failure in your ignition system, use

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They are built on the true principles of safe construction—strength and simplicity.

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Stein-Bloch use the expression, "This label means fifty-five years of Knowing How." In other words, experience—the teacher of teachers.

On the side are three portraits—an old man, a middle-aged man and a boy. These three are working in the Stein-Bloch tailor shops, making Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes. The old man is the boy's grandfather. The middle-aged man is the boy's father. They represent three generations.

When the grandfather went to work at the Stein-Bloch bench he was no older than the boy. He learned his trade, handed it down to the father, thence to the boy. That is Stein-Bloch's method; and this but one instance out of many.

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Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors

lead the world in reliability and economy of operation, because they are the result of years of specialization in the field. We guarantee them to give absolute satisfaction.

We are the world's largest manufacturers of small direct current motors - 1-30 to 15 h. p.—for all purposes.

We can probably supply just the motor you need from our comprehensive stock. If not, our facilities are such that we can make it for you at very slight extra cost. Just give us an idea of the machinery you wish to run, and we'll do the rest.

Remember, the consultation service costs you nothing. We simply feel that many business men who would otherwise install motors fail to do so because of the lack of concrete information as to type, power and cost of installation and operation.

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We also make a complete line of direct and alternating current fans for every need of home, factory or office.

A few of the machines a one horse-power Motor will run
(Nothing requiring *less* than one horse-power included.)

Dough Mixer (small)	Bag Stitcher	Blanking Press
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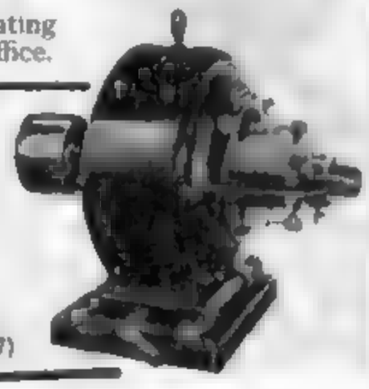
Board Cutter	Wringer	8-in. Rip Saw
Perfecting Press	Ironer	Small Band Saw
Folding Machine	Tool Lathe	Shingle Saw
Candy Roller	Punch	And Numerous
Router	Seed-Cleaning Mill	Others (7)



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THE BUZZ SAW OF CHANCE

(Continued from Page 10)

the three-days' sight draft which he had previously secured, and nothing now remained save the procuring of a passage to Callao for Señor Almeida.

In all his busy life J. Augustus Redell had never slept on the job. He was very white and earnest now. His jaw was set in the look of a man who faces defeat, but who has resolved to fight to the last ditch and win by fair means or foul. Live-Wire Luiz was a financial corpse. There was no doubt about that. One course remained to prevent the Columbia River mill and J. Augustus Redell from going down to ruin with him. The West Coast Trading Company enjoyed an excellent rating. It occurred to Mr. Redell that he was the only man, with the exception of Live-Wire Luiz, who was aware of the present condition of that company. So he blotted the draft very carefully, let himself out of the office and left Live-Wire Luiz locked in.

He was gone nearly half an hour. When he returned it was patent to Live-Wire Luiz that, whatever worries Mr. Redell was laboring under, he carried them well. He was smiling and debonair. His hat was cocked on the back of his head and the eternal cigar protruded impertinently from the angle of his fighting mouth. Señor Almeida could not fathom Redell's mood. A sad dog, indeed, was Señor Almeida. He was nearly out of his mind, entirely out of cigarettes and the last dash of ginger was gone from his cosmos. When Redell slapped him gayly on the shoulder and told him to "buck up," Live-Wire Luiz burst into tears. He was utterly wretched. He sobbed audibly. Indeed, to such a pitiful condition was Señor Almeida reduced that Redell finally led him over to Pop Stilger's. Pop prescribed his peculiar brand of nerve tonic, with the result that under the cheering influence of a few doses of Stilger's Elixir of Life Señor Almeida consented to admit that, perhaps, after all, he was looking at the world through smoked glasses.

Pop Stilger slapped him on the back repeatedly and told him that he was a good game scout and not to worry. Pop hadn't the slightest idea as to the reason for Live-Wire Luiz's woe; nevertheless he considered it part of the ethics of his profession to cheer the lowly of spirit. Eventually, hope, which poets tell us springs eternal in the human breast, surged up under the wish-bone of Live-Wire Luiz. Suddenly his face lit up until it looked like washday in the Latin Quarter. He stood on the tips of his toes, clasped Mr. Redell in ecstatic embrace, and implanted a chaste kiss on either cheek of that horror-stricken gentleman.

"*Bueno, mi bueno amigo,*" he cried, "I vamoose. I leave tomorrow for Callao. *Madre de dios!* Perhaps all is not so sad as we imagine. *Quien sabe?* Tomorrow is always another day. *Adios, amigos.*"

J. Augustus Redell gazed after him very solemnly. It hurt him to rap Live-Wire Luiz, but self-preservation is the first law of nature, and there is no sentiment in business. Mr. Redell always played safe. He was never asleep on the job. He hoped Live-Wire Luiz would arrive in Callao in time to sell the cargo and get out from under. As for J. Augustus Redell and the Columbia River mill from which he had purchased the cargo, their financial horizon was without a cloud unless the Excelsior should founder at sea.

J. Augustus Redell had very thoughtfully discounted the West Coast Trading Company's sixty-day acceptance three per cent at the Marine National Bank, where Live-Wire Luiz and his company were considered an absolutely gilt-edged risk. The proceeds of this stroke of genius Mr. Redell had deposited in the First National to the credit of J. A. Redell, Trustee. It had occurred to him that he was skating on thin ice. Somebody might attach his bank account.

J. Augustus Redell did not sleep that night. He lay in bed, staring up into the darkness. His conscience troubled him. Mr. Redell had heard a great deal about the "still, small voice of conscience." If the ordinary conscience had a "still, small voice" Mr. Redell's conscience was quite out of the ordinary. It cried aloud within his tired brain with the voice of a second mate driving a gang of stevedores. He had negotiated a worthless piece of paper. He was clearly within the law, yet he felt that in the general scheme of things he had merely shifted his load to the ample shoulders of the Marine National Bank. In his heart of hearts J. Augustus Redell knew that he was a crook—and in all his life he had never before committed an overt act. He was honest by nature, and he was beginning to realize for the first time what it means to fly in the face of nature. He envied Live-Wire Luiz his facility at weeping.

All night long Redell tossed restlessly in his bed. Shortly after five o'clock he fell asleep.

The San Francisco earthquake and the fire which destroyed the city is history now. At five-thirteen Mr. Redell found himself sitting up in bed while the bed executed a Merry Widow waltz around the room. When the horror ceased J. Augustus sprang madly into his clothes and ran down into the street. The city was afire in a dozen places. A despairing fireman informed him that the big viaduct that fed the city water system had been broken; that the fire must burn itself out, for there was no water. The city was doomed.

Mr. Redell ran thirty blocks down to his office, for the very simple reason that he knew of no other place to go. He found a roaring tower of flame racing up California Street toward the Lumbermen's Building, and decided that it would be wise to remove his books from the safe and save the typewriter. As he was kneeling before the safe, twirling the combination, some one kicked a panel out of his office door, accompanying the destruction with a shriek that would have done credit to a sawmill. A moment later the dusky face of Live-Wire Luiz appeared through the broken panel.

Redell arose and opened the door, and Live-Wire Luiz shot into the office. He tried to embrace Redell, but the latter fended him off

"*Santa Maria!*" he yelled, "we are save'. Yesterday I told to the Señor that tomorrow is another day. I am right. Always I am right. It is great—wonderful. I will take the cargo of the Excelsior. Not a *peseta* shall the Señor lose through the fault of Felipe Luiz Almeida. Always I pay. Not cash always, but t'irty, forty days, that is cash. No?"

The face of Felipe Luiz Almeida was radiant. In all San Francisco, that memorable morning, it is probable that his was the only smiling countenance. Before Redell would inquire the meaning of this extraordinary metamorphosis Señor Almeida executed a few steps of a Spanish dance, waved his arms and proceeded to elucidate.

"I am such a little damn fool," he volleyed. "I think too quick. Yesterday I am in the poolroom when the race is run. All the fortune of Señor Felipe Luiz Almeida is riding on a horse. I can think of nothing else. When a big man with the voice of a burro call off the race and my horse he is not mention' I am stunne'. I can only think: 'Almeida, you are in tight box.' I run back to my office. *Diablo!* I find a letter from my people in Callao to confirm that telegram. Then I go crazy, for I know I have ruin' the good Señor Ree-dell."

This voluble little man waved aloft a copy of the sporting edition of the last evening paper. He burst into laughter.

"*Mira,* Señor, my horse is scratch'. At the last minute he does not run. I am excite' without cause. I get my money back. I will take the cargo. I can meet your draft. Not a *peseta* shall the Señor lose though Luiz Almeida lose all on the deal. I pay like a *caballero* always pay."

J. Augustus Redell backed up against the safe and the tears started into his eyes.

"Then I'm not a crook," he said, and for the first time since he had reached man's estate his voice choked up.

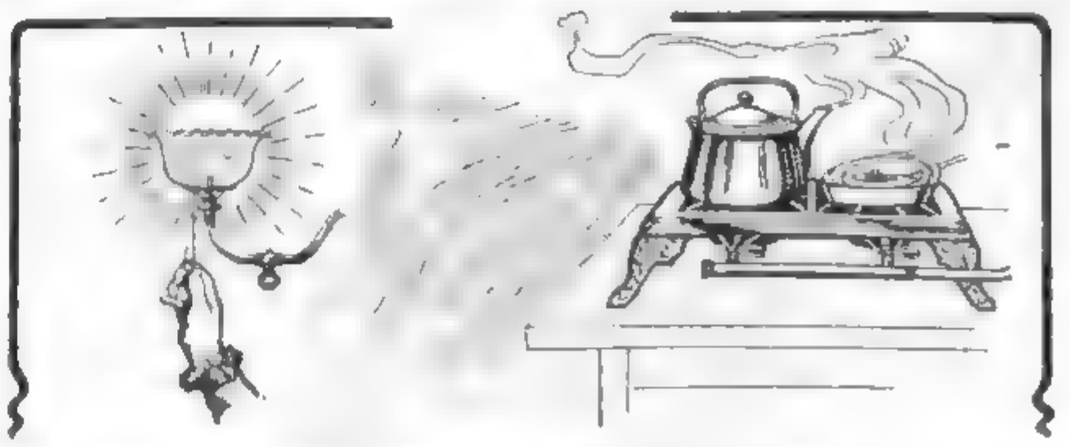
He was not a crook!

"You are a brave man," said Live-Wire Luiz, and proffered a cigarette. "You are a fighter. You think quick. You are not frightened. I—I am such a little fool, but—if I dance I also pay for the fiddle."

Redell smiled and grasped the hand of Live-Wire Luiz.

"Almeida," he said earnestly, "it's an infernal pity you hail from Peru. For a brunette, you're the whitest little cuss north of the equator. There isn't a suspicion of yellow in you. It's just nerves. You're set on a hair trigger. Why don't you cut out the ponies and the cigarettes?"

Home Made Gas
From Crushed Stone and Water



JUST suppose, when company comes, you could pull a little chain and turn on a flood of light on a cluster of globes hanging from the parlor ceiling. And suppose, a little later you could pull another little chain and turn on a beautiful light in a colored dome hanging over the dining room table.

Pull still other chains and turn on lights in your bed rooms, your kitchen or your cellar.

Pull another and fill your barn with light that would show up every hair, straw or buckle as plain as these things would show up by daylight.

And suppose you made all the gas for these lights yourself, right on the place.

Made it so easy that the work required only fifteen minutes of your time once a month.

Made it so cheaply that the light cost you no more than kerosene.

And suppose you actually used this same home-made gas as fuel for cooking on hot days or when you are in a hurry.

In other words, suppose you had a little acetylene gas plant built for country home use.

A plant that would mean no more washing or breaking of chimneys—no soot or grease to fight with—no wicks to trim, no oil to spill or burn.

• • •

Picture the advantages in your mind's eye—stop and think of the safety, comfort, satisfaction and happiness it would bring to your family.

Do this and you will understand why it is that over one hundred and seventy-six thousand farm houses have been equipped with Acetylene gas to date.

Consider also that these one hundred and seventy-six thousand country home owners simply followed the lead of over twenty million city people who have used gas so long that they don't know what an oil lamp looks like.

CRUSHED STONE

Like these city friends, you wouldn't keep your oil lamps if city gas could be piped to your place, and this new rural gas, "Acetylene," beats city gas all hollow in forty ways.

Unlike city gas, your Acetylene will not be poisonous to breathe—you can sleep all night in a room with an open burner with no injurious effects whatever.

Volume for volume, your Acetylene will give ten times more light than your city cousin gets from the best city gas.

Then when you use it as a fuel, your Acetylene will be delivered right in your cooking appliance, where it will supply heat on tap that you can regulate with a thumb screw.

• • •

The crushed stone you will use in making your Acetylene is known commercially as Union Carbide, and is sold at factory prices and shipped direct to you from the company's own warehouse located in your district.

Union Carbide won't burn—can't explode, and will keep for years in any climate.

Once a month you will have to drop a few pounds of Union Carbide in one part and a few gallons of water in another part of a small tank-like machine that sits in your basement or in an out-building.

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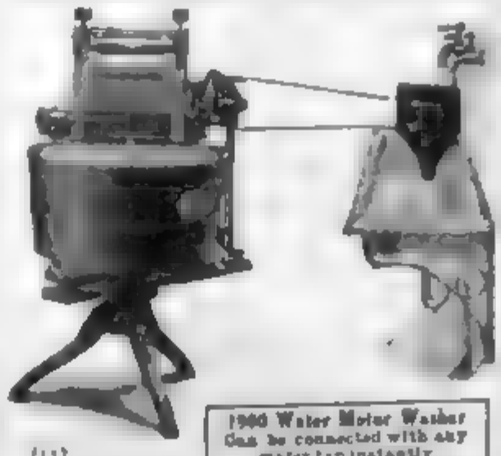

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Señor Almeida shrugged his shoulders and smiled

"*Quien sabe?*" he said.

"Well, I *sabe* this much," Redell replied, "that you're the gamest, whitest little man on the street. I know a lot of men who think themselves better than you, who would welch on that cargo and try to crawl out. You bet they would. And go to church and pass the plate around afterward. You're a *caballero* all right, but I'm a San Francisco *caballero*, and when it comes to nerve and playing the game on the level I'll match you for your shoestring. This city is burning up. It will be destroyed. But I know San Francisco. It will be rebuilt, and it will take a raft of lumber to rebuild it. The Excelsior is three days at sea, but we can reach her all right."

Redell grinned. "You see, yesterday afternoon, while you were out of your head my thought factory was working. I inquired of her owners and learned that she is equipped with wireless. I'll just relieve you of all obligation in regard to her cargo. I'll keep that cargo myself."

"*Diablo!*" muttered Live-Wire Luiz. "What a man for a partner!"

"No ponies in mine," laughed Redell. "I'll take this flyer alone. I'm going to bring the Excelsior into San Francisco and start a retail lumber yard. In the meantime it's getting as hot in here as—well, let us say, Peru. Help me downstairs with my books and typewriter, and then we'll go up to your office and I'll help you save yours."

"Friend of my heart," said Señor Felipe Luiz Almeida, "I am honored to assist."

Together they went down, leaving the Lumbermen's Building to its fate.

. . . . . .

The year following the San Francisco earthquake was a memorable one in the lumber trade. Rough, common fir jumped from twelve dollars to twenty-five a thousand, and even at these stupendous prices the yards were unable to cope with the demand. Stock which formerly went into the slab fire at the mills was culled out and shipped into the stricken city, where it sold for ten times its value. New yards sprang up all over the city, and all did a wonderfully profitable business. The Redell Lumber Company was one of the first retail lumber concerns to open up a yard after the smoke had cleared away. The city was, in fact, still burning when the steamer Excelsior, intercepted far out at sea by a wireless from her owners, came into port with her three million feet of fir lumber. Redell leased a splendid yard site close to the Sea Wall, where the Excelsior discharged her cargo. Fully one-half of the vessel's big load never found its way into the yard, but was sold right off the dock.

It was a quick rise to lumber prosperity in those halcyon days of quick sales and large profits, and the Redell Lumber Company got its share of the business. Redell wore out two automobiles that year, in his mad rush around the city after orders. At the end of his first year in the retail trade his profit-and-loss account showed a balance of approximately two hundred thousand dollars, a balance, by the way, on the right side of the ledger.

Mr. Redell had no doubt that eventually he would become a millionaire. It was the supreme joy of his existence to stand before his office window and look out over the big yard—down the tall gangways where half a dozen teams were always to be found, loading or unloading. This fine lumber was his—all his—ten million feet of it. He owed for a few million of it, perhaps, but the stock was there.

He had unbounded faith in the future of his city, and attested that faith by granting liberal credit to the men who were rebuilding it. If he had taken time to read the newspapers he would have realized that the financial stringency was not entirely local. He did realize that fact the day the bottom dropped out and the banks began to issue clearing-house certificates.

The price of all commodities went to smash quickly. It seemed to J. Augustus Redell that lumber values shrunk the quickest. Had any one told him that prices would drop from twenty-five dollars to twelve inside of two weeks, he would have declared that such a condition could by no earthly contingency occur. Yet that was precisely what did occur, and with a sudden sinking of the heart Redell realized that all of his profits were represented by his book accounts and the stock in yard.

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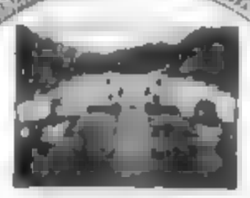

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He took an inventory, drew up a profit-and-loss statement and discovered that he was insolvent.

A cold sweat broke out on J. Augustus Redell when his bookkeeper showed him the net results of four years of effort. Figures do not lie, yet Redell refused to believe them and fought on for four months, after which a Gray's Harbor mill attached him, and it was all over but the shouting. A meeting of his creditors was called and a receiver appointed by the court. An expert accountant went over the books and reported the accounts to be worth about fifty cents on the dollar. It was decided to close the business out as quickly as possible, since it was evident that it could no longer be run at a profit.

Redell stayed by the wreck of his fortunes until the last stick of lumber had been hauled out of the yard and he was left to the comforting reflection that he had not made such a dreadful mess of it, after all. He had managed to pay ninety cents on the dollar, and his creditors held his notes for the balance. He had declined to ask for a settlement, and he had refused a release when it was offered him by his creditors. The day they closed out the business and the record of the rise and fall of the Redell Lumber Company had gone into the archives of Yesterday, he left the little, unpainted yard office and, with a handicap of eight thousand dollars which he felt in honor bound to repay, he turned his back resolutely on the past and faced the future—a little older, a little wiser, a little sadder, but, withal, possessed of the most priceless of human assets—faith in himself.

He walked down the Sea Wall, past old Fisherman's Wharf and the frowning brow of Telegraph Hill. It was late afternoon and the waterfront was still agog with life. Redell gazed at the forest of topmasts protruding over the big red docks, at the great trucks jolting along East Street. He loved the waterfront, with its romance, its mystery, its subtle appeal to the souls of the men who do and dare. Redell never knew how close a grip the life had taken on him. He was a part of it. He could never let go. He neither knew nor cared for anything save lumber and ships. He glanced out into the fairway, where a five-legged schooner, laden with lumber, lay awaiting a berth. Redell paused, and unconsciously he estimated her cargo. Surely she must be carrying a million and a half. His thoughts wandered back to the days when he would have purchased that cargo and paid for it at five minutes' notice. The thought brought to mind the subject of his present financial condition, and he grinned painfully.

It was, perhaps, something of that same influence which is said to impel murderers to return to the scene of their crime that caused Redell to turn up Drumm Street to California an hour later. The new Lumbermen's Building reared twelve stories of pressed brick and steel on the old site. Across the street the Hippodrome bar, doing business at the new stand, flaunted a brilliant electric sign in the early winter twilight. In the lobby of the Lumbermen's Building, where he had made his start four years before, Redell paused and took stock of his assets. A careful inventory developed three dollars and sixty-five cents, an old silver watch, a nail-file and the eternal cigar with the wrapper slightly damaged.

For the first time in many months J. Augustus Redell laughed. He had been born with the blessed gift of a sense of humor. Carefully he licked the cigar into shape and lit it; then, standing in the deepening gloom of the lobby, he backed up against the wall and watched the elevators disgorge their passengers for whom the day's work had ended.

Redell scarcely knew why he lingered there, unless it was to think and speculate on the probable rent of a little, dark, back office. Once more he was building castles in Spain. He would go back on the street as a free-lance broker, with his office under his hat. He would make the good fight all over again. He would prove to the street that he wasn't licked—that he had only commenced to fight. He would ——

Some one touched him lightly on the arm and a woman's musical voice addressed him. Redell turned quickly and found himself facing a comrade of other days. Instinctively he stretched forth both hands to greet her.

"Well, Maisie! This is indeed a pleasure. What in the world are you doing here? You're the last person I expected to meet. Let me see: why, I haven't seen you since before the flood. Where ——"

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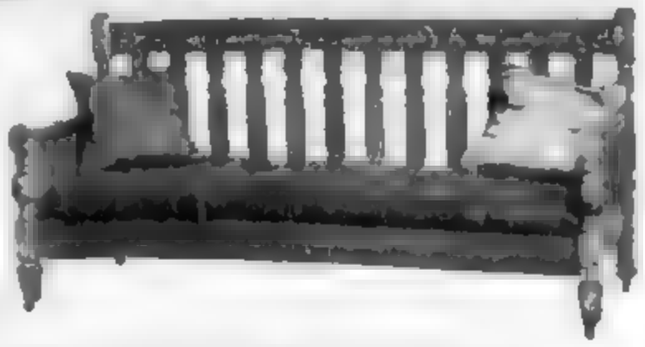

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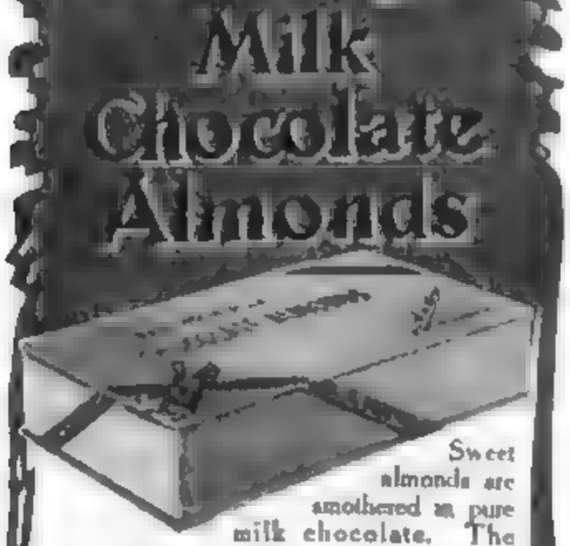

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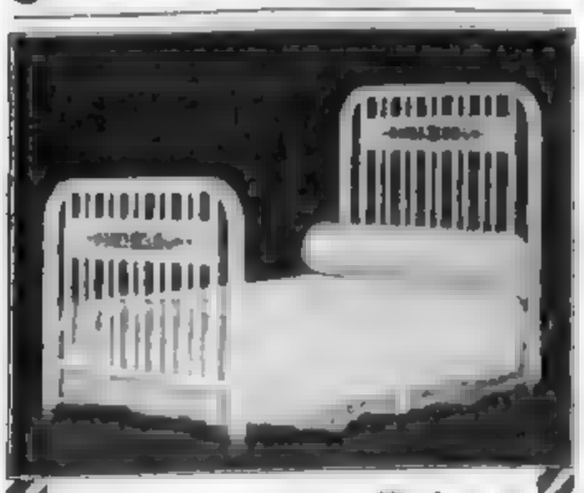

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"I'm with the Blue Star people," Maisie answered; "just went to work for them today."

J. Augustus Redell bit clean through his cigar. In his gray eyes was scorn and contempt supernal.

"I knew it," he snapped; "I knew it."

"Knew what?" Maisie asked.

"That you'd have to get out and hustle for the family. What is that husband of yours doing to keep the pot boiling?"

"My husband?" Maisie's laugh was rich and infectious. "Why, you silly boy, I didn't marry Mr. Peckham. I—I—well, I just didn't marry him."

J. Augustus Redell threw away his cigar and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, the while he assimilated this astonishing piece of information. Presently he looked down at Maisie and there was a laughing devil in his eyes. Outside in California Street night was coming on and the street was deserted. They were alone in the lobby of the Lumbermen's Building, so Mr Redell permitted both of his strong, useful hands to rest for a moment on Maisie's shoulders. She was an alluring, dainty little woman. Her brown eyes rested on Redell half humorously, half tenderly, and the soul of the man took fire.

"And so you're still Maisie Robertson," he said musingly; "why didn't you marry him, Maisie?"

"I didn't love him, after all," Maisie answered; "there was—somebody else but I didn't know. I didn't think he cared—I mean this somebody else ——"

"Maisie Robertson," said J. Augustus solemnly, "will you be my wedded wife?" And then, before Maisie could answer and because Mr. Redell was a creature of impulse and given to taking things for granted, he gathered Maisie in his arms and kissed her. The pressure of her tender lips answered him.

"To think I never said a word and fooled away all these four years trying to make a fortune to lay at your feet," he murmured huskily. "Why, Maisie, dear, we might just as well have been married years ago, when I was a penny-ante salesman with ——"

Redell paused, confused. It had suddenly dawned on him that he was a ruined man. In the joy of the moment he had forgotten that he could not even pay for a wedding ring. The glad smile faded from his face.

"I want you to marry me, Maisie," he said lamely, "but not—that is—well, do you suppose next spring would be too soon? You know, I've gone broke, and until I get settled in something again I couldn't take care of you the way I'd want to."

"Procrastination is the thief of time," said Maisie very soberly, "and spring is three months off. I've waited four years, dear. What's the use of waiting any longer? If you only had the price of a wedding ring and the license I'd marry you tonight. I don't want any fortune. I want—you." Maisie hid her brown head in the hollow of Redell's arm and commenced to cry.

"Maisie," said J. Augustus Redell, "you're right, and I'm always wrong. Nevertheless, we'll be married this blessed night. I was just bluffing. I have lots of money—that is, not lots, but an ample sufficiency." He patted her shoulder affectionately. "Wait a minute, sweetheart, till I duck across the street. I want to telephone to the license clerk and the minister. It's after hours, but I know Cupid up at the City Hall. I can get the license. Back in five minutes."

Pop Stilger was swabbing off the bar when J. Augustus Redell entered the Hippodrome and strode quickly back to the telephone booth. Three minutes later he came out of the booth and approached Pop Stilger.

"Pop," said he a little wearily, "I'm cleaned. Give me a hundred." Pop gave him the hundred.

Mr. Redell signed an I. O. U., negotiated a glass of mineral water, and departed through the swinging doors, out into the night. For him the gloom had lifted. Tomorrow he would be back on the street, shoulder to shoulder and toe to toe with the best of them, the master of his own destiny. Tomorrow—Redell smiled as he hurried across the street where Maisie awaited him—tomorrow——

His heart beat high with hope and happiness and the blessed courage of youth. Tomorrow he would find a new world to conquer. Live-Wire Luis was right.

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Enclose your porch with Vudor Porch Shades and you are as secluded as you would be in an indoor room. At the same time you enjoy full circulation of air without draughts, and plenty of light without uncomfortable glare.

Vudor Porch Shades

are incomparable in many ways: They are made of strong, straight-grained strips of wood that will not split, break or warp, woven together with stout seine twine, and supplied with strong, durable fixtures. Are stained, not painted, in a variety of subdued tones of green or brown, will not fade nor wear off by exposure.

Vudor Porch Shades are quickly put up by anyone, easily raised or lowered, and may be fastened at any desired height. They will not warp or frazzle out like bamboo, and notwithstanding their great durability they are *extremely inexpensive*. Look for our aluminum name plate, on every genuine Vudor Shade. It insures your purchase.

Fill out and mail attached coupon, or say "I want to know" on a postal card, and we will send you our booklet fully describing and illustrating Vudor Shades and Vudor Re-enforced Hammocks with name of nearest Vudor dealer.

Hough Shade Corporation
No. 228 Mill Street, Janesville, Wisconsin

I WANT TO KNOW
Hough Shade Corporation, 228 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.
Please send me booklet and [illegible] of my Vudor Porch Shades.
Name
Address

18 miles an hour

Length 18 feet. Beam 37 inches
20 H. P. 4 cylinder engine
Price $350 F. O. B. Waterville

Speed in every line. Attracts attention everywhere. Summer will soon be here—the time when everyone who owns a boat is on the water. Now is the time to decide whether you want a canoe or a motor boat. The motor boat is the sensation of 1910.

There's all the difference in the world in canoes. If you could spend a day with us in Waterville you'd realize that. Some of the difference is in the models. A Maine guide wouldn't use the canoe that is used strictly for pleasure on suburban lakes and city parks.

Kennebec Motor Boats & Canoes

Canoes are made in enough models to suit all tastes. Each model is planned and built for a particular use. Every canoe is turned out by hand with unvarying precision; wood thoroughly seasoned; canvas made especially for [illegible]; parts thoroughly reinforced; canoes finished in a manner peculiar to ourselves—a piano finish, [illegible] and hard as polished steel.

We make everything including seats and paddles. Canoes are noted for graceful lines and strength. Flattened bottom makes them hard to tip over. Write for catalog. Get it now.

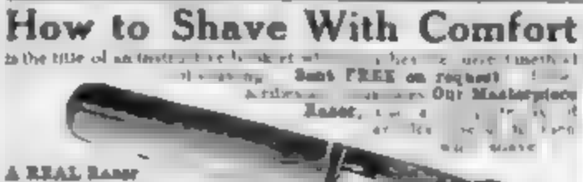
All the models—paddling, sailing and motor canoes and motor boats. Agents in the large cities. If we haven't an agent where you live, we will supply you direct, guaranteeing satisfaction—prompt delivery. Don't delay in writing us.

Agents wanted.

Kennebec Boat & Canoe Co.
Dept. A, Waterville, Maine

How to Shave With Comfort

[illegible] Sent FREE on request [illegible] Our Masterpiece Razor, [illegible]



A REAL Razor

O'BLAUBERG & BROS., 171 William Street, New York City

How I Sell Squabs for $6 a Doz.

[illegible] mailed for 2c stamp. [illegible] Sent FREE on request [illegible] Our Masterpiece Razor, [illegible] book now 383 pages, 136 illus. It's Great. We take subscriptions for the new, up-to-date *National Squab Magazine*. Specimen Copy Ten Cents

PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO., 425 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.

Best grade cedar canoe for $20

We sell direct, saving you $30.00 on a canoe. All canoes cedar and copper fastened. Have you seen our new Mahogany Finished Canoe for 1910? [illegible] We ship [illegible] giving prices with retailer's profit cut out. We are [illegible] manufacturers of all kinds in the world

Detroit Boat Co., 118 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

MAKE MONEY WRITING

SHORT STORIES 1c to 5c a word. We sell stories, parts and book Manuscripts, on commission; we criticise and revise them and tell you where to sell them. Story Writing and Journalism taught by mail. Send for free booklet, "Writing for Profit", tells how. The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

Running Water Conveniences In Your Home

[illegible] country [illegible] public water works you [illegible] bath room, kitchen or laundry [illegible] however you want it, day or night, in every [illegible] pressure of running water is now [illegible] at your service.

[illegible] know the installation of a *Leader Water System* [illegible] carrying water and the necessary piping [illegible] the coldest weather [illegible] will be ample. [illegible] are the year round for [illegible] a year of less [illegible]

Leader Water System

[illegible] to the needs of your home [illegible] a *Leader* Steel Tank [illegible] with the well or [illegible] *Leader* System is now in use in thousands of [illegible] and is [illegible] by as many satisfied users. [illegible] *Leader Water System* you will [illegible] less to keep after or care than an ordinary [illegible] and will last a life time.

Write Today for "The Question of Water"

a booklet which tells how easy and [illegible] it will be to have a *Leader Water System* in [illegible] or home, garage, greenhouse or wherever an adequate supply of running water is required. The booklet [illegible] the Water Supply Question" and [illegible] illustrations give [illegible] and styles in *Leader* systems. Use the [illegible] for prompt reply.

Leader Iron Works, 2004 Jasper St., Decatur, Ill.
Room 820, 15 William St., New York City

Use This Coupon

Send your booklet [illegible] to the following address

WHY NOT— **GIVE AWAY SOMETHING**

[illegible] but not merely [illegible] to customers, [illegible], and other [illegible] a handsome little clock in a business man's desk will keep your proposition before his [illegible] every hour of the day. Here is the ideal little favor, [illegible]. Your own name and business engraved on the case and printed on the dial. You can buy a hundred of these little desk and traveling clocks at a ridiculously low rate. Handsome gun metal finish, guaranteed reliable. More money cannot buy [illegible] represented by [illegible]. We will send a sample upon receipt of One Dollar. If you are not satisfied, return the clock [illegible] we will refund your money. Write for full particulars [illegible]

The Jerome Clock Co. New Haven, Conn.

6 PER CENT

Money is of little use when it is lying idle. Keep your surplus funds at work. Deposit them with this bank on its Certificate plan. We issue Certificates of Deposit bearing 6% per annum with safety.

Write for booklet "S."

THE FIRST TRUST SAVINGS BANK
BILLINGS, MONTANA

Get Rugs and Carpets Direct from Loom and SAVE 1/3

[illegible] a useless rug or carpet [illegible] —the one which bears a [illegible] that guarantees [illegible]

Beaudura

RUGS AND CARPETS come direct from Loom to Room at mill [illegible]. You save ⅓ to ½ because [illegible] pay no middlemen's profits. [illegible] Very highest in quality [illegible] Beaudura [illegible] Every transaction guaranteed [illegible] Write for [illegible]

BEAUDURA CARPET MILLS, Box 4706, Philadelphia, Pa.

Makes and burns its own gas and [illegible] a pure white steady, [illegible] No wick, smoke, dirt, grease or odor.

THE BEST LIGHT

Lighted instantly. Over 200 styles. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
6-25 E. 5th Street, Cincinnati, O.

THE MISSIONS OF SYLVIA

(Concluded from Page 21)

In the course of lunch on the third day after Edmund's disappearance, Lord Raymes inquired of his sister-in-law in a gossipy way:

"Do you happen to know, Gwendolen, who that Miss Brown is?"

She looked surprised

"What Miss Brown?"

"The girl I saw Edmund Usherwood with today—blue eyes—uncommon trim waist—don't you know her?"

"No," she said wonderingly; "I can't imagine who she can be."

There was a moment's silence, and then in an excessively indifferent voice Sylvia inquired:

"Does she live in this neighborhood?"

"I fancy she must," he answered, and changed the subject to the harvest prospects

Next morning Sylvia set out for a ride and was gone a long time. At lunch she was very silent.

"Did you see any one you knew?" asked her guardian.

"No," she said; and then added, "except the Stubbses at Dingley Farm."

Lunch was almost over before she spoke again

"You spoke of some people named Brown yesterday," she remarked.

"A Miss Brown," he corrected.

"Mrs. Stubbs was gossiping about her neighbors as usual; I mean about new people who had come here, and that sort of thing. She didn't mention any Browns."

"You should ask Usherwood when you see him next," he suggested. "He evidently knows all about them."

"Oh, I am not interested," she replied.

The next morning, Lord Raymes was ushered into Edmund's bachelor library.

"Order a horse to be saddled at once," he commanded.

Edmund stared

"What for?"

"To ride over and win her."

Between bewilderment and joy the young man cried:

"I can get on my bike and be over in half the time!"

"A horse is more romantic. We must leave nothing to chance."

While the order was speeding to the stables, the lover received these brief injunctions:

"Go straight at her, say you could keep away no longer, and take her in your arms Wait for no questions and accept no refusal. She can't resist you; she hasn't slept a wink and she only ate one poached egg for breakfast. She's a sitting rabbit, Edmund! By-the-way, I put you on your oath not to tell her why you've kept away."

"But—what shall I say?"

"Good Gad, what a lack of imagination! You tried to cure yourself and couldn't, of course. Now, get on your smartest riding breeches and be off!"

At a leisurely pace the old gentleman followed the flying horseman. When he got home there was no sign of either disciple, but about an hour later they emerged with radiant eyes. In the course of a short confidential conversation with his fiancée's guardian, the happy lover remarked triumphantly:

"Well, you see I knew how to win her after all!"

Lord Raymes looked at him for an instant in silence, and then replied pleasantly:

"Oh, you did, did you?"

"Yes, by Jove, I did! Oh, by-the-way, who the deuce is Miss Brown?"

"Another name for the ace," said his lordship enigmatically.

A little later he embraced his ward with a new affection.

"I knew he would come back to me!" she confided to him.

"So did I."

"And I'm sure you made a mistake about that Miss Brown."

He smiled discreetly as he answered in a fatherly way:

"You should cultivate the habit, my dear girl, of judging by results."

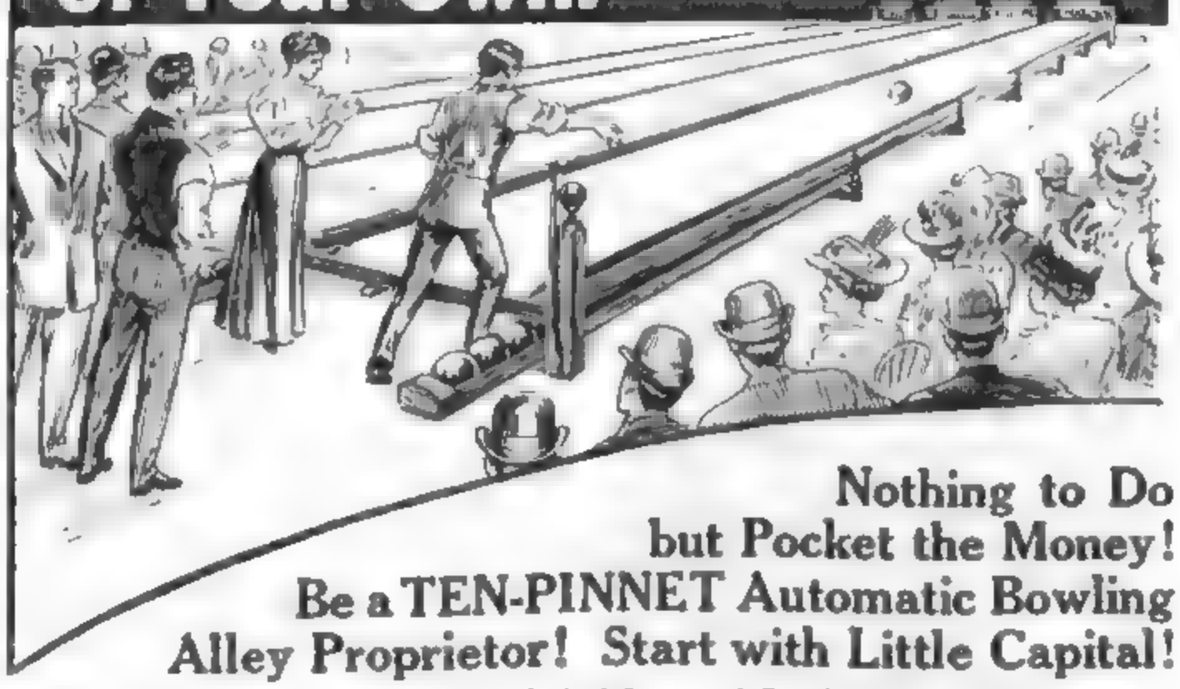
Sylvia felt far too happy to argue the point.

Meanwhile, her guardian, debonair and triumphant, was consulting Lady Custerd.

"Shall it be fish-forks or a cheque?" said he.

(THE END)

We'll Start You in a Big Money-Making Amusement Business of Your Own!



Nothing to Do but Pocket the Money! Be a TEN-PINNET Automatic Bowling Alley Proprietor! Start with Little Capital!

In every village, town and city in the United States and Canada we are establishing a new amusement over which the public is going wild with enthusiasm!

You can be the proprietor in your city or town—take all the profits and build yourself a generous income—if you grasp the opportunity at once in your community!

This is YOUR opportunity to get into a big-paying, honorable, legitimate, clean amusement business that requires no work whatever!

Every proprietor has a monopoly in his own territory! It requires but little capital. Many successful proprietors have started with only $75—and they've made it the biggest paying investment in amusement history! Wherever established, the public pours its spending money into **Ten-Pinnet**—it's the most fascinating, exciting, quickest game devised in 40 years—faster than old-style bowling games—more combination shots—bowlers are immensely enthusiastic about it!

Turn Your Spare Time Into Gold!

By our new easy-payment plan, alleys pay balance out of their own amazing profits! Spare time is all you need to give it at first—run it yourself in the evenings. More than double old-style bowling alley profits! That's because players waste no time waiting for pin boys—play is fast and furious and profits are correspondingly enormous!

Nicest, Easiest, Cleanest, Biggest-Paying Business!

Nowhere else could you take the same money and make such big profits!

Simply a pull of the lever, and up go all the pins! Balls return by ingenious gravity device! No expensive, special bowling alley foundations. You're doing business at a terrific rate a few hours after the alleys come! And the money you take in is yours for KEEPS! No expenses to pay it out for!

A Real Man's Game—Yet Everybody Plays!

Ten-Pinnet contains 10 real targets.

Men, women and [illegible] all play to play [illegible] not too heavy a game for weak [illegible] perfect for [illegible] Doctors, lawyers, [illegible], teachers, merchants, bankers [illegible] all the very finest people are your heartiest patrons!

Ten-Pinnet does not tire. It exhilarates! That's why everybody likes to play Ten-Pinnet.

Ten-Pinnet is a dandy [illegible] winner in any place from 300 population up!

Big Book, "Amusement Road to Riches"—FREE

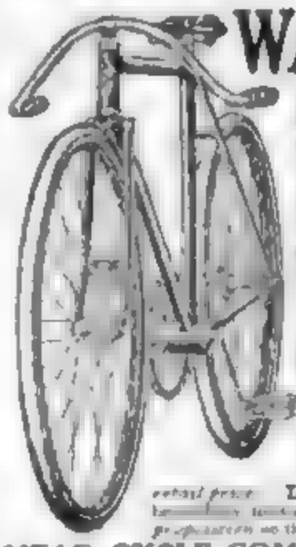
The great new book, **"The Amusement Road to Riches,"** is yours for the asking.

It tells of the millions upon millions of easy dollars being made today in the wonderful amusement business! It tells of your big share awaits you if you grasp the opportunity! How Ten-Pinnet is making big money wherever live men take it up! Also explains just how you can start a great business in your town or city!

Ten-Pinnet [illegible] the country [illegible] Territory is going fast [illegible] won't [illegible] open long [illegible] this is a quick action proposition!

Get in on the ground floor before someone grabs your territory! Writing today assures you that big FREE book and our special proposition. Address

TEN-PINNET COMPANY, 250 Draper Street, Indianapolis, Ind.



WANTED—A RIDER AGENT IN EACH TOWN

and district to ride and exhibit a 1910 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. [illegible]

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone [illegible] without a cent deposit in advance, prepay freight, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL**, during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade [illegible] it is possible to make at one small profit above [illegible] factory cost. You save [illegible] by [illegible] by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. [illegible] DO NOT BUY [illegible] at any price from anyone at any price until you receive our [illegible] and learn our [illegible] prices and remarkable [illegible] offer to rider agents.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our [illegible] and study [illegible] we can make you. We ship the highest grade [illegible] at [illegible] than any other factory. We are [illegible] $1.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS,** you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at [illegible] $3 to $8 to $10 [illegible]

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at [illegible] retail prices. **DO NOT WAIT,** write today and get our [illegible] free by return mail. Our large catalogue, [illegible] and [illegible] a great deal of interesting matter and [illegible] and a wonderful proposition on the best bicycle [illegible] going to your town. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. F-55 **CHICAGO, ILL.**

Are You a Good Salesman?

Are you making good money? Have you the right article to make big money?

We want good men who can make $300 to $800 a month and expenses; who can rate up to men who regularly exceed their monthly selling quotas 75 to 100%, with individual profits correspondingly great. Wherever represented, **Angldile Computing Scales** quickly take the lead. Sales last four months over 1908 more than same months in 1909. Good unoccupied territory waiting for right men.

The **Angldile,** because of its unique construction, excels all other scales in convenience, accuracy and [illegible] of computation. It is the scale that shows a plain, easily read [illegible] for each penny [illegible] has the largest, clearest dial on any store scale.

If you are the sort of man we want; ambitious, forceful, and anxious to make big money; write us today. Now is the time to get [illegible] territory. A few months will make you independent.

ANGLDILE COMPUTING SCALE COMPANY, 110 Franklin Street, Elkhart, Ind.

$10.83 Buys This Bellas Hess Blue Serge Suit

Delivered to You *All Express Charges Paid By Us*

Read every word in the description, study the illustration carefully

No. 7S510

$10.83

We positively guarantee this suit to be entirely satisfactory to every purchaser, in quality, workmanship, etc., and that it is equal to any $15 suit you could possibly buy at retail. If you do not absolutely agree with us in this we will immediately return the money you paid us for it on receipt of the suit, and we will more than gladly refund your money. At the same time we expect you to be the judge and to keep the suit if you think you can get a better one elsewhere for the money.

COAT is three button single breasted style, cut with long shapely lapels, has genuine hand padded shoulders, full sleeves, canvas interlining, etc., making the perfect fit of the garment and preventing sagging.

VEST is cut low and has a fashionable shape, with white silk cord piping as illustrated, giving a particularly neat appearance.

PANTS are cut correct width at knee, have peg top, have belt loops, side, fly, and watch pockets.

SIZES We can fit any man with 44 waist measure 30 to 36 inseam. State best measure you can get around waist, over vest, and inseam of pants. We guarantee a perfect fit.

REGARDING SAMPLES. Most of these serge suits will be sent from stock on hand. If we should not have your size in stock we will make a special order for you, which will require about ten days' time before sending it to you. We may take the privilege of sending same upon request, together with our handsomely illustrated catalog. **NUMBER** of this suit is **7S510. PRICE, $10.83**

Write today for our **FREE** Catalogue

We have no Branch Houses, No Agents

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To sell these magazines teaches the boy self-reliance. It teaches him industry, how to approach people and how to transact business. Your boy will need this training throughout life. He cannot get it from books or in a schoolroom. He cannot get it in a better or more practical way than by these means. The publications themselves are of the highest order. They take a boy to the best homes and among the best people, and besides—there is money in the business and with no risk. One fine thing about it is that it does not interfere with school duties.

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Conservation

of your property

How good paint will help you

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Paint, of course, but what paint?

To select paint requires either a great deal of knowledge or a great deal of confidence in someone's else knowledge. If you are not able to buy paint on your own intelligent chemical analysis of the paint, then you must buy on the reputation of a house which has made the best paint for the longest time and given the greatest satisfaction.

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Our booklet will tell you some interesting things about conservation by means of paint and the kind of paint that really protects and beautifies.

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No Heavy Brush

The new floor wax is liquid, instead of paste or powder. This means that there's no gruelling rubbing to apply the wax—just saturate a cloth and apply it. There's no tedious back-breaking pushing of a heavy brush to get the floor polished—just go over it lightly with a soft cloth after the liquid has set.

Finished in Less Than an Hour

The new way means that you can now wax the average floor from start to finish—complete—in less than an hour, instead of the usual three or four hours. It doesn't show heel marks or scratches. It dries hard, but is elastic and durable.

Most Economical, Too

You can cover much more surface than with a common wax finish.

One gallon of Columbus Liquid Wax covers 2,500 to 3,000 square feet.

A gallon will keep the average house in condition for a full year. You don't have to buy an expensive weighted brush.

Water Doesn't Harm It

It contains no Paraffine or other grease. Water won't turn it white, or remove it or injure it in the least. It dries hard so it can't collect dust and dirt to form black spots and soil clothes

Send for Sample

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Sold by all high class dealers in paints and finishes. Half-pint cans 25 cents—Pints 45 cents—Quarts 85 cents—Half Gallons $1.60—Gallons $3.00.

Look for the name Columbus on the label

Columbus
HARD DRYING
Liquid Wax
The Easiest Applied Floor Finish

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Make a Motor Boat of Any Boat in Five Minutes

You can do it with the Waterman Outboard Motor, which you can quickly attach (and detach) to the stern of any skiff, row boat, dinghy, punt, sail boat, and have a good motor boat. It is not a toy but a reliable 2 H. P. Marine Motor that will drive an 8 foot row boat 7 miles an hour. 4 hours on gallon of gasoline. Simplest motor made. Weight 40 lbs. Equipped with Schebler Carburetor. Five years' successful results behind it. Send for Catalog C. Canoe Motors, 1, 2, 3, 4 Cylinders—Catalog K. Standard Type Motors, 1 to 30 H. P.—Catalog A.

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With an R. S. Motorcycle you can get away from the crowds—more away from the ragtime, and you dare do it, for an R. S. is as sure as old Sol rises. No complicated machinery to get out of order, and it's always ready. The New R. S. comes equipped with a tank of gasoline sufficient for a 200 mile run. Write for 1910 catalogue and name of nearest agent. We want agents where we are not represented.

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For Verandas, Porches, Lawns and Indoor Use

Combines Hammock, Couch and Swing Settee

The Perfect Couch for Out-door Sleeping

A trial of a centuries experience shows that Rowe's Hammocks can be depended on to give the ease of comfort so sought for in a settee. Form fitting model and of same weight canvas (white or khaki) as made us by for years for U. S. Navy. Strong wood frame, without which cut-down spring does not stay. Head rest pillows. With or without wind-board. See what is told that order mattress. Complete with shackle. Hooks ready for hanging. Delivery charges prepaid in United States, carefully packed.

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Greatest hat bargain of the season. Over 65,000 already sold. Made of selected genuine Sisal palm, closely woven, soft and pliable, light in weight, cool and comfortable. Will not heat the head. Colors: Natural and Brown. Introductory Price, only 50c postpaid. Three for $1.25

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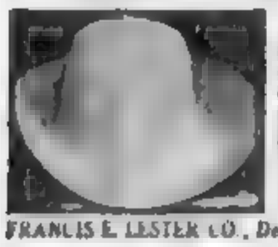

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(Successors to Kelly Taneyhill Co.—Established 1867) [13]

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THE INTERIOR HARDWOOD CO. Main Office Indianapolis

SETTLED

By Margaret Busbee Shipp

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"You know I have made it an inflexible rule not to accept women as clients. They take up too much time; they do not distinguish between facts and interpretations; they never listen until the end of a sentence and they won't understand a thing after it has been explained to them. Mind you, I don't say they can't—they won't. You must admit that the result has justified my choice of clientage."

He glanced with pardonable pride at the handsome fittings of the room and the sweep of lawn in front of the windows. In the Southern town in which he lived there was no other lawyer whose income approached Pennell's.

His wife conceded it in her smile.

"I think you have arrived at the place where you can afford to be generous, Pen," she returned gracefully. She was clever enough never to argue a point when she wanted her own way. "I am afraid Mrs. Forsyth will lose her case unless you appear for her. She called this afternoon, and she said as we were members of the same circle of Colonial Dames she 'had determined to have you for her champion.' Of course, she has no idea that our sex is taboo, and I hadn't the heart to tell her. The exception will prove the rule."

"The only thing an exception proves is that a rule isn't worth a tinker's dam."

But Mrs. Pennell was a very charming woman, and after a short pause her husband surrendered.

"I suppose I shall have to consent—not because of your Colonial affiliations, but because you ask it. If it proves a nuisance I'll just have to remember it is your case, not mine."

"How perfectly delightful! Then I'm to have the fee?"

Pennell laughed a little grimly, but he pinched the dimple in her chin.

"Very well. I've lost a good habit and a fee all at once; the only thing I'm allowed to keep is my temper. Lucky chap, Ahasuerus!"

"Why?"

"Because it was popularly recognized that the law of the Medes and Persians altered not."

So it was that John Pennell accepted his first woman client. Mrs. Forsyth was a woman of perhaps fifty-five, with soft, white hair, appealing brown eyes and a gentle obstinacy of manner. Her father had been Governor, and her husband the Attorney-General of the state for a long period, so that she had always been much sought after in the social life of the state capital.

She had certain conversational methods which she had used satisfactorily for more than a quarter of a century, and she could not begin to talk except in the familiar channels. When she came to the office for a first interview she inquired after Mrs. Pennell and the four children, each of whom she called by name. She prided herself upon her memory. Then she spoke of the fact that her oldest brother and Mrs. Pennell's father had been at the university together. She asked Pennell if he knew that her grandmother had been bridesmaid to his Great-Aunt Susan; that the yellow letter which gave an account of the wedding was a treasure which she would gladly show him. At each semicolon and period Pennell tried to revert to business matters, but only arrived at the case in hand after Mrs. Forsyth had taken him on a personally-conducted tour among their ancestors.

The suit was one concerning the validity of the title to certain timber lands. Without going into the complicated legal phases of the matter, after laborious and detailed examination of the papers and records, Pennell became convinced that, though his client could show a valid title to a large portion of the land, her title to several of the most valuable tracts, composed of virgin forest, was sorely jeopardized, the tracts being almost entirely overlapped by a senior grant. The parties claiming under the senior grant were Mrs. Forsyth's opponents in the litigation.

He had suggested that the second engagement with his client should be in her own

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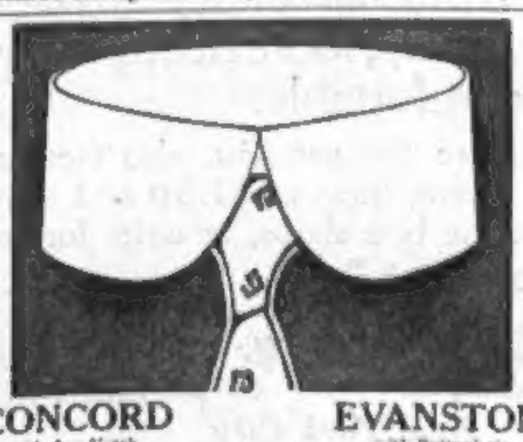

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home. His office was more popular with his brother attorneys than was always convenient, and he had found it especially trying the day that Mrs. Forsyth was there. Two of his associates had sauntered in, to pause in amazement on the threshold at hearing a placid monotone:

"You resemble your father about the brow, but the line of the chin is distinctly like your Uncle Ralph. Perhaps you may be interested to know ——"

With a bundle of papers under his arm and a clearly-defined order of questions in mind, Pennell walked up the avenue that led to the old-fashioned Forsyth home.

But Mrs. Forsyth was equally determined, in her gently obstinate way, as to how the interview should be conducted. She was talking to her nearest friend, Miss Arabel Mason, as she lit the alcohol lamp under the teakettle.

"I shall give dear Mr. Pennell a cup of tea. After the weariness of a day in the office, surrounded by men and tobacco smoke, this quiet room will seem to him like a haven of rest. As my father used to say: 'There is nothing like a touch of femininity to give a delicate flavor to life.'"

Perhaps one of Pennell's ancestors was in Boston Harbor on that historic night of long ago. Certainly John Pennell had a loathing for tea that it would be a matter of impossibility for a woman or an Englishman to understand. During business hours his mind was accustomed to revolve around business matters as methodically and accurately as a piece of mechanism. Cake and tea at four were to him a vexing interruption which the condiment of Mrs. Forsyth's smile made almost unendurable.

"How many lumps?"

"If I say two she will declare that I inherit it from Great-Aunt Susan, and if I say one she will swear I take after my Uncle Ralph," thought Pennell bitterly. Aloud he said "None" so positively that Miss Mason made a playful speech about "the stern lawmaker," which put the finishing touch to his annoyance.

He opened a bundle of papers.

"After our tea," suggested Mrs. Forsyth with a deprecatory wave of the hand.

Miss Mason appealed to him prettily, as to the fountainhead of wisdom, whether he would advise delphiniums or foxgloves for the keynote of a hardy garden. Pennell, as he sipped the beverage that cheers, confessed that he did not know one from the other.

"To think that I am accused of intimidating juries, browbeating witnesses, and even sending an occasional shaft against the presiding judge, and here I am driven into simpering idiocy by a pair of women and balancing a saucer on my knee like a fool Chinese juggler!"

Less accurately by far, for at that moment it crashed upon the polished floor. Mrs. Forsyth's manner was so perfect that Pennell instinctively felt that the saucer must have been a cherished heirloom. He caught the flash of sympathetic commiseration in Miss Mason's eyes.

"The mistake was for me to try to mix business with pleasure, Mrs. Forsyth," Pennell said determinedly. "If Miss Mason will excuse us now I shall be glad to go over these matters with you."

"I have no secrets from Arabel," Mrs. Forsyth insisted. "She is my devoted young friend."

But Pennell was obdurate on this point, and Miss Mason withdrew.

"She suggests Botticelli, does she not, Mr. Pennell?" asked Mrs. Forsyth after her friend had left the room. "The line of her chin and the innocent look in her eyes. Is it one of the faces in his Spring, do you think, or is it, perhaps, a Madonna?"

"I don't care a ——"

That was not what Pennell said; that was what he swallowed.

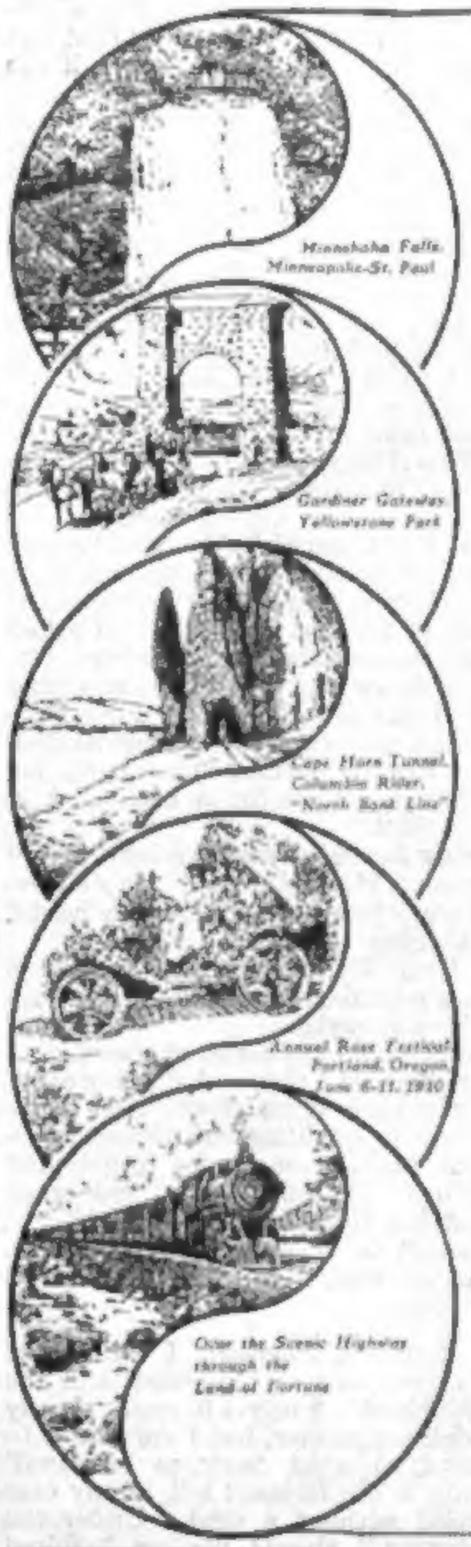
What he said, with an air of finality to end the discussion for good and all, was:

"The Madonna. Will you please give me your attention, Mrs. Forsyth?"

After Pennell had gone Mrs. Forsyth repeated his conversation to Miss Mason, ending with the Botticelli fragment.

"Did he say 'The Madonna,' Mrs. Forsyth? Actually? Do you suppose he thinks there is but one? Oh, dear Mrs. Forsyth, do you really think you have been well advised in intrusting your important affairs to a man who is as uncultivated as that?"

"I had to do it, Arabel, for his wife's sake. Alice Pennell would have been cruelly hurt if I had given my legal matters to some one else, when it was she who was



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first to suggest my name as chairman of our circle of the Dames. I must say to you in strictest confidence that he lacks the delicacy of feeling I should have expected in Alice Pennell's husband. For when, overcoming the instinctive repugnance I have to speaking of money matters, I told him that I did not wish his fee to be influenced by the fact that my husband was a lawyer, he said it was the ethics of the medical profession which I had in mind; that I could send him one hundred dollars as a retainer, and the amount of his fee would, of course, be determined by the amount of his work. There was an abruptness about his disclaimer, my dear."

"This is a commercial age!" sighed Arabel, and believed she originated that bit of cynicism.

Miss Mason, a sentimentally-inclined person who had reached the age of thirty-five without forming a more serious attachment than that of her admiration for Mrs. Forsyth, found in the case that element of sentiment and excitement that was her preferred pabulum.

Dearest Mrs. Forsyth was "a lamb in the midst of wolves"; the wolves, presumably, being the plethoric middle-aged gentlemen who were partners in the lumber company that contested her claim. Miss Mason always spoke of the approaching suit as the "ordeal" or "the trial by fire."

She secretly pictured Mrs. Forsyth in widow's bonnet and veil, and herself in dovelike gray, holding her companion's hand or administering lavender salts, while the jury was equally melted by the picture of her friend's unprotected widowhood and her own "loyal devotion."

In the mean time Pennell had found the records a veritable hodgepodge of confused and conflicting grants, surveys and deeds. His lucid judgment told him that the lumber company had the technical right to the most valuable tracts of the land in question. Before a jury—with his aptitude for choosing a jury which seemed positively uncanny to his opponents—he felt sure that Mrs. Forsyth would triumph. The daughter of a popular Governor and the widow of a popular politician could count on public sympathy. But no issue of fact would be raised; a jury would be of no avail. And even if the judge would allow the case to go to the jury, beyond the chivalry of the twelve lay the Supreme Court. Stripped of sentiment, reduced to the naked bones of the law, his client stood a slim chance. Behind his knowledge of this, however, lay his ten years' experience on the contested timber lands, concerning different tracts of which there had been long litigation. He did not think the opposing counsel could predict the ultimate outcome of the case as accurately as he could, and this belief deepened into conviction when he was asked for a conference by the adverse counsel, with a view to settling the matter out of court.

The lumber company had bought out a former corporation which had been particularly detested by the people in the section of the state in which the timber lands were situated. The new company greatly wished to secure that intangible but valuable asset known as "good will." Pennell made it clear what popular indignation it would cause if the widow of one of the most esteemed men of the state should be made to suffer by a technicality. He presented his client's rights in the matter tersely and forcibly, and he gave that impression which he knew so well how to convey, of holding his best card in reserve. In the end, after several lengthy conferences of which the details would be wearisome, the matter was settled out of court, and Mrs. Forsyth was allowed twenty thousand dollars for her interest in the lands.

Miss Mason did not learn of this decision until the next day, when she called and found Mrs. Forsyth busy over a bundle of papers. Her first sensation was one of overwhelming disappointment that she could not play the rôle of comforter in the vastly becoming gray gown just finished.

"Why, that is ten thousand dollars less than your land is worth!" exclaimed Miss Mason.

"I can never understand it, but Mr. Pennell has told me all along that I should be fortunate if I could 'show a valid title' to half of my own dear grandfather's land! This is really more than he hoped for."

"It shows he was all wrong," declared Miss Mason positively. "If you could get this much out of court without even a trial in which all the facts would have been brought out, without the jury even seeing you, just in a mere conversation in a lawyer's office, it proves conclusively that you could have won the whole amount if the case had been brought to trial."

"It would have been nice to have had the additional money," sighed Mrs. Forsyth. "As you say, it seems to have been a very simple matter to have secured this much. Perhaps Mr. Pennell was too faint-hearted."

"A nervous, timid man," Miss Mason labeled him. "Do you remember how he broke your pink-luster saucer? Pardon me, but did you drop this, Mrs. Forsyth?"

Miss Mason picked up a slip of paper which had fallen on the floor at her friend's feet. Mrs. Forsyth opened it, and her amazement brought a slight flush to her cheeks.

"Well, I am astonished! Mr. Pennell called me up over the telephone last night as soon as he returned to the city, to tell me the result of the last conference. I asked him, when he sent me these papers to sign, to let me know if I owed him anything further. I had already sent him one hundred dollars, you know. My dear Arabel, that man has the hardihood to charge me five hundred dollars for a case that is already settled."

"I never heard of such robbery in my life!" gasped Miss Mason. "He deliberately charges you for a case which he did not try through timidity."

"His Uncle Ralph, though a handsome man, was considered most indolent," reflected Mrs. Forsyth.

Miss Mason's eyes rolled skyward.

"Poor women!" she said dramatically. "Their sex, their trustfulness, their innocence, the very qualities which should protect them, make them a prey to grasping men! No wonder Alice Pennell can serve squabs at her Book Club meetings!"

The result of their colloquy was contained in the note which Pennell received an hour later:

"*My dear Mr. Pennell:* I return the papers, signed as you requested, and the receipt for check. I regret to speak plainly upon a delicate matter, but I am unable to understand to what 'services rendered' you allude in the inclosed bill, as my case was settled without a trial. Under the circumstances I should like an itemized account.

"With love to your wife, and hoping the baby's cold is better, I am,

"Very sincerely yours,
"MARY BURNSIDE FORSYTH."

Pennell's reply came promptly:

"*My dear Mrs. Forsyth:* I have carefully noted the contents of your favor of even date, and I return herewith the hundred dollars sent me as retainer.

"Very respectfully,
"JOHN PENNELL."

"Blood will tell!" exclaimed Mrs. Forsyth when she read this note. "I knew the Pennell sense of honor could not remain stagnant!"

But Miss Mason, still disgruntled at missing her share of praise and publicity, said that Mr. Pennell was probably paid by the other side.

Pennell had his first laugh over the Forsyth case when he related the last chapter of it to his wife that evening. It still rankled, for no man likes to be considered a thief—a bald interpretation of Mrs. Forsyth's note that would have shocked its gentle writer.

"To think of the trips you've taken and the work you've done for that woman, Pen! It's the most barefaced business! I was going to buy Jack that saddle-horse he is so keen about with part of the money," lamented his wife after her first outburst.

"The lumber company asked for my services the day after I committed myself to your friend," remarked Pennell. "If I had saved them from paying out that twenty thousand dollars they wouldn't have kicked at a thousand-dollar fee, and you could have bought the youngsters something all around."

"*Peccavi!* I'm a sadder and wiser woman," said Mrs. Pennell meekly. "But you shall have something out of it. On my word of honor, in the future I will leave the choice of cases and clients to you as absolutely as you leave the decision of salads and desserts to me."

Her husband caught her white hand and pressed it in laughing compact.

"Very well, Mrs. Pen. That, too, is 'settled.'"

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